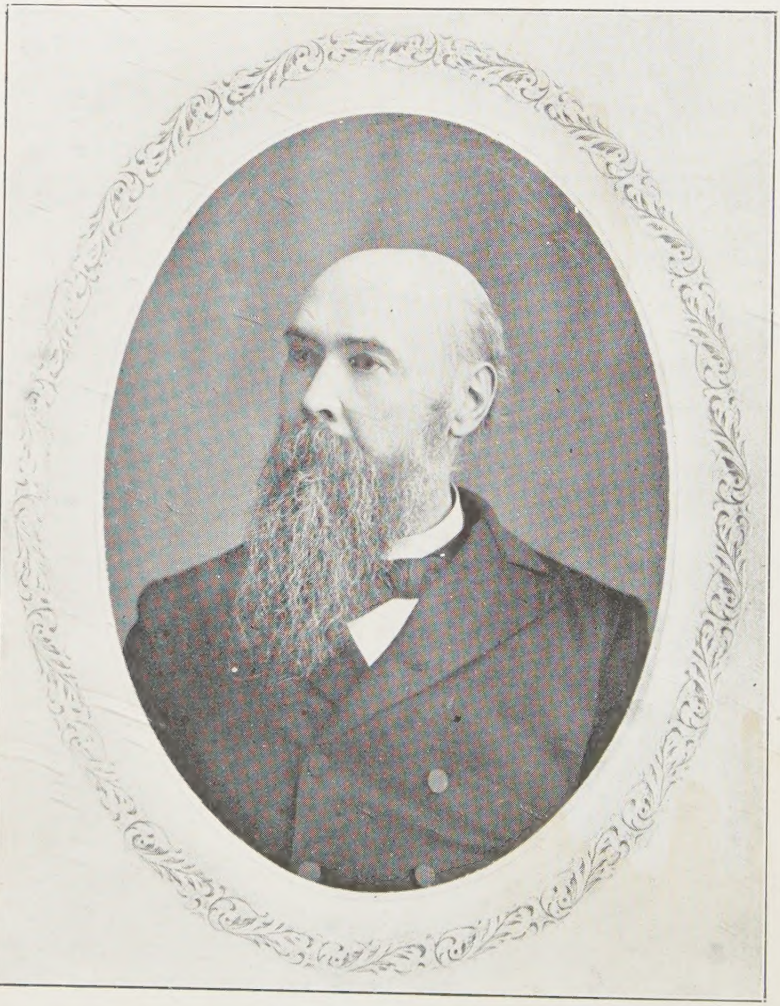
Jehovah's War Against False Gods

And Other Addresses

By J. M. ATWATER



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BY

J. M. ATWATER

With Memorial Sketch by Prof. Frederick Treudley

EDITED BY

ANNA ROBISON ATWATER

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INTRODUCTORY.

For one who did so large a work in college and in pulpit, J. M. Atwater has left very little in print. Many have made inquiries as to a book that should contain some of his thoughts. Others have called for particular sermons or addresses which they remember with gratitude.

Many of these cannot be reproduced. He was a man accustomed to "thinking on his feet." By far the larger part of his best work was not written. Especially was this true of his sermons. His subjects were thoroughly studied, his outlines carefully planned and made, and then out of an abundance of information and illustration he spoke.

It is a satisfaction to hear repeated testimonies from those who were of his classes or congregations as to the abiding quality of his teachings; so that, while most of them can never be brought out in print, they are not lost nor shall their influence ever cease.

Mr. Atwater was not what is termed a *popular* speaker. He realized this and found his compensation for it in the heartfelt appreciation of his most thoughtful and earnest hearers. To one who was once urging upon him the preaching of

lighter and more entertaining sermons, he said: "I cannot do it. When I preach the Gospel, I *must* plant *living seeds* that will *grow*." Many will agree that he did plant *seeds* and will gladly attribute some sheaves of their life harvest to that planting.

The addresses to be found in this volume are such as could most easily be brought into form for print. This will account for the selection and for the fact that few of them are sermons, strictly speaking. A few sermon outlines are included because they represent a kind of work to which he devoted much thought. Should inaccuracies be noted in these pages, let it be borne in mind that most of the papers were not given their final preparation for the press by the hand of him whose thought they represent.

To those who loved his teachings at the home fireside, in the class-room, or from the pulpit, this book is designed to be for a memorial of him.

ANNA ROBISON ATWATER.

I

Jehovah's War Against False Gods

I

JEHOVAH'S WAR AGAINST FALSE GODS

Four thousand years ago all the world believed that there were many gods, that every nation and every family had gods of its own. It is said that Athens once had thirty thousand, and that it was easier to find a god there than a man. To them the earth was full of gods, gods of the hills, gods of the valleys, of the forests, of the rivers, of the seas, of the sky above and the caverns beneath.

In order to understand the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, nothing is more necessary than to study the method which God has employed to drive out of the world the belief in many gods. The development of this method and plan fills the whole Old Testament and almost the whole Bible. So extended and so vast was this work that it may well be called *Jehovah's War Against False Gods.*

What was the moral character of all these supposed gods? The Bible gives very little detail as to the gods of the heathen. We have a thousand times as many particulars concerning the gods of Greece and Rome. But we see at once that the false gods named in the Bible

are morally just like the Grecian and the Roman.

Right here, when we compare the character of the God of the Bible,—Jehovah of the Old Testament,—with that of Jupiter and Juno, Mercury and Venus, we find one of the most sublime proofs of the divinity of the Bible, the divinity of the Old Testament, so often ignorantly assailed by infidels and but half championed by untaught Christians.

The first contrast that strikes us is that concerning the question of sex in the deity. In the Bible teaching concerning God the question of sex never appears. In classic mythology the gods are males and females in about equal numbers, and a very large share, even of the chiefest gods, are mated together in marriage. What a gulf there is between the Bible conception of God and all the human imaginations of those who have had no revelation!

These gods were thoroughly immoral. Mercury is regularly and systematically a thief. He steals Apollo's oxen, Neptune's trident, the girdle of Venus, the sword of Mars, Jupiter's scepter and Vulcan's tools. But he is not merely a thief, he is the divine patron and teacher of thieves. Bacchus was the god of wine, of revelry and of drunkenness. It was a part of his worship for both sexes to engage in the wildest kind of revelry, in the maddest

extravagancies, by day and by night, in the streets, in the fields, in the woods and on the mountains. Pluto steals the goddess Porcerpina for his wife and carries her off by force. The character of Venus is morally corrupt from beginning to end, even though she is represented as beautiful, graceful and charming.

The gods were constantly working against and trying to outwit each other, the favorite of one being bitterly hated by another. In the Trojan War the gods became so excited as to enlist on opposite sides, and even the goddesses of "Jupiter's Council" fought against each other fiercely on the Grecian and the Trojan sides, giving and receiving stunning blows.

Among the gods of Greece and Rome, Jupiter or Zeus, is always named as the greatest. The greatest reverence is expressed for him. He is "ruler of gods and men." If the human mind ever could have originated any true conception of God, the Greeks, with their many philosophers, who are the wonder of the ages, would have done the work. But the family life of Zeus and Hera, Jupiter and Juno, was utterly disorderly and shameful. They are always quarreling, always working against each other. They have no confidence in each other. Jupiter generally gains the day by his great power, but Juno often defeats him by her incessant plots

and cunning. Often there is furious anger between them, and once he punishes her, "the august queen of heaven," by hanging her up by a chain between heaven and earth.

All these stories of quarrels in a family of gods are petty and contemptible, but there is a baser side to Jupiter's character. A large share of their quarrels grows out of the fact that he is almost constantly engaged in some adulterous amour with some goddess or some earth-born princess. Juno is always suspicious of him, always seeking to kill some child of such an origin. Jupiter tells falsehoods and swears false oaths as to these matters.

It is impossible to explain away the crimes of the gods by supposing that the people did not believe the gods themselves to be real,—by making them only allegorical characters. For even if a philosopher here and there thought of them as allegorical, the vast mass of the people believed them to be living persons, gods whom they worshipped.

Between the gods of Greece and Rome and the false gods named in the Bible, there is one marked contrast. It is not in the matter of sound morality, for there is very little genuine morality in either. But the heathen religion of Greece and Rome was more bright and sunshiny; that of Palestine, as shown in the Bible,

more grim, cruel and blood-thirsty. In the former countries human sacrifices were almost entirely unknown, in Palestine they were frequent, and children were constantly burned alive in sacrifice to Moloch.

What sort of character in men did the worship of such gods tend to produce? Let Paul describe them: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, unmerciful."

That the revelation in the Bible is a progressive one, slowly unfolding from feeble beginnings, or first lessons, to the fullness of the Gospel of Christ, this is well-known by all true Bible students.

This is our question: *By what steps did God lead up the most advanced nations out of the bare beliefs of Polytheism?*

He did not for many centuries after the call of Abraham proclaim urgently that there is but one God.

It must always surprise every Bible student, when he first explores the field, to see how long the belief in the existence of many gods is by

the Lord allowed to remain comparatively undisturbed. Strange as it may sound it is very doubtful whether even such lofty souls as Abraham and his greatgrandson Joseph knew that there is *only one God*. Doubtless they knew that Jehovah is the highest power in the universe, but had they learned that He is the only God?

Bear in mind that the vast mass of men at that time believed that there were many gods, and then read Jacob's vow. It was just after the vision of the ladder up to heaven. He makes his vow with five worldly conditions, and if the five are all fulfilled, "Then shall Jehovah be my God." Who can believe that he said that, believing as we do that there was no other god he could have?

Jethro was not of the chosen nation, but was a pious man, a priest, and had lived in close friendship with his son-in-law, Moses, for forty years till Moses was eighty years old. But Jethro certainly did not know that there is but one God. When he came to Moses at Mt. Sinai and heard all the story of the ten plagues of Egypt, the escape of the Israelite slaves and the wreck of the Egyptians in trying to recapture them, he said, "Now I know that Jehovah is greater than all gods; for in the thing wherein they dealt proudly He was above them." He

has learned a new thing: Though the *other gods* dealt proudly, *Jehovah* was above them all.

Moses was born more than four hundred years after Abraham; and, as revelation is progressive and as Moses was called to a mission and an experience grander than that of any other human being, we are not surprised to find that, after the wonders in Egypt and at the Red Sea and at Mt. Sinai and in the Wilderness, he utters clearly in his final addresses recorded in Deuteronomy, the great truth that God is *one* and there is *no other*.

But relatively Moses does not emphasize this new truth. When trying to guard his people against worshipping any other god than Jehovah, his emphasis is wonderful. He seems "to move heaven and earth" to rouse and warn. It is his dying message to those he has watched over and protected for forty years. As the heroic life-saving crew would struggle to save the drowning wretches in a storm at sea, before they sink forever, so Moses, before his tongue shall be silent in death, struggles desperately to alarm and save that people from the utter ruin and misery which is sure to come if they serve other gods.

In Deuteronomy he gives four chapters to their history and the other thirty to teaching and warning. In those thirty chapters, he

returns nineteen times in nineteen different chapters to that one effort to save them from the awful guilt and ruin of joining in the worship of any other god than Jehovah. Such is his emphasis,—his labor of soul,—in trying to save from that one sin.

How much space does he use in making them realize that Jehovah is the *only God?* In all the book of Deuteronomy he spends less than five verses on this point. And how much strength of soul did he use? I think it safe to say that he used one thousand times as much heart-power in the unending repetitions of the former subject as in the brief statement of the latter. He urged the former as a lesson which they all absolutely must be aroused to heed *now*. He states the latter as an interesting truth for any mind that is able to grasp it.

But Moses was far ahead of his time in the belief of one God only. It was hundreds of years after Moses before anyone else appears to have taught the same truth. Joshua does not seem to have grasped it at all; for he had not one word to say about it when pleading with his people to avoid idolatry and to worship Jehovah only. Samuel, the great prophet, is just as silent as Joshua on this doctrine.

But we return to our question: If Jehovah did not in any way urge the teaching that there

is but one God, and did not teach that He cares equally for all nations, *by what steps did He drive out Polytheism and its base results?*

God's majestic plan for bringing the chosen nation and its neighbors to true Monotheism required for its completion two thousand years from the call of Abraham. Its great movements were not altogether distinct and separate in time, but necessarily overlapped each other in greater or less degree.

This whole movement commenced with a remarkable event,—"The Call of Abraham," in 1921 B. C. This call is found to be not a call of one man, nor even one family, but a call of a tribe, and even of a great chosen nation, which should descend from the chosen man.

In this call Abraham and his people were to become strangely isolated from all the rest of the world. He was to leave forever country, home, relatives and all the people he had ever known, except those who composed the large household of which he was the head. But more than this, he was to have even less to do with the tribes around him than with the relatives from whom the Lord had called him. And this isolation of the chosen people was continued for many centuries, being perpetuated and guarded by the most extraordinary means.

It was deeply impressed upon the mind of

Abraham, of his family and of his descendants that they were the chosen people of God. To him the Lord promised that he would make of him a great nation, that he would give to his descendants a wide and beautiful country, that he would make his name great and defend him against all who should attack him.

These same promises were made by the Lord to Isaac, the son of Abraham, and later to Jacob, his grandson. This fixed in their minds more deeply the great truth that they were the specially chosen people of the Lord.

When these Israelites had grown to be a vast number, and Moses was sent to Egypt to lead them out of slavery into their promised land, the Lord called them his "son"—his "first-born." He said, "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God. And I will bring you in unto the land concerning the which I did swear to give it to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob; and I will give it to you for a heritage."

But forty years later, they being now free from Egypt, the Law having been given, they are a nation and about to enter the promised land. Then with greater emphasis, Moses says to them, "Thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above

all people that are upon the face of the earth."

But again with still greater emphasis the covenant between the Lord and this people is stated: "Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God, and to walk in his ways, and to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and to harken unto his voice: and the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be his peculiar people, as he hath promised thee, * * * and to make thee high above all nations which he hath made, in praise and in name and in honor."

Scores of similar utterances might be cited. It thus appears that the one and only God, the God of the universe, the God of all men, entered into a special covenant with one nation, and thus became beyond comparison more closely connected, to all appearance, with the one nation than with any or all the others.

This has such a strange seeming of abandoning all other nations, or at least of caring very little for them, that we should be utterly at a loss to account for such a fact were it not for one clause in the famous "call of Abraham." The very last words of that call are these: "And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." These last words give a totally new force to the whole situation. They show at one stroke that the choosing of one special

people and nation was not a narrowing of God's love toward the human race, but the exact opposite of that—a preparing of widest blessing for all the children of men.

The necessity of choosing and exalting one nation above all others will be found in tracing the development of the great war against false gods.

The second step in the great progress was the *publishing of a special name for the true God*—the God of the Israelites.

The belief in the existence of many gods was now so wide-spread, so ingrained into all their thought, that when God was mentioned they instinctively inquired, "What god?"

This felt need of some way to identify the God to whom they referred is very evident in all the stories from Abraham to Moses. It is strikingly shown when Moses is directed to go down into Egypt to deliver the Israelites, and is told to tell them that the God of their fathers has sent him to them. Moses instantly assumes that they will inquire what god this is,—that they will probably ask, "What is his name?" The Lord acknowledges the human need and gives his name in the fullest possible manner.

It is curious and interesting to observe the many forms of expression which are used to identify the God of the chosen people. Each

person uses that which is most vivid to him, most closely connected with his experiences and feelings. The chief servant of Abraham almost always identifies the God he means by saying: "Jehovah, God of my master Abraham." Abraham himself names the Lord as the one "which took me from my father's house and from the land of my kindred." Laban describes the Lord as "the God of Abraham and the God of Nahor, the God of their father." Jacob calls him, "the God of my father, the God of Abraham, and the fear of Isaac." The Lord himself identifies himself in similar ways. To Abraham he says, "I am Jehovah that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees;" to Isaac, "I am the God of Abraham thy father;" to Jacob, "I am the God of Bethel where thou annointedst the pillar." In the book of Genesis many brief titles are given, such as, "The Almighty God," "The Everlasting God," "The Most High God," "The Possessor of Heaven and Earth," "The God of Heaven," "The Judge of all the Earth."

But at the beginning of Exodus, when Moses is called and sent into Egypt, a great forward movement is made. One special name is solemnly proclaimed and exalted above all others. When Moses asks what name he shall give, the answer comes with fullness. "And God said

unto Moses, *I Am That I Am;* and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, *I Am* hath sent me unto you. And God said moreover unto Moses, thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, *Jehovah*, God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob hath sent me unto you: this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations."

As the name thus given is lengthy and of several parts we would not at once know how it was generally to be used. But we soon learn that the part used regularly and constantly is the name *Jehovah*.

To call up this name is to call up a subject of endless question and study. Even its original vowels and pronunciation are hardly yet fully settled. Its meaning is yet altogether a matter of argument. The name is a form of the verb *to be*, which agrees with the fact that the Lord called himself also "*I Am*." Perhaps also there is a connection between this and the words of Christ, "Before Abraham was I am," and his words in Revelation, "the Lord which *is*, which *was*, and which is to *come*, the Almighty." If it be true, as many scholars think, that the "*Jehovah*" in the Old Testament corresponds to "*Christ*" in the New, as representing the unseen God, then these passages would seem

to interlink with each other very closely.

But the great leading fact is beyond dispute. *Jehovah* was intended to be a personal and individual name as distinctive of one person among the gods as was *Abraham* or *Socrates* among men.

From this time forward the chosen name is rapidly and wonderfully made prominent. Moses demands the release of the Hebrew slaves in the name of Jehovah, God of Israel. Pharaoh, no doubt, had heard the names of Osiris and Apis and of many foreign gods ten thousand times. But it is possible that he had never yet heard of Jehovah. In the long story of Joseph and his life in Egypt, it appears that he never used that name. So the king answers haughtily, "Who is Jehovah?" "I do not know Jehovah; neither will I let Israel go." It is at this crisis that we are told (Ex. vi, 3,) that the Lord was was not known to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob by the name Jehovah. Yet it is certain that all three of them did use the name Jehovah, as the record shows. Some have explained the difficulty by saying that the name was not known to them in its true meaning. But the true meaning of the name is not settled even yet, and it is more likely that the explanation is that the Lord was about to give a vast expansion to the *use* of the name Jehovah, and there-

fore to its historical significance, its memories and associations. At least this is exactly what he did do. And just at this point is heard for the first time a statement that grows to be exceedingly common and familiar. The statement is, "And ye shall know that I am Jehovah." But the expression is varied to suit the special case: "And the Egyptians shall know that I am Jehovah;" to Pharaoh, "In this thou shalt know that I am Jehovah;" Moses said, "I will spread abroad my hands unto Jehovah, and the thunder shall cease * * * that thou mayest know how that the earth is Jehovah's."

Such utterances about knowing and identifying Jehovah are found through all the Old Testament.

The next great progress in exalting the chosen name occurred at Mount Sinai in connection with the giving of the Law. Jehovah made a wonderful manifestation of his presence upon the Mount itself. The wonders and the glory and the terrors of that day must have lived long in the minds and hearts of those who were there. It seems impossible that any other scene ever witnessed upon earth could have made any approach to the sublimity and majesty of Mount Sinai as exhibiting Jehovah's presence.

In the Ten Commandments, there proclaimed, the name *Jehovah* is the center of all thought.

Nothing is done apart from it. In the preamble to this constitution of the Jewish nation we read: "I am Jehovah thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." The Third Commandment is, "Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain." In the fourth commandment we are taught that, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of Jehovah thy God * * *, for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore Jehovah blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." The fifth commandment is: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee." Then came the solemn entering into covenant with Jehovah. Moses took the book of the covenant and read in the audience of the people: and they said: "All that Jehovah hath said will we do, and be obedient." And Moses took the blood and sprinkled it on the people and said: "Behold the blood of the covenant, which Jehovah hath made with you concerning all these words."

Thus in a few weeks,—the last weeks of the Israelites in Egypt and the first weeks at Mount Sinai,—the name Jehovah had suddenly leaped into wonderful prominence in the minds

and thoughts of both the Israelites and the Egyptians.

Some very familiar with the Bible will be surprised to know that the name Jehovah is used in the Old Testament nearly seven thousand times. Of course many will say it is not given in their Bibles that many times. The explanation is this: The Bible, as the wisdom of God gave it to men, showed that sacred name almost seven thousand times. But in the common translation, as we see it to-day, that specially honored name lies buried out of sight, so that we see it barely *seven* times out of all those *seven thousand* times!

[Mr. Atwater here gave the strange story of the suppression of the name Jehovah in our common translation of the Bible.]

The persistent burial and suppression of the personal name which God so wonderfully honored, which he set up as a banner of war over against the names, Molech and Baal and Bel and Dagon, —this suppression of the name Jehovah has obscured and rendered comparatively dead and lifeless the whole Old Testament history in general, and scores of incidents in particular. It has prevented the ordinary Bible student from seeing the real historic development of the true idea of God.

As all would wish to be able to find the

chosen name, even where it is buried, it is best to know this simple rule: wherever the word "Lord" is written wholly in capitals drop the words "the Lord" and read in their place "Jehovah."

The third forward movement in the war against the worship of many gods was *the rigid training of the chosen nation to worship Jehovah and Him only, and to worship with no image of him or visible form.*

The vigorous beginning of this great work was at Mount Sinai, and in the giving of the ten commandments. Fully one-third of the space of these commandments is taken up with this one thought. The first forbids them to have any other God than Jehovah; the second forbids them to use any image of any form whatever, even though the image were said to represent the true God, Jehovah. Five or six hundred years later two wicked kings of the ten tribes violated, one the second and the other the first of these commandments. Jeroboam is infamous in all Bible history because he taught the ten tribes to worship the images at Bethel and Dan; Ahab is more infamous because he taught them to leave Jehovah entirely and worship Baal. The two distinct and separate kinds of sin are often confounded by careless Bible readers.

There is something startling in the sudden

beginning of sternness and severity against idol worship which we see at Mount Sinai just as soon as the commandments are given. Moses has been called up into the Mount for forty days. While he is gone the people turn back to idol worship. Apparently they violate the second command but not the first, for the feast is called a feast to Jehovah. The Lord sends Moses down to punish them. The Levites are made the executioners of divine punishment and three thousand men are at once put to death for that day's idolatry. It has been four hundred and thirty years since the call of Abraham. During all that time idolatry has apparently been treated with mildness. It is almost certain that it has been practiced by some of the chosen tribe all the time. Abraham's father, Rebekah's brother, Leah and Rachel's father and Jacob's family, especially his wife Rachel, are known to have used idols, and it seems very certain that the Israelites in Egypt practiced idolatry. But no punishment seems to have been inflicted on them; and when Jacob calls on his large household to put away their idols the reproof is exceedingly mild.

Probably there are two reasons for the sudden change. Several expressions suggest that this idolatry was of the worst kind,—one of those wild, indecent, vile debauches which have

always been frequent among the worst idolatries. But perhaps there is a larger reason than even that. It is the universal principle that larger light and larger privilege bring heavier responsibility, a stricter giving of account, and severer punishment to the guilty. The Israelites were exalted in privilege before; but within a few months they have been led through wonders of experience during the plagues in Egypt, at the Red Sea and on the march to Sinai. And the wonders at Sinai in God's revelation of himself and of his truth have been inconceivably great. They are no longer a herd of slaves; they are a free nation. They are God's favored nation. Those of them then who will not rise to the height of that destiny, who will not obey Jehovah and be taught and led, must die.

And this rigid discipline against all idolatry, against all worship of other gods, is then permanently established, not for other nations, but for the Chosen Nation. As to Israel, devotion to Jehovah and to him alone, is made the very constitution of the nation. Any abandonment of this constitution is high treason, and is followed by swift and terrible punishment.

The nation was constantly taught that there was a radical difference between Jehovah and the gods of the other nations. They might be worshipped in pairs or in groups; but Jehovah's

worshippers must worship him only. This is the meaning of that frequent warning as to jealousy. "Thou shalt worship no other god: for Jehovah, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God," and again: "For Jehovah, thy God, is a consuming fire, even a jealous God." The figure is drawn from the sacred exclusiveness of true marriage.

The fourth great progress of this war for Monotheism was the *revelation of the true nature and moral character of Jehovah.*

The true idea of God was not reached nor even approached in any of the ancient systems of religion. Let us take Zeus or Jupiter, the chief diety of the Greeks and Romans,—the nearest approach to a conception of God of which they were capable. He is not self-existent, for he is one of the children of Saturn. He is not eternal, for he is not even one of the ancient gods, but belongs to the modern divinities. He is not unchangeable, for he grows up from birth to full strength of powers. He is not omnipresent, for in childhood he is hidden in the island of Crete, and though he fixes his abode on Mount Olympus, he is liable to be absent from there for days at a time. He is not omniscient, for Juno often outwits him. He is not omnipotent, for, besides the fact that Juno outwits him, the lower gods at times combine

against him so that he would be dethroned, if Briarious at one time or Athena at another did not come to help him.

Now compare all this childishness,—this rubbish,—with the Bible teaching as to the nature of God. At once God's words, through Isaiah, spring to our lips: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith Jehovah. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

When we pass from the low, miasmatic swamplands of all human religions to the mountain heights of God's truth as revealed in the Bible, what an infinitely different atmosphere we breathe! And how the soul expands with the grandeur of the views which God spreads out before our eyes.

His self-existence and eternity: "Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Isaiah calls him "The high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity."

His unchangeableness: "The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." "The same yesterday, to-day and forever."

His omnipresence and omniscience: Read the first twelve verses of Psalm one hundred and thirty-nine. It is clear to every Bible reader that God is never represented as occupying a defined space or place on earth or in the universe, though he may manifest himself at some place to meet human need. Solomon expresses both thoughts in dedicating the temple: "But behold will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold the heaven and heaven of heavens can not contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?"

Omnipotence and creative power: In the first few sentences of the Bible there is a simple record in plain prose of the creation of the universe. It quietly assumes that God exists from all eternity, and says that he calls the worlds into being.

Such is the Old Testament representation of God's natural attributes. What does it teach as to his moral attributes? As to the justice, judgment and truth of Jehovah: "He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." But here is the character of the man whom Jehovah will exalt: He "hath not oppressed any, but hath restored the debtor his pledge, hath spoiled none by violence, hath given his bread to the hungry, and

hath covered the naked with a garment; he that hath not given forth upon usury, neither hath taken any increase, that hath withdrawn his hand from iniquity, hath executed true judgment between man and man, hath walked in my statutes, and hath kept my judgments to deal truly; he is just, he shall surely live, saith the Lord Jehovah." As to his mercy and pity: so deeply did the Israelites feel the mercy of Jehovah, that the book of Psalms is loaded with the repetition of this sentence: "His mercy endureth forever." Here is one of their beautiful sayings: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear him." As to his purity and holiness: Isaiah sees in a vision the throne of God and the train of seraphim attending; and he hears a seraph calling, "Holy, holy, holy is Jehovah of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory."

When we read such revelations as to what God really is, what leprous foulness do we see in all the man-made gods of mythology!

The revelation of Jehovah's moral character, begun before, is rapidly advanced in and after the year which the nation spent at Mount Sinai.

The fifth movement in this holy war seems almost a negative movement, a progress backward. We have been considering the glorious revelation given in the Old Testament of the

moral character of God, but we know that the true divine character in its fullness is that which is seen fifteen hundred years later than the giving of the law at Sinai,—seen in our Lord Jesus Christ! But we all know that the character of Christ differs in important respects from what *seems* to be the character of Jehovah in the Old Testament. Most of the traits exhibited in the two characters are identical; but there are distinct exceptions. Since we believe that both the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Christ of the New are manifestations of one God,—the only God,—it is a vital question why they differ at all in the character exhibited.

In the Old Testament the Divine Person is distant, unapproachable, terrible in his glory, and severe; while in the New Testament he is as easily approached by sincere inquirers as any human friend, and he uses his divine might solely to assist and never to punish! Doubtless both representations are needed in order to give a true and well balanced conception of God's character and nature.

There were deep reasons why the distant, terrible and severe should be the earlier manifestations. Idolatry had utterly degraded the idea of God. The heathen had treated and do now treat their idols with as easy and contemptuous familiarity, in carrying them around, as a

farmer uses toward his tools or his animals. This alone would debase all their ideas of God. But they had a strange confidence in praying to these blocks of wood and stone for help in battle, and when defeated they blamed these idol gods, and often, in passion, beat them into fragments. The Egyptians worshipped their sacred bulls and killed them when they were old. Which act would degrade the idea of God more it would be hard to tell. They never really obeyed any diety at all by doing other than they themselves wished.

Under these circumstances what must the first period of the manifestation of God be like? It must be such as to rebuke and annihilate all these degrading conceptions of what God is.

Jehovah's presence was indicated to the Israelites by visible signs, cloud and fire, all the way from Egypt to Canaan. There was no likeness of any object whatever and apparently no fixed form, lest they should make an idol like it. The presence was at a distance, unapproachable, and often terrible and dangerous. A central place for the sign of Jehovah's presence was appointed in the most holy place of the tabernacle. This could be entered but once a year, and by none but the High Priest, and only with special preparation, even by him. All reckless, irreverent approach, even in wor-

ship, was forbidden under the death penalty. This is the explanation of the death of the two sons of Aaron at Mount Sinai; of Uzzah in David's time, and of those great numbers who found the Ark undefended, after the crimes of Eli's sons, and looked into it.

In regard to obedience in general, Jehovah was equally exacting. The Chosen Nation was chosen to do a divinely appointed work for the blessing of all the world. They were exalted to high privilege in knowledge and in honor. Their diligent obedience must correspond in degree to their high privilege.

When we consider the hundreds of thousands who lost their lives in our Civil War, and the terrible suffering they endured, and the bereavements of their families, it seems too great a price for any benefit that could be purchased. But when we think of the value of this free government to the world, to civilization, to human progress, and of the loss to humanity had it gone to pieces, proven a failure at last, we realize at once that the gigantic price was well paid. We have the same conviction when we study the "Thirty Years' War" which grew out of the Protestant Reformation. The price paid for the deliverance was fearful; but the deliverance must be had or civilization be a failure.

Just so when we see the many thousands of

Israelites who died by the judgments of God in those great disobediences and rebellions, when we recall the death penalties as to the golden calf, as to the quails, as to the rebel princes, as to the greater rebellion because the princes had been slain of God, as to the fiery serpents, as to the vile idolatry at Baal-Peor,—when we recall all these we are impressed with the terrible cost of the education of the Chosen Nation simply to obey God. But when we remember that the education of that nation was a necessary condition, both of the destruction of idolatry in the world and of the establishing of Christ's work among men, we realize that the cost was great, but that the blessings purchased were simply infinite.

Before we leave this thought as to the punishments of Jehovah, let me warn everyone not to forget that it needs the two manifestations, both that of Jehovah and that of Christ to teach us a true conception of God. And still further let us remember that the doctrine of future punishment scarcely has a hint in all the Old Testament, that it is broadly unfolded in the New Testament, that it is Christ who says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life." And just as Aaron's two older sons died at Sinai, on the very threshold of the Mosaic

dispensation, smitten of God with instant death in their robes of office and for their sin, so on the very threshold of the Christian dispensation, exactly the same number, a husband and wife, were smitten of God with equally sudden death for their sin.

It is folly to imagine that the God of the New Testament is not the same Being as the God of the Old Testament.

The time had come for a great and bold advance against the worshippers of idols. It was nearly eight hundred years after the giving of the Law at Sinai,—eight hundred years of training for the Israelites under that personal name, Jehovah, eight hundred years of battle—literal battle—with the name *Jehovah* for their banner and their battle-cry against the hosts of worshippers of Baal, of Moloch and of Dagon; it was more than twelve hundred years after the call of Abraham, when Isaiah was commissioned of Jehovah to make a mighty and urgent proclamation of the unity of God. This proclamation was not alone nor even chiefly for Israelites. It is addressed by name to a mighty foreign king of a mighty nation. That king is Cyrus the Persian. It is true he is not yet born when the message is sent forth; but it will reach him in due time, and he will give heed to it. And before Cyrus shall sit on the Persian throne

this proclamation will have done a mighty work in preparing many hearts of foreign nations for Jehovah's work. There is something striking, grand, inspiring in this record of Jehovah's calling by name a king yet unborn, promising him mighty empire, and making him his agent, and then of that king's responding to Jehovah's gifts and appointment and promptly taking up the work as soon as he mounts the throne.

[The speaker at this point quoted Is. 45, 1-4 and Ezra 1, 1-3, and gave the substance of Is. 44th and 45th chapters, the great proclamation of *The Unity of God.*]

The last campaign of this Holy War is so infinitely grand and glorious that the entire civilized world takes the beginning of it for its era, and counts time from it,—makes its dates from it—as if time itself had begun when Christ was born.

What is this movement? It is nothing less than the opening to all mankind of the blessings which have been in the sole possession of "the Chosen People" for two thousand years. Nay, it is vastly more than that. It is the sudden and almost infinite enlargement of the vast Jewish treasure and its equally sudden opening to all human beings. But is this a new purpose formed by the Almighty? God forms no new

purposes. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world," says James. But this purpose was made known even unto men two thousand years before the time. The entire charter of the whole Jewish Institution,—the sole reason of their existence as "The Chosen People"—is given in fifteen words, spoken separately to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob: "In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

The announcement that God's appointed time had come, is as grand, as divine, as the announcement itself. It is the night when Christ was born. To the shepherds God's angel appeared, saying: "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." Blessed words! Not good tidings of great joy to all Israelites, but to all people! And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth good will toward men!"

But during Christ's earthly life he did not proclaim the vast enlargement. He sent his apostles out to preach, not to the Gentiles, not even to the Samaritans, but only "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." After his death and resurrection, before he disappeared to Heaven, came the great proclamation to those

same apostles: "Go teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit." But even then it was not understood to mean what it said. What! Israelite blessings for all the world! The change was too vast, the thought too large for Jewish prejudice to make room for it. They no more thought of offering the Gospel to Gentiles than we do of offering it to dogs. It required two miraculous messages,—one to Peter in the vision on the house top, and the other by the angel sent to the Roman Cornelius,—to get the gates open wide enough so that one Gentile family could come in. Peter's mind was so enlarged that he exclaimed to the Gentile group around Cornelius: "I perceive,"—he has just discovered it—"I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

But the gate was not wide open yet. It required another miracle to accomplish it. Suddenly the gifts of the Holy Spirit were poured out on that group of Gentiles just as on the apostles on Pentecost. Peter acknowledged the hand of God at once and baptized those Gentiles. His Jewish brethren in Christ promptly called him to account. But he silenced their protest with the story of these special miracles.

They bowed to God's decree and said with astonishment, "Then hath God to the Gentiles also granted repentance unto life?"

But though *a* gate was now open for the Gentiles it was a terribly narrow gate! It was rigidly guarded. But Paul on his first great missionary journey was making the gate wider, much too wide, said most of the Jewish Christians. This will never do at all. These Gentiles can come in, but they must come in by the proper door—Judaism. They must first become Jews. They must be circumcised and keep the law, and then, as proselyte Jews, they can become Christians. Paul and Barnabas said, *No*, their right to enter is as full as ours. They are not to enter through any Jewish door.

The struggle was a mighty one. It called together what the popish church considers, "The First Ecumenical Council," but what should be called the first and only Apostolic Council, the council of the fifteenth chapter of Acts. The result was an absolute triumph of the broader view. The Gentiles should not become proselyte Jews, nor be circumcised, nor keep the law of Moses. And, wonder of wonders, the great and dangerous struggle ended in a decision absolutely unanimous! And that, too, when the council that made it was held at Jerusalem, the storm center of the entire con-

vulsion. He who does not see the Hand of God in all this is blind indeed.

II

Christ's Law of Compound Interest

II

CHRIST'S LAW OF COMPOUND INTEREST

The Great Teacher has left on record one saying which he must have considered of universal importance, even among his divine utterances. He says the same thing three times over in three entirely different connections. Among the parables, that of the *Sower*, that of the *Talents* and that of the *Pounds*, all close with this general commentary and sweeping assertion:—"To everyone that hath more shall be given; from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath." He was talking in those three parables of widely different fields of thought, but he says that the same principle runs through them all.

To the active mind it is of deep interest to connect, when possible, far off and unlike things by some common principle. The ability to do this, or the lack of it, makes the difference between the philosopher and the savage. To know millions of petty facts, disconnected, like sands in a heap, is to be ignorant; to know them as linked together,—as the results of common causes,—is to be a scientist, a philosopher. This capacity to generalize, to

bind the facts of the universe together, is one of the noblest faculties of the human soul. To train this faculty to its highest power is to become nobly educated.

We can not do better than to call this principle, which Christ so magnifies, *Nature's Law of Compound Interest Which Underlies the Universe.*

The name, "Compound Interest," comes from money matters, but the principle itself applies to a thousand other things. Notice the working of this principle on a loan of one hundred dollars at ten per cent annually. The first year the principal is $100.00, the amount $110.00; the second year the principal is $110.00, the amount $121.00; the third year the principal is $121.00, the amount $133.10; the fourth year the principal is $133.10. the amount $146.41.

Examine these results; carry them on a few years farther; notice these facts:—first, the sum drawing interest is greater each year than before; second, this principal increases by larger and larger additions each year; third, these additions taken together soon equal the original principal, so that the sum drawing interest is doubled; fourth, this growth is so rapid that after a few decades the original principal be-

comes insignificant and might be thrown away without much effect on the result.

It is plain that while Christ was not teaching about money at all His statement fits it perfectly,—"To him that hath more shall be given." And from this growth of money we get the most vivid conception of the great principle which is true in every other field of life as plainly as in this.

Some one may object to this, saying that he never did believe in compound interest, and that this saying of Christ sounds very much like making the rich richer and the poor poorer. I reply that Christ's principle is so wrought into the foundations of the universe that he might as well quarrel with the "Rule of Three" or the "Multiplication Table." The man who hates this principle and plans to get rid of it, might just as well ask Congress to repeal the Law of Gravity. The only thing we can do with the Law of Gravity is to study it and learn how to use it. We soon learn that it is one of our best friends if we keep on the right side of it, but our worst enemy if we are careless with it. Exactly the same will be found true of Christ's great principle, "To him that hath more shall be given." No one can fail to love this principle and count it his friend and helper if he once studies and understands it.

The aim of this address is not to prove its truth, but rather to show its vast *outreach*,—its amazing *universality*, and then to find its most instructive lessons.

A story will illustrate the principle we are tracing. In a great city the lofty, slender spire of the grandest church needed repairs at a point high up on the outside. The workmen, having gone up on the roof, had, by means of long ladders, succeeded in building a staging around the spire at that great height. From this staging another ladder had enabled a single workman to reach a narrow stone ledge of ornamental work running round the spire where the repairs were needed. Upon this ledge was built an iron railing for ornament. Standing upon the ladder, and being steadied by the iron railing, he worked hard at the repairs. Suddenly he felt, to his horror, that the ladder was giving way under him! The staging had been built too hastily and under difficulties and was breaking under his weight and the wrenching of his work. He had barely time to grasp the iron railing and draw himself up onto the ledge before the ladder and the staging fell. Saved from instant death, he now had time to think. The ledge would bear his weight, and the railing seemed strong enough to hold him from falling. But the situation was a terrible one.

He was at a dizzy height above the stone pavement, with no means of getting down. There was no window in the spire above him from which help could be let down. No ladder was long enough to reach him from the roof. To build another staging would be a long and difficult task, and night approached. The conviction came over him, chilling the blood in his veins, that he was doomed to spend the night in that death trap between the heavens and earth, if indeed he should not lose control of himself in dizziness or sleep and fall to a horrible death on the pavement below. The news of his dreadful situation spread like wildfire. Crowds ran to the spot till the ground was black with the dense mass, gazing up at the solitary figure on the spire. With all the excitement and strain of anxiety not one could suggest a reasonable plan to save him. Suddenly a little woman struggled into the open space before the church. It was the wife of the man on the spire, and the crowd made room for her. Whether quicker witted than any of the rest, or made quicker by the pressing need of the moment, she alone saw what to do and was quick to do it. Snatching a speaking trumpet from the hand of a fireman in the crowd she put it to her lips and called: "*John, keep steady! We'll save you! Pull off your sock!*

Ravel it out! Let down the raveling!" The new hope steadied his fingers as he pulled out the raveling and sent it slowly dangling down. The crowd almost held its breath as they watched the slow descent of the slender thread on which a human life seemed literally to hang. After what seemed an age of waiting the little crooked raveling came within reach and was eagerly seized. But what good can that miserable raveling do? It can hardly bear its own weight! How can it save a man who weighs almost two hundred pounds? Christ's principle runs through the *universe*, "To him that hath more shall be given." By the raveling John drew up to himself a slender string of common wrapping twine, which was all the weight the raveling could bear. The twine drew up a light cord, the cord a small rope, the small rope was followed by a large rope. This was fastened firmly to the iron railing, and John, with his powerful grip, came down the rope hand over hand, sailor fashion, till he dropped on his feet beside his wife. Such cheers went up as are seldom heard, and the crowd would have rushed forward to grasp his hand and thank the Lord, but the little woman who had saved her husband's life, released from the terrible strain for which she had nerved herself, promptly fainted away in her husband's arms and was

carried by him into the nearest house to be brought back to life again.

Of course every one sees that Christ's great principle applies in this case; but is it true that it applies so widely as I have said? Is it of such infinite importance as Christ seems to teach? Is it so necessary that we shall "make friends" with this principle and keep it always in our minds? No one will doubt on these points who studies into its countless applications.

In old slavery times when a slave was flogged for trying to learn to read, and the one who taught him was punished by law, a bright young slave was hired out by his master to work among the ship carpenters in a certain yard. He had never learned to read, of course, —had never thought of such a thing,—did not know a single letter. He heard the carpenters read at noon from the papers, sometimes funny jokes or stories, sometimes strange news. Over these things they laughed, talked and argued. At these mysterious papers he gazed in secret, and wondered why he could see none of those things that the white men enjoyed so much. Little by little as he heard them read and talk about what "the papers said," the idea came that possibly he might have those papers say things to him. But how could he do it? They

didn't say anything to him now. They seemed like a strange jumble of queer marks without any meaning in them. His desire to learn grew stronger and stronger; but he made no progress, for he had nothing to help him get a *start*. One day he made a discovery. It was a United States ship yard in which he was working and the letters, "U. S.," were always in plain sight, marked on all sorts of timbers. He had no idea what those marks meant and he dared not ask. His *discovery* was that they were just like some marks in the papers! He soon learned that the men called those marks on the timbers "letters," he even heard them speak of the letter S and the letter U. He secretly got a shingle and a bit of chalk and made his S and U over and over again. This was certainly a small beginning of learning to *read*, but "To him that hath more shall be given." One day he met a small boy all alone, and he made a bet with him that he could make more letters than the boy could. Of course the boy came out ahead, but the slave learned how to make two or three letters more. Little by little, carefully keeping his secret, he picked up all the letters of the alphabet. Even then the newspapers wouldn't say anything to him as they did to the white folks. But as before, a small boy was his helper, proud to show his

primer and to read from it: "A—cat—bit—a—rat." "She—fed—the—old—hen." As the little fellow labored out six or eight short sentences the eager slave was watching those first five words: "A—cat—bit—a—rat." Hurrah! A second great *discovery!* A discovery as great for him as the law of gravity for Newton! Letters put together make *words!* Words put together make talk—make a story. That great desire of his was being realized. He could scarcely believe his eyes! But there were the words, and there was the picture to show how the cat did it, and to prove that it was *true*. Carefully he wrote the words and safely hid them away, proud of his treasure, the cat and rat story, chalked on a shingle, yes, prouder than Ptolemy Philadelphus was over that wonder of the world, the Alexandrian Library. And well might he be proud, for it was to him, a slave, the *master-key* which would by patient use unlock all the locked-up treasures of knowledge. The work was long and slow and difficult, but every day had its reward. The scraps of newspaper every day told him of something new, every day the letters *talked* to him more plainly. Christ's rule was as true for the slave as for the freeman, as true in the matter of learning as in everything else, "To him that hath more shall be given."

It scarcely needs to be told that the slave who had learned to read did not stay a slave very long. He came to know too much for a slave and found his way to freedom. Long years he might have remained a slave, unable to read a word, but for the fortunate chance which taught him the two letters U S.!

In leaving this story it is well to realize that the whole human race has come up out of the depths of savage ignorance by the help of the ladder given us by this same law. We boast of the rapid strides of knowledge and invention in these later days, and it is certainly true that the rate of progress is growing more rapid. But this is not because their minds, thousands of years ago, were weak and ours are strong, but because they had so little to work with and we have inherited all the accumulated treasures of thousands of years of discovery.

Thus far we have considered only one side of the law. Christ says not only, "To him that *hath* more shall be given," but also, "From him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath." It seems that the great law works both ways, to *help* or to *hinder*, to *save* or to *kill!* This second side may not be as pleasant to look at, but it is quite as important.

A foolish quibble has sometimes been raised in objection to our Lord's great saying. The

objector says that if a man has nothing it is impossible to take anything away from him. The answer to this is that our Savior neither said nor meant that the man had nothing, but simply that he did not have enough to be an available working force, or that the great fact about him was not his *having*, but his *not* having what he ought to have. A most vivid illustration of this is seen every day in the matter of fire. We discover that our fire is low. There is fire there. It is plainly visible. We add fuel, but it proves to be in vain. In our common phrase, "the fire doesn't *go*, but goes *out*." "From him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath." Here is the very picture of our Savior's great truth: "From him that hath not [enough to work with] shall be taken even [the feeble portion] that he hath."

Perhaps the sublimity of the Great Teacher and the pettiness of his infidel critics was never better shown than in this solemn, majestic truth and the feeble quibble that has been made against it.

Let us examine the second or destructive side of this great law. As we have called this the "Law of Compound Interest" we will take first an example from *money*.

Suppose two young men at nineteen years of

age begin two opposite courses of financial management. One of them, by prudence, manages to save on the average fifty dollars each year, which he puts in the best kind of a savings bank. There it draws four per cent interest, which, not being disturbed, is compounded semi-annually. The other, being more careless and expensive in his ways, lives beyond his means. He contracts debts from time to time on which he has to pay interest. Occasionally he gathers up enough regular income to pay off some of his debts, again he makes a new debt in order to meet an old one. When he thus borrows of one man to pay another he borrows enough to pay both principal and interest, thus paying compound interest. His rate of interest varies all the way from six to twelve per cent.

When the sixtieth birthday comes to these two men, each in his own way looks over his affairs. One of them finds that by prudently saving fifty dollars each year he now has in bank $5,000.00; the other one finds that by his carelessness he is now in debt fully $5,000.00. On examining the matter a little more closely the first man discovers that he has saved directly only $2,000.00. Compound interest, even at the low rate of four per cent, semi-annually, has earned for him the other $3,000 00.

The other man also makes a discovery. He finds on figuring up his $5,000.00 or more of debt that he never really received and had the use of more than about $2,000.00 of it. The other $3,000.00 represents the interest, simple and compound, which he has been paying for forty years because he has followed the absurd method of *using* his money first and *earning* it afterward. Is it not probable that both of these men would be able to see meaning in the great law, "To him that hath more shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath?"

The destructive side of this law is seen in many a marriage. Sometimes it is in the case of the young man, more often in the case of the young woman. Many a girl marries downward, —beneath her best self—and thus lowers her whole after life. "Birds of a feather flock together," says the old proverb. This means that folks of a kind generally are found in a group. Suppose that a young lady has *some* worthy aspirations, some desires that would link her with the noblest of her sex. But she lacks earnestness of purpose. She is not willing to work hard and to sacrifice to gain those nobler things. She would like an education,—has mind enough to know its value. But she lacks *energy* and *patience* to secure it. Her com-

panions and friends are such as she is now fitted for rather than such as she might be fitted for by a better education. Her companions do not prompt her to anything higher than just to have a good time,—"lots of fun." The young men she meets in such society are almost sure to be of less real worth than the girls. It is only in the higher half of society, that half that seeks education, that we find the young men as pure in life and as worthy in ambitions as the young ladies with whom they associate.

The young lady we are describing accepts the company of such young men as she meets in the society she is now in. She finds them pleasant and entertaining, but thinks she would never marry one of them. She is sure of this, and says so positively to her lady friends. After a period of polite attention one of these gentlemen proposes to her. She hesitates. She knows that he is simply a good-natured fellow and not in any sense a noble man. He is not educated, not a Christian, not ambitious for anything above driving a good team.

But on the other hand he seems full of devotion and admiration for her. He is able to offer her a good home. She has some skill in home matters, and it seems so much easier to settle down to simple duties that she understands than to struggle to climb to a higher and grander

level of life. She does not pretend that she is drawn to him by any sense of his personal worth. But she consents, and is married.

The result is what might be expected. She has been false to the nobler half of her nature. She now proceeds not directly to kill it, but to bury it alive. In the home and companionship which she has chosen there is no demand for the mental stores which she possesses except in what provides for the body. If she keeps up any mental work it is without companionship, without sympathy. Every effort she makes to live in the realm of books and thought is practically an effort to widen the distance that threatens to be a gulf between herself and her husband. Thus without help, but rather strongly hindered, she ceases to try to cultivate her mind. Starved of its natural food, her mind, as well as her mental stores, dwindles from year to year.

"There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind," was the saying of Sir William Hamilton. If he was right, then this woman is growing smaller as the years go by.

Tennyson pictures powerfully the course of such a life. Perhaps he assumes the presence of vices in the husband as I have not.

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.
As the husband is, the wife is: Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

It takes but a moment's thought to see that here is the working of Christ's great law on its negative, its destructive, its terrible side. She had noble aspirations, but not enough. She desired mental riches, but not with the soul-hunger that will have them. She sold her birth-right "for a mess of pottage." She sold the chance of a grand growth of mind and soul for the deceitful expectation of a life of greater ease. "From him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath."

The facts we have so far examined do not at all measure for us the depth of our Savior's meaning. A greater and more solemn truth is to be stated. It is this: Christ's great law applies to the building of character,—to the forming or deforming, the shaping or misshaping of the soul for all eternity.

There is a familiar story which says that a great painter having seen a remarkably beautiful boy, almost a baby, and being powerfully impressed with the child face, painted a picture of it. For years this picture was admired by

large numbers as the perfect image and ideal of childish sweetness and innocence; and the painter conceived the idea of painting a picture that should be the very opposite of this,—a picture that should exhibit the human face in its most brutalized and hideous expression. It was years after this design began to form in his mind before he executed it. In the meantime he watched for a suitable, living model, for a man with a face most wicked, hateful and degraded. At length he found what he sought. A criminal under sentence of death for murder had such a face, one not to be surpassed in viciousness and brutality. That face he painted and placed the picture beside that of the sweet, innocent child, painted more than thirty years before. These contrasted pictures attracted universal attention. The inquiry and investigation brought out the fact that the same man had been the model for both pictures. The sweet, innocent child had hardened into the brutalized murderer!

The lesson of this story is the truth I am seeking to set forth, that "the great law of compound interest" applies just as much to the growth of character as it does to the growth of money. "To him that hath more shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath" is just as true of

moral character as of everything else in the universe. Indeed we may safely say that Christ wasted none of his divinely precious time in teaching men about money and property, things which others can teach them so perfectly, things which men are so apt to learn for themselves. No, it is only character,—the eternal well being of the soul,—that makes a topic grand enough to claim our Savior's time and thought.

But the question returns, how is it that bad character produces worse character, and how does noble character produce still nobler? What is the philosophy of it? We know just how money grows by means of interest, and just how knowledge grows by the use of what we already have. Is it possible to see in the same clear way why badness produces a worse badness and goodness a better goodness?

We find that nature has made a wise provision for the protection of each human body by making the inhabitant of that body sensitive to pain whenever the body is in any way injured. We are told that it is because of this guardian, pain, that we snatch our flesh from the cutting, the mashing or the burning which would destroy it. We are told that were it not for this faithful and friendly monitor we would neglect the body and let it be hacked and

hewed and cut and burned and twisted till it would be ruined. When we see how a small boy pulls his playthings to pieces to find out how they are made, and uses his hat for a water pail, or for a basket to carry every kind of rubbish in, it seems certain that if pain did not prevent he would take off his ears to use for tunnels, pull out his tongue and trade it off for a jack-knife and take out at least one of his eyes to use at a game of marbles.

Now if nature has made such thorough provision for having each human body protected, how about the inner nature? It is vastly more important than the body. It is the real man. Has nature any method of prompt defense for the real man that lives inside the body as she has for the body, the shell that he lives in? Surely it must be that she has. It would be absurd to care for the less and not for the greater. It would be absurd if the law should protect men's houses, but make no effort to protect their lives.

What, then, is God's provision in nature for the instinctive and instantaneous defense of the soul which inhabits the body?

It is ordained in nature that the soul shall be sensitive to the touch of other people's opinion of us. We love the touch of their favorable opinion as the hand loves the touch of velvet

or of down. We shrink from their cutting criticism or their firey indignation as the flesh shrinks from the knife or the red hot iron.

This sensitiveness of the soul is of unspeakable value. Nor can we doubt that it was planned by the all-wise Creator. From our earliest childhood we are constantly led on to noble conduct and effort, because it will win for us the approval and admiration for which our souls hunger. And we are constantly driven back from ruinous courses by the heavy blow of rebuke or the stinging lash of criticism.

If our burning flesh could not be saved till our slow, lumbering reasoning powers could cipher out the damage, help would come too late. But it is with a lightning jump that the fire department of our bodies hears the alarm and gets there when we find ourselves fooling with a hot iron.

And just as this plan of nature is the only sufficiently prompt protection for our bodies, so the only sufficiently prompt protection for the cleanness and whiteness of our souls, for the health and growth of our souls, is their extraordinary sensitiveness to approval and disapproval, to praise and censure. Were it not for this powerful prompter and restrainer we should loiter in the wrong path and waste childhood and youth,—yes, we should slide

into the mire of evil habit and wallow there.

Does some one object to this view? Does he say that it is God's approval or disapproval, not man's, that the Christian is anxious about? That is true of the mature Christian in a large degree; but it is not true of the child; and even the strongest Christian hungers and thirsts for human approval—the love and regard of the noble and true—to be joined with that of God.

It is easy to see how this sensitiveness of the soul should tend to make the good better. Let even a child enter upon a life of goodness and every year, yes, every day, strengthens him in that course. The praise he wins brings joy and stimulates him to still nobler effort. Even his faults are overruled for his good. By the reproof they bring he is taught to feel more keenly the contrast between the sweetness of praise and the bitterness of censure. Soon approval is expressed in other ways. Positions of real value are given him because "he can be trusted," because "he has made a good record."

Such rewards intensify his resolves to pursue and improve upon those noble courses. But all this time habits,—good habits,—are becoming solidified within him; and, "Habit," says the proverb, "is second nature."

But still another helpful force makes its appearance even in the child. Hearing himself

warmly praised he will almost inevitably consider whether he deserved it. And the frank, unspoiled nature of childhood will often assert that he got more praise than he deserved. But with that verdict, half hostile to himself, there will come a longing to deserve such praise hereafter if he did not before. Thus, with other growth, there grows in every true soul a habit of standing before the *judgment bar* of his own *conscience*. There he hears the verdict of praise or blame from the depths of his own heart; and to this true soul that voice from within comes to be more weighty than all other voices combined. He learns to believe that inner voice to be the voice of God. And has not our Creator provided in each soul this throne-room of the Conscience where He himself would hold court and render verdict of "Wicked and slothful," or "Well done, good and faithful?" It is a marvelous gain in the growth of moral character when this height is reached, and the soul really and truly becomes its own stern, incorruptible judge. This thought has found expression from many great teachers. Whittier, in his own style so like the ancient prophets, has it in the lofty poem, "My Soul and I." Lowell has it in his famous "Present Crisis." Here he compares the verdicts of the

soul with the oracular responses supposed to be received at ancient Delphi:

"But the soul is still oracular; and amid the market's din
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within."

James A. Garfield made, while yet a member of Congress, a striking use of this same thought. Like all our law-makers he was often censured for some vote cast or act done. After once being bitterly assailed he addressed a great audience in his home district, the 19th Ohio. Referring to the accusations made against him he defended his course and gave his reasons. Insisting upon the right and duty of a Congressman to vote according to his convictions of what was best for the country at large, and refusing to accept anything like dictatorial instructions from any source whatever, even from his own district, he continued in such words as these: "Ladies and gentlemen of the 19th Ohio District, I have a profound regard for your good will. I value the friendship and esteem of my old friends and neighbors here in Northern Ohio. It would be to me a great sorrow to lose the confidence of the constituency who have trusted me so long. But, ladies and gentlemen, there is one man whose opinion of me is dearer than yours. And that man's name is James A. Garfield. If you were to withdraw

your friendship from me I could escape from you, but from Garfield I can not escape. I must walk with him and sit with him, I must dine with him and sup with him and sleep with him; I must live with him and die with him. And therefore his respect I must and will have, even if I forfeit yours."

We have seen now, in some degree, how the first half of the great law of the divine Teacher is a force for good in the field of moral character. "To him that hath more shall be given." But it is perhaps more important to show the destructive, the terrible workings of the other half of this law,—to show how it makes the bad man worse.

Every human being does by nature possess a personal pride. The word "pride" is used not in its bad sense, but in what Webster calls its "good sense," viz., "sense of one's own worth," "lofty self-respect." Human beings without this personal pride are as unnatural, as rare and as seemingly useless in the world as idiots. If we wish to see how deep-seated is this element of our nature and how certain it is that divine grace does not even tend to remove it, we need only turn to the letters of the devoted Apostle Paul, where it is as visible as in any soul that ever lived. And no wonder God does not even seek to destroy this true and

just self-respect, for it is, if rightly directed, a mighty force for good. All claims of good, religious people that they have been freed by grace from all forms of pride, are mere self-deceptions, as you will find if you wound that pride. Indeed, so vital is this native element of the soul that if it is crushed past all possible recovery, it is a dead soul. Lowell would say:

"Till a corpse crawls round unburied delving in the nobler clod."

The irresistible force of this tendency to personal pride can be estimated, in part, by the infinite variety of forms it assumes, and especially by its ridiculous forms. If a man have some noble ground of pride he is proud of that; if not, then he is proud of some lesser thing, even of some trifle or mere oddity. To speak in parable, pride is a climbing plant. It seeks a lofty support around which it may twine and rise to noble heights. If the plant finds no tall, erect support, it clings to something lower, climbing to the top and reaching out for something higher. I have often looked at such a plant, and pitied the poor thing as it blindly reached out and felt in vain for some support by which to go higher.

What is there of which some man has not been proud for lack of something better?

Two little girls once engaged in out-boasting

each other of the fine things of which they were proud. At last one of them thought to cap the climax by saying: "Well, we're goin' to have a mansard roof on our house!" Instantly the other retorted: "Well, I'll let ye know we're goin' to have a mortgage on ourn, —my father said so."

We smile at the ignorance of the child; but had she known what a mortgage is, her boasting would not have been more senseless than that of many grown people. I used often to meet a man who fondly boasted of his remarkable father, always in these exact words: "My father lived to be sixty years old and never swore an oath, nor danced a step, nor sang a song, nor whistled a tune." He always seemed to think his father deserved just as much credit for never whistling as for never swearing.

Almost anything will serve as a ground of pride. One man is proud of being the tallest man in his regiment; another is equally proud of being the shortest. One is proud of being the biggest giant of modern times, another of being the smallest dwarf. One boasts that he is the luckiest man on earth, another takes equal pride in claiming that he is the unluckiest. It would be hard to say of which a man is most proud of being, the youngest man in Congress or the oldest.

Christ's Law of Compound Interest

It is related of an old Greek philosopher that as he walked with his followers through the city and saw people in rich robes and grand equipage, he turned to his disciples and said: "This is pride." But as they walked they saw also men in coarse robes, fastened round their bodies with ropes. Turning again to his disciples he said: "And this also is pride."

If there be then such a mighty force in every human heart, how tremendous must be its power for good if rightly used, for evil if perverted!

Perhaps we can in no way better see how badness produces a worse badness, how a bad choice doubles and trebles and quadruples itself than by looking briefly at the story of a criminal of my native town.

I will give the actual facts, but not the real name. Dan Stoner was a man of energy and activity, who might easily have made a success as an honest man. But in some way he started to go wrong,—committed a theft, was convicted, spent thirty days in the Portage county jail, returned home in disgrace. He had taken the wrong road and suffered the consequences. He again stood where his road of life forked. Which way should he take? He was wounded and angry. False pride came, scorning to show any sign of repentance, but asking rather for

revenge. He took the wrong road again, became a confirmed thief and went to jail in several different counties. Soon he committed a greater crime and went to the penitentiary. Punishment, though severe, had no effect on him now but to harden him. He had not at all lost his pride; he had changed it. While others were proud of a clean record, and an honest name, old Dan Stoner was proud of being a cunning thief, of being hard to catch, of outwitting the officers over and over again.

Thus he spent his life in a regular warfare with society. The region was full of the stories of his crimes, of his escapes and of his imprisonments. He kept a mental account with the counties that had sent him to jail and to penitentiary and robbed the people there to get even with them. The end of his career was what might be expected. While he was spending his life committing crimes and working out his sentences in the penitentiary his children were growing up young savages. When he was well in years they all removed to Michigan, and in a year or two word came back that old Dan was dead, had been murdered by two of his own family.

Yes, the great, solemn, majestic law, which Christ so often uttered, is just as true on its destructive and terrible side as on that which is

helpful and blessed,—"To him that hath more shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath."

Under the terrible *reign of law* if there were no Christ there would be no possible hope that, a course of crime having once been begun and its penalty and disgrace having been felt, the wrong-doer could ever be saved. He would be caught in the wheels of the powerful machine of law with its hardening penalty and disgrace and dragged helplessly forward. But Christ with his blessed forgiveness, Christ who died for the lost, has with his pierced hands lifted millions of lost ones out of those crushing wheels.

Yet in all the teachings of the Master there is not another such a trumpet blast, calling us to choose the right *now* before the soul is hardened and grown perverse, as this great "Law of Compound Interest."

III

An Ordination Talk

III

AN ORDINATION TALK

Dear Brother:—I know of no words which may so fitly present to you the solemn duties and high responsibilities of the work to which you have been called, and so well direct you in entering upon this sacred trust, as the words of the apostle to Timothy, pastor of the church in Ephesus: "I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine."

Yes, *preach!* Herald the truth; sound it forth; carry it abroad. Let it not be sufficient for us to sit in the study or stand in the pulpit and address those who may chance to come to us; but let us, rather, as preachers, as heralds, seek to carry forth the message of God to all who have ears to hear.

Preach *the word*, the word of Christ; preach Christ and him crucified. The Jews of Paul's time pronounced it a stumbling-block, and the Greeks declared it foolishness; but centuries have proved it to be "the power of God and the wisdom of God." And in these days one

would have us abandon the story of the cross, saying that it has lost its power, and another will tell us that the wisdom of this world rejects it; but that story which for nearly two thousand years has reached the hearts of wicked men, has comforted the sorrowful, sustained the dying, and given the martyr triumph at the stake, — that story will never become old. Preach the *word*.

"Preach it," says the apostle, "*in season, out of season.*" This does not mean that we are to use no discretion in choosing our opportunity; but, rather, preach it at set, appointed seasons, and at seasons not thus set and appointed; preach the word at the appointed hour in the Lord's day assembly; preach it in the meeting for prayer; preach Christ when the wayside walk shall give you a hearer; preach Christ in the social circle and the family group. Preach the word when your own appointment makes it *in season;* preach it *out of season* when God's providence shall give you opportunity.

Preach Christ to all classes and conditions of men; to the old, whose days on earth are few, for he has gone to prepare for them eternal mansions; to the young in life's bright morning, for he will give them eternal youth in the paradise of God. Preach Christ to the rich, and counsel them to buy of him that gold

which is tried in the fire; talk of him to the humble and the lowly, for God anointed him "to preach the gospel to the poor." Preach Christ to the innocent children, like those he once took in his arms and blessed; preach Christ to the convict in prison, for he gladly received the repentant thief. When you meet the strong man, full of health and life, tell him of that Christ who gives us eternal life. When you sit by the bedside of the dying, talk with him of the One who conquered death for us. When you stand above the coffin and the dead, or look down into the open grave, speak to the people who gather around of Him who is "the resurrection and the life."

"Be instant," says Paul; that is, earnest, urgent, whether in season or out of season, whether in the prepared sermon, or the casual talk. Be *earnest*. It is no common message that you bring. You are a servant of the King of kings. Let no man slight your message or your Master through lack of zeal in you. Be earnest; the ears to which you speak are often dull of hearing; the din of trade, the rush of business, the whirl of excitement and pleasure, all combine to make men forget the dangers which surround them and the battle which must be waged with sin. Let, then, the

trumpet of the watchman give no uncertain sound.

Yes, be earnest. When you stand in the pulpit, let it rest upon your heart that the upward or downward course of some soul may depend on your words. What, then, shall those words be? What can you say to strengthen the weak, to encourage the faint, to comfort the sorrowing, to bring back the erring?

Yet again, be earnest, for the time of gathering sheaves is short. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Be bold and faithful in declaring the truth. Be tender and affectionate in pleading the love of Christ. "Reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine"—long suffering and patience and forbearance, which must be learned of our blessed Master.

Preach Christ, then, in word. Talk of him in public and in private. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." But words are of little force except as a life is behind them. If, then, we would preach Christ truly, Christ must live in us and we in him. A noble Christian poet has taught the lesson:

"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy heart must overflow,
If thou another's heart wouldst reach."

We cannot carry to another what we have not in ourselves. And when we talk of Christ to others we may well ask ourselves the question once asked of a missionary by a heathen. He was dying, and the missionary was telling him once more of that Jesus who has gone to prepare a place for us and will take us unto himself. The dying man looked earnestly at the missionary, and asked him, "Do you know this Jesus yourself?" Dear brother, do we know him ourselves? When we shall talk of Christ to the sorrowing, the burdened, or the dying, can we say that in times of great trial, in the borders of the valley of the shadow of death, we have leaned on him and been at peace?

And now at last let Paul say to you as you take upon you the duties and responsibilities of this office: "I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, *Preach the word.*"

IV

Historical Novels

IV

HISTORICAL NOVELS

It was formerly the custom with persons of Christian character, and even with almost everybody, except trifling and frivolous people, to condemn the reading of novels. But everybody knows that a great change has occurred in that respect, and that the vast majority of all intelligent people, Christians as well as others, heartily endorse the use of novels of the right class and in proper quantity. The time will soon come when novels of a really high order will be approved by everybody except the most ignorant, such as still assert that the earth does not and cannot revolve because it would spill the mill ponds out in the night.

The invention of historical novels has been by many ascribed to Sir Walter Scott, and it has been considered an important part of his wonderful fame. This claim is directly made for him by Chamber's Encyclopedia. In the sketch of Scott's life, the writer uses this language:

"He (Scott) invented the historical novel, and in doing so created a distinct literature, brought life into our conceptions of the past, and revolutionized our methods of writing his-

tory itself by a vivid infusion into them of picturesque and imaginative elements."

It is hardly probable that this claim in behalf of Sir Walter Scott can be sustained in its full length and breadth. Indeed, that great writer himself seems clearly to have recognized that he did not *invent* this species of novel. For in an anonymous review of his own writings, he says: "Historical romances have always been failures." And then he goes on to explain why they had been failures, and to claim the highest possible place for the true historical novel, such as the world concedes that he himself wrote. It would seem, then, that the true claim which should be made for Scott in this connection is not that he invented the historical novel, but that he was the first who had the genius both to perceive its value and to carry it to triumphant success. But even if this moderate claim be just, it still remains true that he "created a distinct literature"—that "he brought life into our conceptions of the past"—and that "he revolutionized our methods of writing history itself by a vivid infusion into them of picturesque and imaginative elements." And surely these are tremendous results from the labors of any one man.

But it matters not for my present purpose whether the claims for Scott are just or not; for

my topic is not the novelist himself, but the species of writing—the historical novel—to which he gave so large a portion of his life, and which he lifted into such wonderful prominence and admiration. What, then, is a historical novel? It is not merely a novel which is based on history or which interweaves historic facts; it is, in the strictest sense, a novel with characters who are leading characters in history. And these historic characters must be so pictured with their surroundings that we shall see them substantially as they were in life. Such a novel, then, claims to be an actual section of real life as it existed in the distant past—a section of the far-off past brought near to us by the powerful telescope of the author's learning and imagination combined. His learning and his close study of the times give all the essential facts, even down to very minute details, and his imagination weaves them all together harmoniously, furnishing colors so vivid that the whole scene becomes living, and we seem to have found a window opening directly into some distant land and age where we may see the men and women living and walking in their own time and clime. Of course such novels vary not a little in their merits, those of the great masters being nobly true in their historic setting and wonderfully vivid in their colors;

while the works of lesser novelists, even if the historic theme be a grand one, seldom repay us for the time of reading.

It is the purpose of this article, not merely to call attention in a general way to the historical novel as a special variety of literature, but also to name and characterize a large number of novels of this class, in order to give, in some slight degree, a guide to reading for those desiring it. In so wide a field as this, it is difficult to decide with what author to begin and which writers to choose or omit. Doubtless I shall omit many whom some reader will think I ought to have chosen. But it will be my rule to mention none but those I have myself read and found of value.

I shall venture to hope that by this article I may induce some young people to throw away the frivolous, trashy novels, on which so much time is wasted, and read instead—and read more thoughtfully—a nobler class of books.

The first author I will name is General Lew Wallace, and the book is "Ben Hur." Christians everywhere ought to read this book. It is not yet clear that the author can ever write another equal to it, though it would be unsafe to say that he cannot. But that book ought to be read by every thoughtful person who desires to have a vivid sense of the meaning of the

New Testament and of the story of our Lord Jesus Christ. Doubtless the book has some defects, one of which I will name a little later; but it has merits of a wonderfully high order. Some of its examples of word painting—its pen pictures—have seldom or never been surpassed. No reader of "Ben Hur" will ever forget the chariot race, and many of the author's pictures are equally vivid. The value of the book to a Christian is that it paints a wonderful historic background on which the figure of Christ and all the New Testament scenes may stand out in living reality as never before.

Three books, by J. H. Ingraham, are worthy to be named in immediate connection with "Ben Hur," viz: "The Pillar of Fire," "The Throne of David" and "The Prince of the House of David." It is their aim to illustrate and vivify the great periods in Jewish or Bible history. "The Pillar of Fire" has Egypt for its scene and Moses for its central figure. "The Throne of David" takes us to Jerusalem in the grand period of that monarch, and makes us personally acquainted with David, Joab, Absalom and Solomon. They cease to be shadows and become living men. "The Prince of the House of David" is like "Ben Hur" in being "A Story of the Christ." It occupies the same field as "Ben Hur" as to both time and place.

It is not at all equal to that famous work in its mere literary qualities; (and we may say the same of all these three books by Ingraham,) but as "A Story of the Christ" it is much better than "Ben Hur." For in "Ben Hur" Christ is but a very subordinate character—fills but a very small space in the book. And while a Christian, anxious to realize the gospel story and to see the Christ more vividly, will gain help from reading "Ben Hur," yet the ordinary story reader is so wrapped up in the exciting story and its hero that he will scarcely remember the Christ part at all. But in the other book—the one by Ingraham—Christ is the one central figure of the whole book, and the reader almost forgets all other persons. These three books, by Ingraham, are a rich contribution to Bible study.

Charles Kingsley, of England, has given us at least two, perhaps three, great historic novels. He has shown a remarkable ability to grasp great crises—great periods of gigantic struggle—in the history of our race, and to so handle them that his readers seem to be in the very midst of the battle and to feel its mighty rush and its tremendous grapple. One of his novels is "Hypatia." The chief scene of the story is Alexandria, in Egypt, and its time is about the middle of the fifth century of the

Christian era, just when Rome—the Western Empire—was engaging in her death struggle with the northern hordes. No less than five great forces are seen there in Alexandria, each struggling for the mastery of that city and of the world. They are the Romans, the barbarian hordes, the pagan philosophers (led by Hypatia), the Jews and the Christians, (largely monks,) led by Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria. I know of nothing which will give one such a vivid idea of that great world crisis as this powerful story.

Another novel having the same general merits as "Hypatia," and by the same author, is "Amyas Leigh, or Westward Ho." Its time is that of Queen Elizabeth, and its scene is both England and America, (the "Spanish Main.") The great navigator, Sir Francis Drake, is a leading character, and the story reaches its climax in the grand days of the defeat of "The Great Armada." The whole book is a grand study in the history of a mighty era.

"Alton Locke" is also by Kingsley, and is intended to portray the great struggle of the workingmen in England to obtain their rights, —the great struggle for "The People's Charter." It is a powerful story, written in the interest of the poor.

Historical Novels

Dickens' novels are not generally historical. Their time is not generally that of some crisis in the history of the world, like those of Kingsley. But Dickens has at least two great historical novels. His "Tale of Two Cities" has for its scene London and Paris. It is a story of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. It is, of course, a grim and terrible story, and, unlike all his other stories, it is but very little relieved by the play of his wonderful humor. But the one who reads it will have for the rest of his life painted on memory's walls such pictures of the French Reign of Terror and of the whole French Revolution as no other writer has ever given.

Dickens' story of "Barnaby Rudge" has London for its scene, and its action centers in "The Gordan Riots," the "No Popery Riots" in the city of London. Lord George Gordon is a leading character in the story. The author pictures in the most vivid colors those terrible riots in which, for three days, all London was at the mercy of a howling mob. It is a picture never to be forgotton, and is full of instruction for Americans as well as Englishmen.

Mrs. Charles has given us a most valuable historical novel in "The Schoenburg Cotta Family." Its scene is Germany, and its time is that of Luther. Martin Luther is himself a

central character in the story, which pictures most vividly his time and his whole career. It is well worth our reading. Mrs. Charles has also written "The Draytons and the Davenants," which does for the reformation in England what the other story does for that in Germany.

James Fenimore Cooper has one historical novel which I highly prize, viz: "Mercedes of Castile." Its scene is the voyage of Columbus to discover America. Columbus is the leading character.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has given us one story which, perhaps, lacks some of the elements of a historical novel, but which is well worthy of mention here. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a story which must always be memorable, not only for its general merits, but also for its remarkable effect upon the great anti-slavery struggle in America. But its value for time to come will be found chiefly in its picture of a state of society which is now gone from our country forever. It will be difficult for the coming generation to believe that such slavery existed in 1850 and 60 in our capital city, and just across the river from Cincinnati.

Thackeray's novels are not, most of them, historical, but some of them are. "The Virginians" gives a life-like picture of society in

Virginia in the time before and during the Revolutionary War. George Washington has a large place in the story.

But of all those who have written historical novels, probably none has given us so large and valuable a collection as Walter Scott. I shall not attempt to name all of his novels of this class, but will give some hints as to a few of them.

"Ivanhoe," often called his best story, is a tale of the days of chivalry—the times of the Crusades. King Richard I. appears in the story.

"Quentin Durward" is also a story of the Middle Ages, and gives us a vivid idea of the feudal times. Louis XI., of France, appears largely in the story, and the scene is much of the time at his court.

"Anne of Gierstein" illustrates the times of the Wars of the Roses, and, therefore, brings us to the end of the Middle Ages in England.

"The Abbott" has Mary Queen of Scots for a central figure.

In "Kenilworth," Queen Elizabeth and the famous Earl or Leicester fill a large place.

"Woodstock" and "Peveril of the Peak" both illustrate the character of Charles II. of England; in the former he is a fugitive prince in disguise, and in the latter he is on the

throne. Cromwell is almost the center of "Woodstock."

"Redgauntlet" is a story of Charles Edward, the Pretender.

The historical dramas of Shakespeare and Tennyson's drama of Queen Mary may well be named in connection with historical novels, since they help the study of history in the same way.

V

The Christian Value of the Works of Dickens

V

THE CHRISTIAN VALUE OF THE WORKS OF DICKENS

1893

Dickens has had a wonderfully large and increasing body of readers for sixty years. It will be just sixty years next January since Charles Dickens, a young man of twenty-one, poor and unknown, published in "The Monthly Magazine" that one of the "Sketches" entitled "Mr. Mimms and His Cousin." Though these "Sketches," through which he first became known, were very crude and imperfect, as he himself pronounced them in later years, and though they bear no comparison with his later works, yet they became very popular in a brief time. For a time indeed the demand was greater than the supply. From that time to this his audience has steadily widened and has greatly increased in the intensity of the delight with which it listens.

On careful reflection and gathering of facts and testimonies, I am inclined to believe that, except the writers of the Bible, no man, through the medium of any language, speaks to so many people as Charles Dickens. I asked the head of one of the two largest book firms

in Cleveland what writer of fiction is most in demand. He promptly answered: "It is safe to say that Dickens leads the list." I made the same inquiry of the other firm. The answer was, "We sell the most of Dickens." Some one had suggested that there is an equal call for Thackeray, but one of these men said, "The sale of Dickens is *twice* that of Thackeray." The other said, "We sell *four* times as many of Dickens as of Thackeray."

Dickens' works are *fifteen thick*, *closely-printed* volumes. And there has sprung up around his name and his writings quite an extensive Dickens Literature. Besides his own works, issued in every possible form of combination and division, cheap editions and costly editions, parts of his works and his complete works, besides all these we have "Dickens' Readings" as used by himself; "Dickens' Child Characters"; "Dickens' Letters"; Encyclopedia of Dickens' Best Thoughts"; "The Dickens' Dictionary"; reviews in every possible form and lives of Dickens in greatest variety, from the sketchy fragments of Fields to the elaborate three volumes of Forster. And all this when his first publication is not quite sixty years old. Is there any other novelist with any such body of literature gathered about his works? Is there any mere *writer* of any class

with such a personal literature about him, except alone and always Shakespeare?

The demand for such a Dickens literature has created the supply. And the rapid rise of such an unparalleled personal literature, concerning a man who never did anything but write, tells of wonderful popular appreciation and of an audience as wide as the use of the English language, if not even as wide as the earth itself.

But all this wide influence and popularity would be less than nothing, or rather, worse than nothing, if this writer does not tend to draw men upward to a better, nobler life.

I can satisfy neither the demands of my title nor my own convictions unless I exhibit in Dickens' writings either a direct teaching of Christianity in definite form or else utterances and delineations fitted to help us in impressing practical Christianity upon the world. As a matter of fact we find both.

I think there is the plainest evidence that Dickens was himself a *Christian*, a true follower of Christ by personal choice and devotion. It is certain that he professed to cherish a personal faith in Christ. In addition to all other expressions of his faith, he made a record of it in his last will and testament. He declares there, in his own hearty and genuine

manner, that he trusts in our Lord Jesus Christ for eternal salvation. Brought up as he was in the forms of a state church, he would not be likely to express his Christianity in the same *form* as we who have been reared under such different influences.

But what of the *practical effect* of his writings as wielding an influence in favor of Christianity? I affirm a thing which cannot be disputed: *Dickens loved Christianity and intended to recommend it to the world.* This feeling and this intention are expressed in so many forms that I am at a loss what passages to quote, or rather, what to omit. In his published letters, in a letter to his son about to go to Australia, he says: "I put a New Testament among your books, because it is the very best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature can possibly be guided. . . . Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it." To another son, about to enter college, he writes as follows: "I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it and bowing down

before the character of our Savior, you can never go very wrong. Similarly, I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life. And remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable by you when you were a mere baby. And so God bless you."

Miss Hanaford has prefixed to her life of Dickens this quotation from him: "I have striven to express veneration for the character and teachings of our Savior because I feel it."

These utterances, which might be greatly multiplied, determine only what his *intentions* were. It remains for us to inquire as to his success in carrying out these intentions. What is the natural tendency of his writings?

Right here we are met by the objection that Dickens holds up some professed Christians to ridicule, and even to hatred, as silly or hypocritical, or both. And still further it has been urged that his clergymen or preachers are all of them foolish or wicked. After careful study I am more and more surprised that any one could ever have thought that Dickens was unfriendly to Christianity. His *love* for it appears at every turn, and when he does expose some pretentious *sham*, he generally places right in

that connection, and in sharp contrast, some tribute to *genuine* religion. In his preface to Pickwick he declares that it is never *religion* but always the *pretense* of religion that he ridicules.

It is not true that he usually ridicules clergymen. We all know that ministers as a class are most noble; but when we consider how many rascals and simpletons have actually found their way into the pulpit, as confessed with sorrow and shame by all true Christians, and when we remember that a very large part of Dickens' life-work was the burlesque and exposure of shams, and the hounding down of hypocritical pretenders, we may readily agree that the clergy have fared very well at his hands. Among his characters are fifteen clergymen. From the list we may omit four whose characters are not developed. Of the remaining eleven, six are worthy men, most of them exceedingly noble and self-sacrificing.

It is true we have the drunken Stiggins, the oily and stupid Chadband, Bro. Hawkyard, Bro. Gimblet, and Melchizedek Howler; but over against them we have the Rev. Horace Crewler, the honored father of ten charming daughters; the Rev. Septimus Chrisparkel, "a model clergyman and a true Christian gentleman;" Rev. Frank Milvey, laborious, faithful

and earnest; George Silverman, self-sacrificing, patient, forgiving, a true follower of the blessed Master; and perhaps best of all, the Rev. Stephen Hughes and his brother, Rev. Robert Hughes, both of them held up to our gratitude, admiration and love.

It is clear that Dickens had a great hatred for *shams* in religion and perversions of religion. He had a quick eye for seeing these things, and could hit them off with perhaps as light a touch as any writer that has ever written. Among his earliest sketches is that of "The Four Sisters," who live together, are all exactly alike, and all do exactly the same things. The eldest Miss Willis becomes "*sour tempered* and *religious*, and immediately all the other three sisters become sour tempered and religious." No doubt we have all seen people whose religion was of this kind, people who became sour in temper and at the same time religious, after their style.

Some of Dickens' *worst* characters are pretended Christians and loud in their professions. The immortal Pecksniff, the most consummate hypocrite in all the Dickens gallery, destined to live through centuries as the very type of the vilest hypocrisy,—Pecksniff claims to be exceedingly pious, is ostentatiously prayerful,

as were those hypocrites whom Christ describes in the sixth chapter of Matthew.

But Dickens' *bad* characters do not generally profess to be religious, nor are his best characters irreligious. He dislikes rant and roar and bellowing on the part of the preacher; he dislikes noisy professions of religious zeal in public places; he dislikes parade and show in religious charities; he dislikes religious forms and ceremonies which have no meaning, or are used in a routine way regardless of their meaning; he dislikes state church religion in so far as it is used simply as one of the *established institutions* of the country and a bulwark of aristocratic privilege. All these things are mercilessly exposed, and are the mark for the shafts of his ridicule.

But on the other hand, many of his most favorite characters are quietly and truly religious, prayerful and devoted to the church. "Dear old Tom Pinch" is the regular unpaid organist of the little church, and his music is full of sweet religious devotion. "Little Dorrit,"—and he never drew a nobler character,—is quietly and trustfully prayerful. Allan Woodcourt, in "Bleak House," teaches little Jo the Lord's Prayer. The Cheeryble Brothers, never to be forgotten by the readers of "Nicholas Nickleby," generous, whole-souled and

delightful, are religious in their own peculiar way. Who will ever forget their quaint way of "*saying grace:*" "For these and all other blessings, Brother Charles," "The Lord make us truly thankful, Brother Ned." An uncommon way of giving thanks at the table, certainly, but quite as likely to be genuine, and accepted of the Most High as some more common and recognized way. In the little story of "Barbox Brothers," Lamps and his helpless daughter, Phebe, are noble characters, and both religious. They read the church service at home on Sunday, being unable to reach the public service. Mrs. Lirriper, who is good and noble when once we come to know her, and are through with simply laughing at her wonderful sentences, is prayerful and a devout reader of the Bible. In those sweet "Christmas Stories," Bob Cratchett and his family are religious, and especially Tiny Tim, whom all of us learn to love, and who, being a cripple, hopes that the people at the Christmas service will be made happier by seeing him there, because they will remember that Christ made the lame to walk. And the end of the story is: "And so," as Tiny Tim says, "God bless us every one."

Some say that our author makes light of religion, or at least of foreign missions in his

picture of Mrs. Jellyby, who lets her house become a chaos of dirt and disorder, her children grow up as savages, and her husband go to desperation and bankruptcy, while she sits in the midst of stacks of letters and rubbish, and sweetly devotes herself to the wonderful project of "Borrioboola Gha on the left bank of the Niger." For my part I have no doubt that this picture has done good, and will do more, teaching all parents that the first heathen whom they need to civilize and Christianize are their own children, and that, until this duty is provided for, it is not Christian for any mother to devote herself to the needs of foreign lands. And what is this whole story of Mrs. Jellyby and her neglected house and family but a *splendid sermon* by Charles Dickens, unordained preacher, upon Paul's text, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially them of his own household, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel?" I have called Dickens "an unordained preacher," and I certainly consider him beyond comparison the most powerful preacher of *practical Christianity* of whom I have ever heard.

The theologian elaborates for us from the Bible the doctrine or framework of Christianity, the preacher of practical Christianity simply enforces daily Christian duty. Recog-

nizing this, we may easily classify Dickens. He is not a theologian nor a doctrinal preacher. The skeleton of religion, the bony framework, which is of course an essential part, you do not find anywhere in his writings. You could not collect from all his works a doctrinal statement of Christianity which would be at all complete. But if we could conceive of all of Dickens' favorite characters as embodied in *one person*, we might truthfully say that Christianity gives the very life blood in his veins, the air that he breathes, the soul that looks out of his eyes, and the inspiration that prompts all his words and all his acts. I know of no person *in* the pulpit or *out* who seems to have the *spirit* of the Divine Master more perfectly, or who seems more constantly to look at the world and all its busy creatures, good and bad, happy and unhappy, in the spirit in which I conceive the blessed Christ to look at them, than this same wonderful story writer, Charles Dickens. If ever he fell below this tone it is in the lighter work of his earlier writing. He grew deeper and more tender, without growing less humorous, as he grew older.

As to the *practical* and *Christian* value of his works let me quote the testimony of two famous Englishmen. Lord Jeffrey said concerning the beautiful "Christmas Carol," the

story of Marley's Ghost, that it had "done more good, fastened more kindly feelings, prompted more positive acts of benevolence than could be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals during the same length of time." The famous novelist, Thackeray, has left this tender and religious and beautiful tribute to the wonderful effect of Dickens' works upon the heart: "As for the multiplied kindnesses of Mr. Dickens which he has conferred upon us all, upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads who read our common tongue, have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes, made such multitudes of children happy, endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? . . . I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' *art* a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his *genius*, I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task . . . it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the hap-

piness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a benediction for the meal!" To every word of this thanksgiving from Thackeray, I thoughtfully and gladly say, *Amen!*

The question will naturally arise in some minds: *Does he teach practical religion in vital connection with Christ?* Or does he make morality a *plant* without any *root* by divorcing it from *religion*, from *Christianity?* I answer that he shows love and good will among men as flowing directly from its true fountain, from Christ himself. This appears grandly and beautifully in the "Christmas Stories." I know of nothing ever written that will practically enforce the Golden Rule and the example of Him "who went about doing good" with greater power than the little story so extolled by Lord Jeffrey, "The Christmas Carol."

I wish now to examine a question which is often raised, especially by those who are just beginning to read this writer. They find, almost as soon as they open one of his books, a strange company of peculiar characters, some of them uncouth, most of them having queer names and many of them having odd tricks of speech or manner, and the question naturally arises: Are Dickens' characters life-like and natural or fantastic and distorted? Is his gallery filled with real likenesses or simply with

comic pictures? The answer is twofold. Some few of his papers, especially the early ones, are simply burlesque. The first parts of "Pickwick" are of this kind. In some cases there is a dash of exaggeration in his style, and he seems to be just on the borderland of burlesque; but after reading nearly everything that he has written and comparing it for many years with life itself, as we see it every day, I am confirmed in the opinion that his characters, incidents, names, and, in short, all that is odd and grotesque in the main body of his works, was borrowed from life and was neither invented nor exaggerated.

The *key* to all of Dickens' works is found in this statement: He was a collector of *human curiosities!* Every one of his books is a cabinet of *preserved specimens!* He did not find all of those odd creatures in a *flock* the first time he stepped out of doors, any more than you or I will; but he found them, as we may, one here another there. And when he found one he made a *note* of him; and, more than that, he carefully *studied* him. That this is the correct view we may be convinced in several ways. His most peculiar characters, the most improbable ones, were quite generally *recognized*, though of course, as a rule, he disguised the resemblance by mismatching the

parts. Julius Slinkton, the insurance poisoner, was Thomas Wainwright, who actually poisoned a number of persons whose lives had been insured for large sums, and in some instances he succeeded in getting the insurance. The Garlands, funny old couple with the funny little pony, in "Old Curiosity Shop," were people with whom he used to board when a boy. The Marchioness was a little girl once a servant in his father's house. Captain Cuttle was Captain David Mainland, whom Dickens once met and "booked" immediately. Mr. Dombey was Thomas Chapman, a merchant, with whom Dickens dined at the London Tavern on the very day he "booked" Captain Cuttle. David Copperfield was mainly Charles Dickens himself. Thomas Traddles, who, when flogged at school, always comforted himself by drawing skeletons all over his slate, and who afterwards married "the dearest girl in the world,"—Thomas Traddles was Thomas Noon Talford, one of Dickens' oldest friends. Dora Spenlow, the funny, beautiful, bewitching little Dora, who was in training for marriage and housewifery, and whose chief use of the cook-book was as a platform for Jip to stand on on his hind legs—Dora, who didn't want to be *reasoned* with, was a real girl with whom Dickens fell in love in his boyhood days just as madly

as appears in the story. However he did not marry her, as he was poor and her father was rich; and the real Dora did not die in early womanhood. Flora Finching, infinitely unlike Dora, was the same woman, as Dickens actually saw her at forty years of age. The funny little dwarf in "David Copperfield," Miss Moucher, is said to have been so lifelike that the original, seeing the story in progress, and recognizing herself, actually wrote to the author and obtained from him a promise that she should not be made ridiculous or odious.

But another way in which we may be satisfied that Dickens drew his characters from real life and as they actually were, is in observing his own various statements and hints. Of the gang of thieves in "Oliver Twist," he says he has, as best he could, painted "the miserable reality"—such thieves "as actually do exist"—painted "them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives." He makes similar claims in the preface to "Martin Chuzzlewit" and in many other places.

Again we may satisfy ourselves of the fairness and truthfulness of his pictures of men and their ways by means better than either of the others, because more convincing and at the same time more entertaining. And that is by

letting each one of us make a *Dickens* of himself and go about collecting *specimens of humanity*. If we do this in his Christian spirit, it will do us good and do those around us good. When I speak of becoming a *Dickens*, of course I mean simply as an observer and collector. As a writer there never was but one Dickens, and there never will be another—more's the pity. Other writers as great as he may arise, but none like him.

As to imitating him in observing and collecting, it is very easy. The great author has revealed to us his secret in "The Uncommercial Traveller." This book is made up of reports of journeys made by this "traveller" to all sorts of places, most of them in or near London. He especially searches out the odd nooks and corners, the out-of-the-way places. He goes also where the crowds go and watches the *people* as being themselves the chief sight. This "Uncommercial Traveller" is beyond all doubt Dickens himself, and these journeys and explorations are made for the exact purpose of studying *humanity* in his sympathizing, thoughtful way, and at the same time gathering materials for his great stories. Observe where the traveller goes and what he sees. First, to the coast of Wales, where the Ocean steamer, the Royal Charter, had recently been

wrecked in a fearful storm, with the loss of five hundred lives; he studies the fearful scenes and reads the vast number of letters from bereaved friends to clergymen who buried the dead and comforted the living. His next journey is through the workhouse, which in England is not in theory a penal institution, but corresponds to our infirmary or poorhouse. Then he becomes enrolled as a policeman at Liverpool and goes with the superintendent all night long through the worst dens of the city, where the sailors of all nations are entrapped. After that he visits the hospital in a workhouse at Liverpool where he sees the wretched remains, still living, of a regiment of soldiers sent home from India. Through some guilty mismanagement they have been terribly abused, as were our soldiers at Andersonville and Libby, and he makes the ears of England tingle with his exposure of their wrongs. Then he spends the Sundays of a year in exploring the churches of London, studying the kind of work they are doing, the congregations they have, and the effect apparently produced upon the congregations. After that he studies the animals of the great city—the dogs, cats, donkeys and chickens, describing their city manners. He walks the country roads and observes the way of all the tramps. He goes aboard a Mormon emi-

grant ship and brings away a complete picture of their style. He spends several entire nights walking the streets of London all alone, observing the prowlers of the night, and seeing how the houseless and homeless get through the hours of darkness.

All this throws a flood of light on the marvelous delicacy of *finish* in all of Dickens' pen pictures. He had studied the very fiber of human nature as with a microscope.

I have said above that we might with profit follow his example. But, no doubt, he made this study his occupation; we can only observe as we are passing, and in the midst of our pressing duties; but even so we may learn a great many curious and entertaining things, many of which can be turned to account for somebody's comfort.

I have often found myself picking out characters among my acquaintances for Dickens' use, and have imagined how he would employ and describe them. And there is nothing malicious in this; for he is very kind to all his honest characters, and teaches us to love them even while we laugh at their oddities. Witness the case of Traddles, "*Dear old Traddles*," as David calls him, who is unending food for mirth, and yet *who* can help loving him?

I remember one grand old preacher of the early days in Ohio, who had a curious habit of twisting his neck with a nervous *jerk* in the midst of his sentences, as if his collar were too tight, although, in fact, it was very loose. Dickens, I think, would have described him as apparently endeavoring to wrench himself out bodily through his shirt collar to make his escape.

Dickens describes Bro. Hawkyard as having a habit of confirming himself in his statements thus: "The Lord has had a good servant in me, he has." "As if," says the author, "being acquainted with himself, he rather doubted his own word." I have myself seen a similar habit in a young man who was a great talker. He constantly *encouraged* himself to go on by *approving* what he had already said. So his talk would run on in this fashion: "And this was a good thing for the party, *yes;* and then, besides that it was a benefit to himself; *oh, yes;* and then it helped everybody; *yes*,—." And so he would proceed, and really the young man seemed to derive a great deal of satisfaction from this homemade applause.

I once attended church for a time where there was an officer in the church, an excellent man, whose face had a queer trick of *laughing* when he himself was perfectly serious. I have

observed him on the most solemn occasions, when he was in perfect sympathy with the services, and yet his face would look as if he were very much amused. Dickens, I fancy, would have described him as a man whose face appeared to have dissolved partnership with his feelings and to have set up in business on its own account.

In a certain town where I once lived there was a merchant who would have suited Dickens' purpose very well. He would probably have described him about in this way: He was a plausible man with a mellow voice whose enemies said that he was much given to the use of palaver and soft soap. He would pat and smooth his customers on the back in a free, familiar and friendly manner while he extolled his goods, so that, as he was a large man, it gave him the appearance of *smoothing down* and *oiling* a customer preparatory to swallowing him.

I have sometimes tried the question whether it is possible to find in real life the pattern of Dickens' more striking and remarkable characters—to identify his Mrs. Gamps, his Pecksniffs and Micawbers. This is much more difficult than to find new characters for him, since each oddity or monstrosity is for the most part unlike every other. But one may meet with some

success even in this department of observation.

Take for example his reports of the conversation of very rapid talking ladies. He has at least four of these, each talking in her own peculiar way, but all are alike in their ability to jumble a dozen subjects together in one long rapid sentence. The four are Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Finching and Mrs. Lirriper. Mrs. Finching is a widow, about forty or forty-five years old. She has just met Arthur Clennam, an old acquaintance returned from China. As young people they had been frantically in love with each other, but they have not met for perhaps twenty-five years. As she talks she uses no stops, but commas, and very few of them. Here is a sample sentence from her: "O good gracious me I hope you never kept yourself a bachelor so long on my account! but of course you never did why should you, pray don't answer, I don't know where I'm running to, oh do tell me something about the Chinese ladies whether their eyes are really so long and narrow always putting one in mind of mother-of-pearl fish at cards and do they really wear tails down their back and plaited too or is it only the men, and when they pull their hair so very tight off their foreheads don't they hurt themselves, and why do they stick little bells all over their bridges and temples and hats and

things or don't they really do it! then it's all true and they really do! good gracious Arthur!—pray excuse me—old habit—Mr. Clennam far more proper—what a country to live in for so long a time, and with so many lanterns and umbrellas too how very dark and wet the climate ought to be and no doubt actually is, and the sums of money that must be made by those two trades where everybody carries them and hangs them everywhere, the little shoes too, and the feet screwed back in infancy is quite surprising, what a traveler you are!"

Now many persons will be ready to say that nobody ever talked in that style, but if any one really thinks so, just let him, for a little time, watch the sentences which are made by all the lively, quick-tongued people he meets. I am myself acquainted with a lady whose talk is quite equal to that of Mrs. Finching—as fast, as broken, as parenthetical.

Dickens' names for his characters are often queer, and the impression made upon the mind of a new reader of his works is that no names like these were ever in use anywhere. But the fact is just as peculiar names are in use all around us. When a name becomes familiar to the ear, it no longer seems queer. Whoever will begin to gather a museum of curiosities in names will soon come to justify the novelist

even in his most curious ones. In such a burlesque as the "The Mudfog Association," the names were not likely collected from real life. "Muddlebrains," "Pumpkinskull," "Woodensconce" and "Timberhead," are, no doubt, descriptive titles like "Great Heart" and "Ready-to-halt" in "Pilgrim's Progress."

I hold that Dickens' pictures, however grotesque, are faithful portraits of what he has somewhere seen; that he pictured them essentially as they were in regard to every distinguishing feature; but I admit that there runs through his writings in varying degree an element of *exaggeration*, which sometimes breaks out into complete burlesque, as in his Circumlocution Office, The Mudfog Association and The Mugby Junction Refreshment Station. In general the exaggeration is slight and pardonable, and in all cases the features of the face he is painting are preserved and simply emphasized, producing about the effect of a magnifying glass.

When teachers and parents wish to cure a child of some bad habit, the first point to be gained is that the child shall have an exact idea of what it is of which he is guilty; the second point is that he shall have a *vivid sense* that the habit is ridiculous or hateful. To secure both these points parents and teachers have

always resorted to imitation or mimicry. In many cases this seems to be absolutely essential, as in curing bad habits in reading. But in such cases we seldom imitate a fault without exaggerating it. We preserve the exact character of the fault, but aggravate it in degree. This is generally quite effective, seems often to be necessary, and is never considered wrong. That which Dickens does is exactly parallel to this, but the subjects of his mimicry are not children, but men and women and societies and corporations and governments and nations. And he did his work well. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" he ridiculed American manners as he saw them more than fifty years ago. Many Americans were angry at him, and have found it hard to forgive him. Probably he has hardly yet fully regained in America the popularity which he lost by what he wrote of us in that story and in "American Notes." One of our greatest writers, Emerson, in his essay on "Behavior," has testified both to the general fairness of the picture and also to its good effects. He says: "The lesson was not quite lost; it held bad manners up so that the churls could see the deformity."

An objection is sometimes made against this author that he spends too much time in his books with low characters. Very likely this

objection came originally from supercilious people among the English aristocracy. That class of people should read Disraeli's stories. He constantly burns incense under the noses of the so-called *great*. Dickens always ridicules their pretentious ways. The objection referred to is probably seldom made except by people who have a leaning to aristocratic notions, and who cherish an unchristian indifference toward the ignorant and the unpolished. Dickens does deal with a host of characters of all the "lower grades," as the aristocratic would class them. He deals with the ignorant, the poor, the rough, the coarse, the drunken, the fallen, the vicious, the outcast, the criminal, and with some of these far more than with the wealthy and the titled. But the only vital point is this, *how* does he deal with them? I answer, *always* in the interest of virtue. His stories make virtue *loved* and vice *hated*. The reading of them will never degrade, but always uplift.

There is one serious defect in Dickens. He is not a temperance man in our modern American sense of that phrase. He is an advocate of temperance in the style which satisfied the best men fifty and sixty years ago. He has written powerfully and frequently of the evils of intemperance. One of his *Sketches* almost sixty years ago was "The Drunkard's Death." But

unfortunately he stands where so many good men in this country and so many more in Great Britain, including the mass of the Scotch clergy, still think it right and safe to stand: he believes in the moderate use of wine and beer. This is a serious difficulty. By many it will be regarded as an absolutely fatal objection to Dickens' works. I do not so consider it. I shall continue to recommend them and place them in the hands of children without anxiety, making always this one objection and protest against his mistaken position, and insisting that it is not *safe* to drink wine at all.

We come now to the most important question perhaps of this entire discussion. *What are the substantial services which Dickens has rendered to the world?* His claims upon our gratitude may be summed up under the following divisions, which are here simply catalogued:

1. He has provided a vast fund of innocent mirth.

2. He has given voice to the cry of the wretched who were unheard.

3. He has scourged with his ridicule many popular vices and follies.

4. He has successfully assaulted many strongholds of injustice.

5. He has set up beacons on many dangerous coasts of life.

6. He has glorified homely, awkward, plodding Goodness.

7. He creates in his admirers a Dickens' habit of mind.

8. He has set forth noble and inspiring ideals of life and character.

When, among his services to humanity, the claim is made that he has provided innocent mirth there may be some who would object, some who condemn all laughter. With such there is no time now to argue. The claim is made with strong convictions of its justice. My belief is that mirth has a rightful place, is needed in our lives, and that the man who provides innocent laughter is a benefactor of his kind. And to those who hold this view what a continual feast is one of Dickens' books! And the amusement is all the more enjoyable because it is not the body of the book, but is simply the seasoning for dishes of strong meat.

My second claim is that Dickens has been a voice for the millions of sufferers who in their wretchedness are dumb. He has not been alone in this work. There is an army of writers who are rising up all over the world to plead the cause of those who can not make us hear their cry for help. I am familiar with the glorious work of Mrs. Stowe, of Whittier and of others in America. I have read "Les Miserables,"

Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and Kingsley's "Alton Locke," and I know that a glorious host of men and women are telling the story of the poor and the suffering in the ears of all the world. But among them all there is not one who can tell the story better, and not one that can make himself heard by anything like so many people as Charles Dickens. Among his stories of the poor, of which he has so many, perhaps none is more powerful, more touching, more tender than that of poor ignorant "Jo" in the story of "Bleak House." Here is the picture:

"Jo is brought in. He is not one of Mrs. Pardiggle's Tockahoopo Indians. He is not one of Mrs. Jellyby's lambs, being wholly unconnected with Borrioboola Gha. He is not a *genuine foreign-grown* savage. He is the ordinary *home-made* article. Dirty, ugly, disagreeable to all the senses, in *body* a common creature of the common streets, only in *soul* a heathen." When asked a question he sums up his mental condition by saying: "I don't know, I don't know nothink, I dont." . . . "Name Jo, nothink else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of such a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it's long enough for *him*. He don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No, he

can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom or about the lie." . . . Jo becomes sick after a time. He says his breath "draws as heavy as a cart;" and the author says he might have added, "and rattles like a cart." So from time to time, according to one of his favorite ways, Dickens turns the simile into a metaphor and describes, not the literal progress of Jo, but the figurative progress of a cart. As the hours pass on where Jo is lying, we read that, "The cart is heavier to draw and draws with a hollower sound." . . . Indeed, "The cart seems to be breaking down." . . . And again, "The cart, so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground." . . . Still later, "The cart had very nearly broken up, but labors on a little more." The kind doctor says to the dying boy:

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowed nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir, nothink at all. . . . It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, but it is near the end of the rugged road.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin', a-gropin',—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as *you* say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"*Our Father!*"

"*Our Father!*—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"*Which art in Heaven.*"

"*Art in Heaven*—is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. *Hallowed be thy name.*"

"*Hallowed be—thy*"—

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

But we turn from this part of the great writer's work, in which he makes himself a voice for the suffering, who, in their ignorance, are dumb, to consider his treatment of popular follies and vices of the lesser degrees. He has most successfully held up to ridicule *shams* of every sort, bad manners in every style, and silly conceits of every degree. Emerson, as already quoted, has testified that, in regard to

America: "He held bad manners up so that the *churls* could see the deformity." And he certainly was quite as severe in his treatment of shams and bad manners in England. It is a proverb that "Contempt can pierce through the hide of a rhinoceros." It has been said that "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away." If these things are so, is there not reason to believe that Dickens has laughed away a host of ill manners, vulgarisms and silly pretenses, both in England and in America, and that he will yet accomplish a still greater work of this kind? It is certain that there has been in America a wonderful improvement in some things which he ridiculed. Take for instance our boasting and bombast in public speeches! Compare the unspeakable spread-eagle of Fourth-of-July addresses fifty years ago with the sober tone of such addresses to-day!

But among the most solid services of Dickens is his successful assault upon many of the strongholds of injustice, oppression and outrage I know of not a single writer of any kind who has so grand a record in this respect.

It has been our privilege in this generation to see a wonderful sight here in America. It is not so often as once in a century that a nation takes so great a step in moral progress as the United States took in the abolition of slavery

during our civil war. It is safe to say that among those who helped to bring about that mighty revolution, history will make honorable mention of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its unparalleled swiftness of popularity, swept the country like a storm. There can be no doubt that it helped to heat the fires of "the irrepressible conflict," and therefore to hasten the year of jubilee.

But while we fully recognize Mrs. Stowe's ability as a writer and the greatness of her work in her attack on that one evil by the writing of that one book, it is no injustice to her rare ability to say that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stands alone among her books in its power and in its results. When we turn on the other hand to England's great novelist and inquire what great evils he has successfully attacked, we might almost answer the question by reversing it and inquiring what great evils in England has he not successfully attacked. What mighty fortress of cruelty and crime does not show on its crumbling walls the marks of his shot and shell? In the conduct of a war it is a grand sight to see one move after another skillfully planned, boldly executed, and thoroughly successful. In our civil war there were many such sights. It was grand to see General

Gilmore batter down Fort Pulaski in a single bombardment. It was grand to see Vicksburg besieged and taken with 30,000 men; grand to see the Monitor, the little "cheese-tub on a raft," appear just in time, like an actor on a stage, to defy and disable the giant Merrimac; grand to see Sherman march from the Mississippi to the sea and thus prove his claim that the Confederacy was an egg-shell; grand to see the great climax of the war in the narrowing circles around Richmond, and its final fall, and the complete collapse of the Confederacy.

But the solemn march of those great scenes is not grander than the march of the people's great story-writer in his war against social crimes, against English wrongs. He wrote twelve great stories and many smaller ones, and in most of them we can see assaults made on one or more of these great iniquities. In general it may be said that the assaults have been visibly successful.

"Pickwick," his first long story, lighter than any other that he ever wrote, and with less of serious purpose, was nevertheless a vigorous attack upon the corrupt management of parliamentary elections and another upon the evils of imprisonment for debt.

"Oliver Twist was a deliberate attack upon the abuses of the poor law and workhouse

system. He made little Oliver's call for "More" to be heard through all England, and around the entire globe. And indeed the story of Oliver Twist was the beginning of a life-long labor of love for children, a plea for greater tenderness and consideration in the rearing of children. If all the rest of the world forgets Dickens, let the children rise up to do him honor; for there is no writer of this age or of any other who has pleaded their cause so eloquently and so tenderly as he.

"Nicholas Nickleby" was written to expose, as he says, "the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State." In particular he exposed the cheap and cruel Yorkshire schools for boys. It is one of the wonders of this age that England has had until lately such inferior primary schools. Dickens lived to see vast improvements made in them, a very large part of which was due to his own labors.

"Barnaby Rudge" was in general a plea for toleration, or, as we would say, religious liberty, and an exposure of the cruel and base designs of every kind which will be hidden, in times of persecution, under the pretense of *religious zeal* by men who neither know nor care anything about religion. In this story the author also exposed the abominations of the

English system of capital punishment, that penalty being inflicted up to the early part of this century for more than one hundred and sixty different offenses. Here, too, a vast change has been wrought in which he was instrumental.

The story of "Little Dorrit," one of his noblest works, besides being, like all his long stories, a profound study in human nature, is a powerful attack, deliberately planned, upon two monstrous evils, *imprisonment for debt* and what he calls "The Circumlocution Office." The first of the two he had exposed before in his story of "Pickwick"; but he here returns to the assault with redoubled energy. (It is of interest to note in passing that Dickens' father was once a prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea prison, and his family lived there with him.)

"The Circumlocution Office," though of course a burlesque, was none the less a tremendously serious arraignment, before the bar of the nation, of official mismanagement, delay and insolence in the civil service of the country. The evils and outrages of the corrupt system then in use in England had grown to enormous proportions. Dickens lived to see the victory which he had helped to win, the downfall of that system and the erection of a system in the interests of the people. It is a

pity that we did not have a Dickens in the United States to expose the shame and corruptions of our monstrous "*spoils system*," and thus hasten its downfall before it grew into the hideous proportions that it did attain.

"The Tale of Two Cities," a story of the French Reign of Terror, has for its object to portray the fearful cruelties and crimes of two opposite kinds of *oppression*, the oppression of a haughty and unprincipled aristocracy, and on the other hand the oppression of a maddened, bloodthirsty and unreasoning *mob*. And he rightly exhibits the second oppression as more horrible than the first, and at the same time as the direct fruit of the first. If there has ever been written a more majestic and terrible lesson for all rulers and all people to ponder, it is one which I have never seen and of which I have never heard.

"Bleak House," I consider in some important respects, Dickens' greatest work; considering him simply as a Christian social reformer we may certainly pronounce it his masterpiece. Of all the fortresses of cruelty over against which this victorious soldier planted his cannon and arrayed his battery, no other was so powerfully defended or had such massive walls as the English Court of Chancery. This court has charge of the entire business of the settlements

of estates, including the laws governing wills and the rights and duties of heirs, executors, administrators, guardians, wards, etc. We all know something of English Conservatism and love of precedent and of ancient institutions and of legal fictions. This spirit has perhaps its strongest entrenchments in the vast and complex legal fraternity of the nation. Under the influence of this spirit the Court of Chancery had become in the process of time a vast enginery of cruelty and wrong.

Among the lessons taught by Christ none is more sublime in its union of simplicity with vastness of reach, than his declaration: "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." He charges the Pharisees, the scribes and lawyers, with having inverted this Divine formula, thus making man and his salvation or ruin a secondary matter compared with an *institution*. In this declaration Christ clearly implies that all earthly institutions, human and Divine, are for man and not man for them. This principle is of almost infinite reach. At first sight it seems to our American mind, fed from childhood not only on the Bible, but on the Declaration of Independence which grew out of the Bible, as if this principle were so self-evident that we hardly needed that Christ should state it. But the fact is that

every man who faithfully studies history or even the social and political institutions of the present time, may discover that the men engaged in every learned profession and the defenders of every established institution have a constant temptation to invert the Divine formula and practically to assume that man was made for their profession or institution and not they for man. Christ distinctly charges this upon the religious teachers of his time, that class which corresponds to our Christian ministers and theologians.

The medical man, whose art I hold in high respect, is naturally and rightfully desirous of extending his knowledge and experience. To him therefore each new sickness or injury is a thing to be studied not only in order to heal, but also in order to advance in his profession. Here comes the temptation then to convert the *man* into a *case*, the *sufferer* into an *example* of the growth and progress of that disease. And so to the strictly professional thought a deadly, diseased growth, to be removed by the knife, becomes a "beautiful tumor" and a dreadful breaking of a limb becomes "a splendid case of compound fracture." Beyond a doubt the best men resist this professional temptation and think solely of the man; but assuredly men of the lower class make most criminal experi-

ments on the living man. To this temptation must be added the coarser one of making more money out of a case by prolonging it.

Turning to the legal profession no thoughtful person will be likely to affirm that it presents less temptation than the medical, inclining its devotees to take the extreme professional view of all questions connected with their practice, making them to think less of the man than of the client, less of the welfare of the individual than of the beautiful intricacies of the case. Under the influence of this professional view of all legal and judicial proceedings, the English Court of Chancery had gradually become, not a court of justice, but a court of injustice, not a defense of the people from outrage, but a dreadful system of organized outrage.

Every reader of "Bleak House" will remember "Gridley," "The man from Shropshire." His case has been in Chancery, according to the story, for twenty-five years. His entire property has been absorbed in the suit long ago, and he can get no decision of any kind. He has become a by-word and a laughingstock in the court, and can no longer get even the form of a hearing. The result for him is ruin, desperation, madness and death.

Of this story, Dickens asserts in his preface

that it is literally true in every essential particular. He further declares that there was in Chancery at that very time a mere "friendly suit" which had been dragging for nearly twenty years. In it from thirty to forty counsels had been known to appear at one time. Costs had been incurred to the amount of more than a third of a million of dollars, and it appeared to be no nearer done than when it began. He also says that in 1853 there was in Chancery another suit which had been pending for more than fifty years. In this costs had been incurred of more than two-thirds of a million dollars, and the suit not yet decided! He declares he could rain facts of this kind on his pages. This, then, was the giant wrong, the organized robbery, which roused Dickens to write the great story of "Bleak House."

What Mrs. Stowe did for American slavery by her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Dickens did in at least seven great stories for more than that number of great national evils. His other long stories were of a different kind, but of equal value, studies in life and manners and character.

Among the claims made above in behalf of Dickens, I said that he has set up *beacons* on many dangerous coasts of life. Of this kind of work I name but a single example, Richard

Carstone in "Bleak House." This character ought to be studied and pondered by every young man. His property is involved in Chancery before his birth. He grows up expecting an end of the suit and anxiously waiting to receive his property. That property never comes. The suit drags on, first poisoning and ruining his manhood, and finally actually killing him. The lesson growing out of that story is not hard to find. It is a terrible warning to young men against wasting youth and manhood and heart and hope in waiting for expectation whose time is uncertain, and which may never be fulfilled, instead of boldly pushing forward to carve out their own fortunes with their own strong hands.

But among all the services which Dickens has rendered to the world, and by which he has laid the entire human race under permanent obligations to him, I think the greatest of all is this: he has ennobled, exalted, *glorified* plain, homely, awkward *Goodness*. This is his greatest title to lasting fame. The time will come when the shams he ridiculed will mostly have given place to new ones, needing a new satirist to expose them. The time will come when the giant wrongs and crimes which he assaulted will be so completely swept away that the new generation will find it hard to believe

and impossible to realize that such outrages ever were endured. When that time comes the story of his gallant attacks upon those entrenchments of injustice will have lost much of its popular interest. But the work which he has done in showing the beauty of simple, every-day goodness,—that work will never die; that work will never grow old. It belongs to all nations; it belongs to all times.

There is great necessity for such a work as this, and there will always be that necessity. The human family loves and admires *greatness* more than *goodness*, outward beauty and grace more than inward, and rich robes for the body more than white robes for the soul. The world is full of what Carlyle calls hero-worship. This is undoubtedly fundamental to our nature. If rightly directed, it is a power for good. It is impossible for us not to admire the exhibition of power. The sight of a span of frightened horses running away, the rush of the thundering express train, the plunge of the cataract of Niagara, the dash of the breakers on the rocky coast, all these fill us with an indescribable sense of admiration and awe. We have this same experience in reading of great battles, of the shock of mighty armies, of the grand deeds of great chieftains. It is only very slowly that men rise God-ward far enough to understand

and reverence moral greatness as grander than outward greatness, and to see moral beauty as more radiant than physical beauty.

The world has always found something to admire in a great conqueror, however unjust his wars. The pirate on the ocean, the robber in his mountain cave, and the highwaymen robbing the traveler, all these are supposed to be interesting and in some sense great. But plain, simple goodness is apt to be thought plodding and dull. Christ sought to give men a different ideal. He held up for our admiration the little child as the true type of character. He made true greatness to consist in devoted service to others. He taught these lessons both by words and by his own perfect example. But even the Christian world has been slow to learn his lesson.

The novel writers in past times have for the most part taken the wrong side and given their influence in the wrong direction in this whole matter. The poorer half of them have actually taken pirates, bandits and highwaymen as their heroes, dressed them in false colors and held them up to the admiration of the young and thoughtless to corrupt and deprave their minds. The better portion of our novelists have not been guilty of such crimes as these, and yet their influence has been very largely on the

wrong side. Even the better novelist has usually assumed that, in order to please, in order to win readers, his hero, though not great in crime, must be great in deeds of war or daring that would fill the trump of fame. The heroine, too, in almost all the works of the novelists, even if she is not bold, daring, reckless, unwomanly, must be either of high and lofty station, the center of a brilliant scene of wealth and grandeur, or else a brilliant beauty, a rare flower, blooming in some quiet corner unobserved until the great hero discovers her and lifts her at once to fame and glory, to be the admiration of all eyes. Probably stories of these two kinds have done more to produce silly, hero-worshipping girls and women and reckless, unprincipled young men than almost any other single influence. They have led many of both sexes to shame and ruin.

Let it be forever remembered to the praise of Charles Dickens that his heroes are heroes of goodness in plain, common, every-day life. And still more, their goodness is not of the angelic kind, the manufactured article, which never was seen on earth and never will be seen except in unhealthful Sunday-school books. His heroes are plain, common people in plain, common clothes, people with oddities and foibles and defects, and yet people in whom fidelity

and self-denial and devotion to the service of others create an inner beauty, the beauty of goodness, which shines from the heart like a lamp placed within, revealing the hidden beauty of a costly vase. I know of no writer who has done so much to make us love and admire the people right around us, the people whom fools might make the butt of their ridicule, as has Dickens. I know of no other writer who has done so much to illustrate and inforce Christ's great lesson: "He that is great among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

There is another feature of this same portion of his work which should be observed. This writer has in a wonderful way adorned and beautified all the detail of simple, common life, the round of every-day duties, by showing them as being done in a spirit and with purposes which ennoble and exalt. And again he has in a most remarkable way shed grace and beauty over the simple pleasures of the poor, their feasts and recreations and merrymakings. In the story of "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" he shows, as he frequently does, his admiration for many things in France. Especially he remarks upon the courage and freedom with which the poor people in France enjoy their simple pleas-

ures everywhere, without being in the least overawed by the coming or going of the wealthy and aristocratic. Dickens has given a great number of these home scenes and family feasts, and we find the stories as delicious as they found the feasts. Perhaps the sweetest of all these home rejoicings is Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner. Bob and his family are not people of rank or wealth. He earns less than four dollars per week to support a family of eight. His wife's best dress is not fine, having been twice turned. The entire family display of glass is "two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle." But they have a merry Christmas. The center of the feast is a goose, which they all declare to be a most uncommon goose. "Bob solemnly declared that he didn't believe there ever was such a goose."

But now the dinner is ready. "Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, cram spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes

were set on and the grace was said." After the dinner they have apples and oranges and a shovelful of roasted chestnuts. Then Bob gives them a toast: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" This all the family re-echoed. "God bless us everyone!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

It is an important question with reference to every story writer to whom we give much of our time, or whose books we place in the hands of our children, how do his pictures of men and women and children in his books fit us for dealing with men and women and children out of books? How does his influence prepare us for meeting them in the street, at the market, in the workshop and in the home? This is the grand test question as to every story writer and every writer on social questions. *Words* and *names* are different from *things* in a very startling degree. Self-denial is beautiful in *story!* Suffering is grand in *tale* and *poem!* It is easy to love *heathen* and *savages*, if they are only safely shut up in *books!* But when all these things come out of the books and stories, and are found out of doors, they look so dreadfully changed!

We desire to apply this test question, then, to the great English novelist: What influence do his stories have upon us to fit us or unfit us

for enjoying everyday life and being useful in the world? When we have parted company for the moment with Bob Cratchit and Mrs. Lirriper, with Tom Pinch and Joe Gargery and Tim Linkinwater, how has their society fitted us for that of Green and Brown and Mrs. White and Mrs. Black and all the other colors? It is here that the true excellence of this writer appears. It is safe to affirm two things: First, the reading of Dickens' works tends to develop a *Dickens habit of mind.* Second, a Dickens habit of mind is a blessing to its possessor and to his neighbors. And what are the characteristics of this habit of mind in its full development? I answer, an absolutely universal *sympathy* with all human creatures, making one quick to see what is interesting and lovable in every person. And all this joined with a vigorous capacity for *hating* what is *hateful*, and a remarkable power for seeing and enjoying what is amusing in everyone's appearance and character, without in the least abating the loving and tender *sympathy* and the *admiration* for what is good and noble. Dickens' sympathy is literally *universal.* An ancient philosopher said: "*Nihil humanum alienum a me puto.*" Nothing human do I consider foreign to myself. That saying might with fitness be made the motto for the entire library of Dickens.

But the sympathy does not hinder the laughter. He sees the funny side of every act and every character. But there is no malice, no scorn, except for the base and unworthy, therefore his laughter leaves no sting.

He has hundreds of characters in his stories, set forth in this peculiar way, this combination of gentle kindness and merry laughter. One of our well-known critics, E. P. Whipple, has finely described this union of love and laughter as seen in Dickens' treatment of one of the characters in "Old Curiosity Shop," Kit Nubbles. Kit is described as "a shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and a peculiarly comical expression of face." Whipple says, "Kit Nubbles . . . is a pertinent example among numerous others of this searching humanity of Dickens. Here is a boy rough, uneducated, ill-favored, the son of a washerwoman, the very opposite of a common novelist's idea of the interesting, with a name which at once suggests the ludicrous; yet, as enveloped in the loving humor of Dickens, he becomes a person of more engrossing interest and affection than a thousand of the stereotyped heroes of fiction. We not only like him, but the whole family—Mrs. Nubbles, Jacob, the baby, and all; and yet nothing is overcharged

in the description, and every circumstance calculated to make Kit an object for laughter is freely used."

The effect, then, of becoming an admirer of Dickens, the effect of acquiring what I have called "a Dickens habit of mind," is to make one profoundly interested in his fellowmen, tenderly sympathetic toward them, ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep"; to make him at the same time observant and expectant with regard to good and noble and even heroic qualities which often show themselves among the poor, the unknown, the ignorant. And still further, the effect is to open to every person a vast fund of quiet and kindly amusement and enjoyment. Is not the development of such a habit of mind beneficial in the highest degree both to one's self and to his neighbor?

We turn now to the extraordinary richness of these stories in noble and inspiring ideals of life and character. I know of no uninspired writings equal to Dickens in this respect. In all his works he has nearly two thousand characters. These are of almost infinite variety; among them are the ridiculous, the coarse, the hypocritical, the dissipated, the vicious and the criminal. But on the other hand there are among them a really astonishing variety of de-

lightful and admirable characters. And while the unworthy are always so handled as to warn us away from their evil ways, the good are so presented as to win us with an irresistible attraction.

Among the enjoyments of life there is none greater than that derived from the companionship of dear and true friends. Indeed, so high and holy is this pleasure that our divine Savior uses it to picture the highest joys of the spiritual life: "My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." . . . "I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

Dickens' characters are so real and life-like that the good become for all practical purposes our personal friends and companions. We live with his characters as really and as enjoyably as with our friends who are flesh and blood. And this is not strange, for the great writer himself lived and laughed and joyed and sorrowed and suffered with all his characters in an astonishing degree. There are a great many traces and proofs of this. When, in the story, Paul Dombey died, Dickens was as truly bereaved as if he had buried his own son. He wrote those chapters of the story in Paris. The night after he wrote the death of Paul, he walked the streets of Paris completely overwhelmed with

grief for the loss of that beautiful young life. Since, then, the author lived with his characters with such intensity it is not strange that we live with them, too. And how wonderfully we are enriched by this host of dear friends whom he has given us! Traddles and David and Dora and the valiant Aunt Betsey Trotwood and beautiful Agnes and Nicholas Nickleby with his sweet sister Kate and Dr. Manette and Lucie and Mr. Long and Arthur Clennam and Panks, who is called "the tug," and who steams ahead exactly like one of those little snorting river giants, and Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, those "practical people," after a loving sort which is not any too common. But it is of no use to try to name them! The list would never end.

But friends are not merely to be enjoyed. The highest culture of character comes from companionship with the good and the true. What debts of gratitude we owe to the noble friends who formed our characters! Hence I hold the reading of Dickens to be a power for good in every man's life. It is difficult to choose among his characters in this respect. But I wish to name three of his rarest creations, Mark Tapley, Little Dorrit and Esther Summerson.

Mark Tapley, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," ought to be studied by every person in the world. It

would do solid good to humanity. Mark is by nature merry and light-hearted. But he wishes to find a *merit* in it. He aspires to prove that he can be "jolly" where nobody else can. Hence he becomes *The Knight Errant of Cheerfulness*, or "*Jollity*," as he would call it. Just as the old knights used to ride forth in search of danger in order to exhibit their prowess in arms, Mark goes forth in search of the most dismal spot on earth in order to prove that even there he can be "jolly." But just as the sun never yet saw night or shadow, so Mark never can find a dismal place. His characteristic charge to himself, "And, therefore, Tapley, now's your time to come out strong, or never!" seems to create cheer under the most trying circumstances. A wonderful character! Dickens has laid the world under tribute to him by its creation.

Little Dorrit is a child born in a debtors' prison. She grows to be a woman there. It is one of the sweetest and most inspiring pictures ever drawn of gentle, timid, brave, loyal, devoted womanhood. The world is the richer for the painting of that picture.

Esther Summerson, in "Bleak House," is, perhaps, all things considered, the most charming and lovely woman that Dickens has ever given us. She is a homeless girl with not a

relative on earth that she can claim. But her beautiful life of gentle service to others draws around her a host of loving friends, who delight in heaping upon her all playful and endearing names. She is "the little woman," "little housekeeper," "little mother," "the keeper of the keys," "Dame Durden," "Dame Durden, dear." And what loving names is she not called by her guardian and Caddy Jellyby and little Charley and poor Jo and George the trooper and little Peepy and her lover, Allan Woodcourt, and all the rest? It is a grand picture.

Whenever I rise from one of the feasts of love which Dickens has spread for us I am ready to say with Thackeray, "Thankfully I take my share of the feast * * * * and say a benediction for the meal."

VI

Saving the Grains of Gold

VI

SAVING THE GRAINS OF GOLD

THERE are many persons who have pressing need to utilize all their best and brightest thoughts. Omitting all who occupy prominent positions in the world, there still remain in just ordinary society many different classes of these persons. The preacher must have two fresh, vigorous sermons every week; the Sunday-school teacher must have some good, pointed lesson for his class every Sunday; the leader of a prayer-meeting can make the meeting good or poor by coming with his own mind and heart full or empty; the editor and the contributor must be rich in fresh material for every number of the paper; the college student as a debater, orator or essayist has a rightful ambition to do better each time than ever before and to make it understood throughout the college that his exercises are always worth hearing, and the school-boy and school-girl are often powerfully and even painfully impressed with the thought, "I've *got* to write an essay."

That the supply of fresh thought among all these classes often falls short of the demand is easily proved. The boy or girl will be heard saying with doleful whine, "I hate essay writ-

ing; I don't know anything to say." The deacon, when called on to "say a few words" in prayer-meeting, feels exactly the same way, but expresses it more decorously by saying, "I don't know as I can say anything to edify anyone." The preacher often has the same feeling of emptiness which the schoolboy expresses with such vigor. Another proof that the thought supply is not equal to the demand is found in the variety of expedients to remedy the difficulty. The schoolboy often gets some one to write an essay for him; the college student, the public orator and the preacher are often accused and sometimes convicted of secretly borrowing the addresses which have won them the greatest applause; many preachers, for lack of new thought, often "re-hash" old sermons to make them pass for new; and it is notorious that many writers and speakers become drunkards by using stimulants to rouse their sluggish thoughts.

Now for all these classes there ought to be, and there is, a better way.

I have somewhere read of an interesting habit of the shepherds on the slopes of the Pyrenees. It is said that the small streams from those mountains wash down grains of gold. The quantity is not sufficient to pay for washing on a large scale; but the shepherds have learned

to save the gold; they place a fleece of wool in some small waterfall so that the water washes through the fleece; when the fleece has become well loaded with sand and dirt they wash it and find a valuable quantity of gold. This gold came down grain by grain, and would have been entirely lost but for the fleece.

Such a stream, bearing occasional golden grains is the current of every man's thought. Such a fleece to save the gold is some form of note-book. The stream has more gold with some and with others less. But the truth here stated is universal down to the borders of idiocy and brutality. And the difference in this respect between minds in ordinary society is less than is apt to be supposed. The man whose thoughts seem always so ready, rich and varied, has, no doubt, a superior mind; but he has also a superior method. He has learned the art of saving the grains of gold. This is a fact whose importance is seldom realized. There is no rational mind too inferior to profit by this method. And there is no mind so powerful that it can afford to neglect it.

Very few people realize, in any proper degree, the extent of our tendency to forget. It is often thought to express a wonderful superiority of one man over another to say that the one "has forgotten more than the other ever knew," it

may be said truthfully that all persons have forgotten nearly all they ever knew, so small is that which memory now holds compared with that which it has lost. Forgetting is in two degrees, the lesser and the greater, according as we do or do not recognize the things when we meet with them again. I am often surprised by finding recorded in my own handwriting thoughts which I would say I never had, but that the proof is positive. And we all forget thus absolutely much more rapidly than we can know unless we test it by recording our thoughts. And as to forgetting in the less degree, the act is literally as quick as lightning, and we know just as little when it will occur. An important thought is in our mind; suddenly it is gone, leaving only a sense of vacancy and loss, whether it will ever return, and if so, when, no person can say. And it is all classes of minds, and not the inferior only, which are subject to these difficulties.

I have been speaking of the current of thought and the necessity of saving its grains of gold; but there are two other currents which deserve equal attention. One is that of our daily experience and observation, and the other that of our reading. We can save in a moment a scrap found in our reading, or we can neglect it and afterwards hunt for it for hours, and per-

haps wish for it in vain for years. With a little care also we can easily save results of experience, of observation and of conversation which may be of value to us and to others for life.

Hawthorne had one of the most brilliant minds in America; his "Note Book," published after his death, was a grand revelation of his scholarly habits; he had had the fleece constantly in the stream saving the grains of gold. In that note book, ready to expand into stories or essays, are treasured the wise, bright, weird or beautiful thoughts that came flashing through his mind. Dickens had wonderful gifts in portraying character. His fertility and variety are amazing. The Dickens' Dictionary contains above fourteen hundred of his characters; and even that is but an abridged catalogue. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that even his genius could sketch all those characters off-hand to fill one of his books. On the contrary Dickens was, like Hawthorne, a most patient and laborious maker of note-books. He made notes of all the curious characters he found on his rambles and journeys. He named his stories by making notes of all the possible names and at last choosing the best. Even Shakespeare, whose genius is thought to surpass all others, did not invent his plots and characters creating them from nothing; he bor-

rowed the outline from his reading; his genius enlarged, embellished and enriched.

What, then, is the method that is here urged? It is simply the habit of making notes of all the best things of thought, experience and reading with the direct object of having a good supply of the choicest material for talks, addresses and articles. Every preacher should build up a permanent list of subjects for future sermons. Every writer for the papers should have his catalogue of topics for articles.

And then it is best to gather thought in the same way for each occasion. For days and often for weeks or months before an address the thoughts on that special topic should be gathered little by little and preserved in notes. Such work adds marvelously to an address by making it rich, weighty and pointed. The preacher needs such preparation for his sermon; the writer needs it for his article; in this same way the student should prepare for his debate, the Sunday-school teacher for his class, the leader for his duty at the prayer-meeting, and even the school-boy for his essay.

VII

The Law of Mental Momentum

VII

THE LAW OF MENTAL MOMENTUM

I DO not remember to have seen anywhere any adequate statement of the fact to which I wish to direct attention. I hold that there is a very close analogy between the laws of matter and the laws of mind in respect to gathered force. I believe the analogy to be so close as to justify the above title, not as a trifling play of words, but as the recognition of an inportant fact. In the world of *matter* the law of momentum has a very large place. Everybody understands it, and conducts all sorts of business with constant reference to it. People who never heard its name and who would not know the meaning of the word, understand well the thing itself as a fact in nature, and act upon it with great skill. When any material body is once put in motion it resists in greater or less degree any effort to stop it; in other words it has gathered force. And this gathered force is called momentum. The books tell us that the amount of it is always found by multiplying together the weight and the velocity. Thus, if one body is twice as heavy as another and is

moving three times as fast, its momentum will be six times as great.

A man wishes to drive a nail. The weight of the hammer resting on the nail produces no effect, for though there is weight there is no momentum, since velocity is lacking; if on the other hand he should strike the nail with a feather, there would still be no effect, since although there is velocity there is practically no weight and therefore no momentum. Nothing but a union of weight and velocity can produce it. When the hammer is lifted well up and brought swiftly down, it drives the nail home with a few strokes, since weight and velocity are well combined. But if the man wishes to drive not a nail into a board but a large stake into the ground, he at once proceeds to secure a great increase of momentum, and that in two ways; he exchanges the hammer for a maul or sledge, and taking both hands he swings it higher and so brings it down swifter. He has perhaps multiplied the weight by ten and the velocity by four; if so, his stroke is forty times as powerful as before. But suppose he wishes to drive into the ground not a common stake, but a pile, the trunk of a tree forty feet long; he again increases the momentum in the same two ways; he gets a pile-driver in which the weight is perhaps a hundred times as heavy as

that of the sledge; and by machinery he lifts it so high that in falling it gains a velocity, let us say, five times as great; and so, as the sledge in its stroke had forty times the momentum of the hammer, the pile-driver weight will have five hundred times the momentum of the sledge, and twenty thousand times that of the hammer. It is well to observe in passing that if the weight in the pile-driver, being a thousand times as heavy as the hammer, were to fall only far enough to gain the velocity of the hammer, it would strike with only one thousand instead of twenty thousand times the force; it is the increased velocity which gives nineteen-twentieths of the increased force. In the ancient style of battle the strong knight not only struck with a heavy battle-axe which no common man could swing, but he trained his horse to rear aloft in the battle, he swung high his mighty battle-axe with both hands, and horse, rider and axe came down together with such terrific force that no strength and no armor could endure the blow.

In all these cases the law helps to gain the desired end. But like all laws of nature, it works for us or against us, just according to the position in which we stand with reference to it. There is an old proverb concerning fire, that it is "A good servant but a bad master."

Exactly the same may be said of momentum. It is an excellent servant, but it may become a terrible master.

A valuable article, a mirror, a watch, falls from a height; it gathers force in the fall and is broken to pieces. A man falls from a fourth-story window, becomes the victim of momentum, and is killed. A railroad train running forty miles an hour on a smooth road has an immense momentum and delights its passengers with the rapid journey; it turns a curve, and suddenly discovers a train rushing to collide with it; it is a problem involving life and death for scores of people whether, with engines reversed and all the brakes strained to the utmost, they can destroy with sufficient quickness their dreadful momentum, which has suddenly changed from helpful friend to most dangerous enemy.

In the matter of momentum there is no chance work. Everything has the exactness of mathematics. We know exactly how to secure momentum, and how to double or treble it. We know also how to destroy it.

Is there then anything which is analogous to this in the working of mind and thought? We all observe differences in the action of our minds at different times, being sometimes conscious of vigor and rapidity of thought, and

again of slowness and dullness. We excuse our dullness, our inability to think or memorize by saying that we are sleepy, or tired, or sick, or worried; or we just simply set it down that we are "dull to-day." At other times we solve problem after problem readily and with pleasure and memorize long passages easily, and then we congratulate ourselves that we are "in the mood for work to-day." Is the good or poor working of our mind then all a matter of chance? Or if not that, is it governed by influences too secret and complex for us to trace and direct? It is not to be denied that the working of the mind is affected powerfully by weariness and sickness; but so is the working of the body; but in the case of the body we find that a law of momentum stands ready like a machine, a powerful engine, to multiply the results of all our efforts. If there be not some thing of this kind in the world of mind, then that would seem to be a kind of inferior world, a world of chance, while the other is a world of law. It it well known that a certain class of persons do mental work by moods. They work "when the fit is on them," "when they feel like it," "when the inspiration comes," or "when they have a favored hour." In opposition to such folly as this I have heard good, earnest, wholesome lessons about training our

minds so that we can depend on them; so that the mental powers will be capable of their best action at all times *on demand*. But while such teaching is true and important, it only covers a part of the ground and not the most important part. There is a law by the working of which our mental action can be intensified *now* and on the particular subject we have in hand, and not merely in some remote and indefinite future.

I think that it was in connection with the work of protracted meetings that I first became fully aware of being assisted by a new force with which *I* at least had not been acquainted even by description. I have here called it a *new force*, for so it seemed in my experience. But it was not a new force; I was simply gaining my first clear acquaintance with the great law of mental momentum. I was using the same degree of mental power that I had used for years; but I was seeing it operate, and seeing its results increased through the machinery of a law that I had never studied, which I did not know to exist. I found at such times that I accomplished results in thought and study that were a constant surprise as well as delight to myself. Sermons, which must ordinarily be slowly labored out, sprang suddenly almost complete before my mental gaze; Scriptures almost forgotten thronged to my memory; in-

cidents came to my mind in troops to illustrate the subject; questions that had been difficult suddenly seemed very easy to solve; the right word and the apt phrase, which ordinarily had a provoking way of hiding in some mental corner till the time was past, now came leaping to the tongue with a quickness and certainty that seemed strangely like *magic*. That my mental action at such times was for *some* reason in an exalted state, was a fact too evident to be questioned. The experience was vivid, intense and often repeated. But the practical questions were, what was the cause of this mental condition? Could its continuance or return be secured in any way? Was it a matter of law—of cause and effect—or was it simply a passing mood, which had no law, or at least no law which could be ascertained? I soon discovered that there was method in its coming and going; that I always had this experience in connection with protracted meetings, and not in anything like such wonderful fullness at any other time; I found also that it never came at the beginning of the meeting, but only in regular stages after days and weeks of earnest preaching and of intense mental and spiritual effort; I found still further that it affected the mind for the whole twenty-four hours, that at such times I regularly lay awake half the night full of incessant

and eager thought about the subjects on which I preached; and lastly I found that the experience was wearing and exhausting, that I could endure it for only a limited number of weeks, and then there must be rest for both mind and body. All this proved that it was a matter of law, that is, of regular method, and of causes which could be traced. It proved also that the causes could be set in motion so as to produce the result at any time on demand, or at least within known limits of time.

But the question may be raised whether the view which has been thus set forth has any practical value—whether, even if correct, it presents anything more than a curiosity of mental action. I have no hesitation in claiming for it practical value of the highest order. If it be true, as I believe, that by a certain definite process one can double and treble the mental force with which he grasps an intricate subject or assaults a difficult problem, it would be hard to overestimate the value of that fact and of a clear knowledge of the method.

When a boy learns that he can draw his loaded cart up a steep place much easier by coming to the hard spot "on the run," he is no stronger, but he has gained power. When he learns that standing on the bank he could only jump to the middle of a ditch, but by going

back to take a run he can jump clear across, he is the same boy, but he has gained power.

Just so when a student learns that he can do a piece of work by the aid of mental momentum which he could not otherwise do at all, or at least not so easily, he has the same brain as before, but he has gained power.

Let no one imagine that I wish to represent the *use* of mental momentum as anything new. Of course it has been used constantly ever since there were minds to think at all. But to use a principle is one thing, and to define it clearly and understand it thoroughly so as to get the full benefit of it is quite another. I remember seeing a young man who seemed to have a peculiar skill in splitting wood; at least he surpassed me in a degree I could not then explain. He was no larger and apparently no stronger than I, but for some reason his strokes with the same ax on the same logs seemed to have twice the effect. The secret was that he had learned to lift the axe a few inches higher, and then bring it down with special velocity, thus gaining nearly double the force. Now I had heard of momentum before as well as he, but had not studied it enough. May not the same be true in regard to things that concern mental work?

If, then, the power of thought can be increased by the aid of this principle, the impor-

tant question arises, how can mental momentum be produced? In the world of matter, momentum is produced by *motion in one uniform course;* and it can be produced in no other way. Motion, motion, motion, faster and faster; this is the rule and the only rule. A boy gains momentum by running; a ball going down hill, by rolling; and a falling body, by continuing to fall. In the case of a falling body they tell us there is a curious and beautiful law; it is this: except when hindered by some obstruction it falls a certain distance in the first second; in two seconds, four times as far; in three, nine times; in four, sixteen times, and so on. This soon gives a terrible velocity, with a corresponding momentum. Travelers tell us that in the mountains of Switzerland there has been constructed a mighty trough of several miles in length, made of timbers, by which to slide the bodies of great trees down into the lake. Although the incline is not steep, the tree slowly gathers headway but faster and faster, till in the lower miles its sound is like thunder, its velocity is so great the eye can hardly trace it, and if it jumps the track, it mows a swath of great trees as the scythe mows grass.

Such, then, is the origin and method of momentum in matter. But what of mind? The method is exactly the same, or at least it is ex-

actly analogous. We direct our mind to some subject; its movement is at first slow, hesitating, wandering and weak. It behaves like a truant boy on his way to school; it seizes upon every excuse for not going forward; it wastes time in every conceivable form of frittering; but let us suppose that we have a knowledge of "its works and ways," "its tricks and its manners"; and let us suppose that a resolute *will* is in the habit of enforcing discipline over these mental powers; firmly and steadily the mind is held to the one subject, and urged straightforward, it obeys the will, and moves; but for a time with a slow, heavy, dragging movement like that of a great freight train in starting, where each car jerks back on the engine with an individual obstinacy. But, as the brave old engine conquers all resistance, drags the reluctant cars after it, sets every wheel in rapid motion, and soon goes thundering down the road with the full consent and even with the *assistance* of all the cars that were lately so mutinous, so the will restrains the treacherous senses of eye and ear, centers all the thought upon one course, brings every power into play, intensifies the energy of mental action, and leads the whole mind forward in a grand and rapid race, which is no longer a heavy labor, but a keen delight.

This is the method of producing mental momentum. It is an interesting and beautiful process, which I have watched a thousand times.

But suppose it should be said that this is nothing new—that everybody knows that the longer and harder you work, the more you will accomplish; I reply that the fact to which I would direct attention is radically different from the other. It is exactly as if a man should find that when he begins to carry iron bars in the morning he can with much discomfort carry a weight of two hundred pounds, but by noon can with ease carry five hundred, and by sundown thinks it mere play to *run* with half a ton. This is not an exaggerated statement of what I myself have experienced in mental work, times without number. And the beauty of the thought is that this is a matter of absolute *law;* that if we enthrone the *will* as monarch of the mental powers to center them steadily upon one point and compel every straggler back to his duty, the law of mental momentum soon takes complete possession of them all, and the will is relieved from all drudgery, and soon even from all duty. It is a process as regular and certain as the working of a pile-driver.

It has often been remarked that there is a radical difference between the situations of the

preacher on the one hand and the lawyer or politician on the other in regard to the circumstances under which they prepare their public addresses, as a rule the advocate at the bar and the speaker in the political canvass are in each effort assisted by a special "*occasion*," which moves and rouses both speaker and hearers. It often happens that this occasion stirs the whole community, so that the orator realizes that he does not create the feeling, but is himself lifted up and borne on by it as upon a strong, deep tide. On the other hand the preacher as a rule is called upon twice a week, or oftener, without any "occasion" to help him, to start from the dead level of ordinary feeling, choose a topic for study on which he has as yet in most cases thought but superficially, and on which often his hearers have scarcely thought at all, and by two or three days, or perhaps only a few hours, of study create within himself such an intense interest that he can communicate it in large degree to the great majority of his hearers. And this interest on his part must be genuine; no theatrical counterfeiting of interest will serve the purpose. If it be said that he should take only those topics in which he is already deeply interested, and on which he already *feels* deeply, I reply that is impossible. There is an incessant demand for new topics. And the very

intensity of interest which has helped him to solid success with one topic becomes at once a hindrance and a load when he leaves it, as he must, and tries to turn his thoughts to something new.

The fact that men not possessed of very extraordinary gifts, men like the majority of preachers, can interest the same audience twice a week for a year, or even a period of years, upon the one general subject of religion, is a most remarkable fact. It is safe to say that upon no other subject but religion could men of that grade do anything of the kind. It is one of the solid proofs of the divine origin of the Bible and Christianity that they are a fountain of living waters to myriads of congregations, and a fountain which never runs dry. The cup from which we drink may be an "earthen vessel" and the hand that brings it may be neither strong nor graceful, but the waters are the waters of life still.

But what *is* the process of creating, from its very beginning, a warm, earnest, powerful, moving sermon? It is a thing worth observing closely, simply as a study of mind and mental action. It is what a scientist would call "a beautiful experiment." It consists properly and in all genuine and thorough work of just four parts or elements, viz., *praying*, *thinking*, *read-*

ing and *writing*. And these are all equally important; for while it is true that some kind of sermon might be made on a remembered text by merely thinking, still it is only by union of the four that the true work is done.

The preacher sits down at his desk to prepare a sermon. He has not even chosen a subject, perhaps. Nor does any subject present itself at first that he wishes to choose. Several subjects of marked interest occur to him, but they are the subjects of his recent sermons. To think on these topics will only hinder him. He must turn to something new. Wishing wisdom and strength from above he turns to God in prayer. This is most essential. It is always the way by which to come out of earth's darkness and coldness into the *sunshine* of God's manifested presence in the heart, into the warmth, the light, and the life. But the answers to prayer are not ordinarily sudden and miraculous, but gradual and through natural channels. In one of two ways a subject is suggested to him, either he meets with some utterance of Scripture which he would like to present, or something in his own life and thought or in those of others suggests a lesson. At the top of a broad page of paper he places the topic, and begins to look for thoughts. But ordinarily this does not look at all hopeful at first. He sees, after some

study, very little to say about the matter, and he could not honestly say that he thinks the subject very interesting. If he has had but little experience and has never learned much about methods of mental work, he begins to think that he has made a mistake, that he will never make anything of that topic. He will, perhaps, begin to feel quite hot about the ears as he feels by anticipation his coming failure and mortification. He decides that he must get a better subject.

But if he tries that course he simply goes through the same experience over again, step by step.

But let us suppose that he understands the proper and workmanlike method of developing a subject. In that case, having chosen his subject for such slight signs of interest and fruitfulness as lie on the surface, or having had the subject assigned to him, he begins to *think* about it, to *apply his mind* to it. His method is exactly like that which is said was practiced and taught by the famous Prof. Agassiz in the study of fishes. The statement is that whenever he received a new student the first book he gave him was a *fish;* and the first lesson in that book was the *fish.* He simply told him to take it and go to his place and study it, and come back and report what he had discovered about

that fish; when the student returned and made his report the professor replied, "Very well; now take it back and examine it again, and report what *else* you have discovered;" and when he had returned with the second report of discoveries the professor said, "Very good; take it back and see what *more* you can learn about it." By the time the student returned with his third report of points discovered he had clearly seen the great naturalist's *method* and was ready to follow it out.

I have said that the proper method of studying a topic for a sermon is exactly like the one described above, a process of turning the subject over and over, of looking at it closely, and of making careful notes *in writing* of specific points as fast as we detect them. When we begin such a work the mind seems sluggish, heavy, slow and cold; the mental effort itself is irksome: and the results are so inferior, in both quantity and quality, that we are likely to be thoroughly disgusted with *them*, with the *subject* and with *ourselves*. But we have learned something of mental processes and we therefore know what to expect and also what to do. All men of sense and experience have learned to encourage the efforts of beginners. Many of them are fond of the proverb, "Never despise the day of small things." There is no wiser

proverb which human experience has furnished. Acting in accordance with this proverb the preacher, with all gravity and confidence, writes down in briefest words at the top of his page, underneath the topic, the very first thought that is suggested by that topic. Ignorance would probably advise to throw the thought away, for it is not broad or deep; it is old and commonplace; and it is a little too far off from the heart of the subject. But the preacher knows better, and "thought number one" takes an honorable place, ready to lead in a long line of others of whose existence there is as yet no proof. While writing down the first thought he thinks of something else about equally valuable, that is, about equally worthless. This also he briefly enters on the page. His mind inclines to wander to other topics; and if a printed page is near, he idly falls to reading it for lack of thought. Detecting himself in the act, he turns the print upside down so that he can not read, because reading on other topics would be so pleasant, and would be a snare to him. He repeats the title he has chosen, so as to refresh his memory and give his thoughts a jog. A thought occurs to him and is promptly set down. He finds after a little that he is looking dreamily out of the window and enjoying the prospect. As this is another snare he

turns his back to the window and resolves to grasp his topic more firmly. He finds a thought and secures it. Soon after he awakes to the fact that he is laboriously spelling out the words which are standing on their heads in the inverted page before him, the very same page which he turned upside down in order to get rid of it. He puts that snare out of the way, and all others like it and centers his mind sternly on the subject; he is rewarded by seeing a thought spring up in the field of his subject, like a bird which has been hidden in the grass. He promptly captures and cages the thought, lest it should fly away like the bird. All his experience warns him to be very careful on that point. As he goes on to think with all his might, he, after a little, wakes from a reverie to discover that his mind has been playing truant. He set it to work upon his subject, but he discovers that it has found one of the countless bridges of association which connect every subject in the universe to everything else in the universe, and has crossed on the bridge, and instead of diligently exploring his subject, has been rambling up and down the whole creation.

Here is a difficulty of the most serious kind. He can turn his back on the window and the landscape; he can turn the newspaper upside

down, or if necessary put every printed page and scrap away from before him; he can lock himself away from all intrusion of visitors; he can get too far away to hear talking or singing; but who can keep the mind from wandering away among the fields and lanes of fancy and of reverie, when it should be digging and delving in the one subject?

It is just here that we perceive the immense importance of *writing* as one of the four elements in the process of developing a sermon. Before we have studied the matter we are likely to suppose that in sermon work writing is only valuable in helping us to put our thoughts in proper order of succession and in preserving them. The truth is that the chief use of writing in such work is the help it gives in controlling the action of the mind, centering it upon the one subject, and preventing the thoughts from wandering. Of course it does not do this *perfectly* when we first take up a subject; but it helps from the very start, and its success is greater as we go forward. Probably we have all observed that we never think with such great success at any other time as we do with paper and pen in hand ready to set down the results of our thinking. And there is another fact to be noted, viz., that as we practice year after year controlling the mind by the

constant use of the pen to record results we gradually gain in *concentration*, that grand power of holding the mind steadily and firmly to one point.

But I return from this digression to trace further the growth of that sermon. Having aroused from his reverie he resolves to resist any further relapse, and reads over the points already recorded. The record is brief, but while he reads, these thoughts suggest others, which he adds to the written list. And again, as he repeats once more the topic of the sermon, he settles himself to gaze with a more intense earnestness, not only *at* the subject but down *into* it. And such thinking always brings its reward. The collection is slowly enlarging; but it has a meager look still. He begins to wonder why he sees no signs of mental momentum, and to question whether it is going to fail him for once. But then he knows better. He knows that mental action does not go by chance, but by law. In the meantime one thought after another is gradually filling line after line of his large page. He reads them over again to take an estimate of their value, and to let them suggest other thoughts. This they are almost sure to do; for here, as everywhere else in nature and in human life, Christ's words are true, "To him that hath more shall be given."

Thought always produces thought. By this time he observes several marked signs of progress; first, the thoughts upon his subject are coming faster than at first; second, they are of better quality, not old or commonplace; third, his subject begins to seem much more interesting and valuable; and fourth, his mind is busy with the subject, and needs no special watching. His main business now is to *write*, and thus *preserve* the thoughts which are coming at last without conscious mental effort. In writing he of course does not try to compose something fit for others to read; on the contrary, he condenses every statement into the smallest possible compass; or rather he writes mere memoranda or hints, which shall serve to hold the thoughts in safe keeping ready for his use when he needs them. No one knows how necessary it is to *seize* a thought when he sees it and fasten it by writing, unless he has watched the matter closely. The truth is, you might as well expect to find in the same spot the gay, bright-colored bird you saw in the field yesterday as to find where you left it the winged thought that flitted across your mind an hour ago, and which you failed to write down.

And now there commences a grand race between brain and hand, between flying thoughts and flying pen. The question is not now what

can I think of to write, but how shall I *catch* these thoughts quick enough so that two shall not be lost while I am writing one? They come from every quarter of the mental world, from the workshop and the playground, from the school and the church, from the slang of the streets and the wisdom of books, from poetry and philosophy, from the history and the novel, from the deep works on science and from the comic almanac, from the earliest memories of childhood and from the latest news by the morning paper. Every department of human life and thought now offers some contribution to enrich the value of that one sermon. That one subject is now seen to have lines of connection that reach all through the universe; and this recalls the words of Sir Isaac Newton, "How every subject reaches out into infinity!"

The notes which have been written are a mingled mass of Scripture references and quotations, propositions to be maintained, experimental outlines of the address, facts and figures, illustrations, popular proverbs, sayings of great men, bits of history, references to books, scraps of poetry, anecdotes, stories, and, in short, every form of human thought and utterance. Looked at superficially these scraps would seem to have no connection with each other, and some of them not with the subject itself; ignor-

ance would call them a mass of rubbish; but to the thinker they are rich, gold-bearing quartz, fresh from the mine; and out of them the pure gold of a strong, grand, solid sermon is soon to come.

It only remains now to put the materials in their proper order of arrangement to draw out a neat and orderly written outline, and the sermon will be complete. I do not mean to speak of this latter work as though it were of little importance or of little difficulty; but I wish simply to emphasize the fact that the materials of a full, rich sermon are all there, ample, abundant and superabundant. Mental momentum has done its work, and done it thoroughly; or rather it has just begun to work, and is now working with tremendous energy. If the inexperienced preacher, who has for once faithfully followed out this course which I have described, wishes tangible proof of the existence and the mighty power of this law of mental momentum, let him now, when he sees that he has gathered a rich store of materials for the sermon, try to turn his mind from this subject and begin to study a new subject for another sermon. He will find that he might almost as well try to row up the rapids of Niagara. His thoughts are moving with a strong tide in the one direction, and he will find himself powerless to force

them back or turn their course. And if he has pursued the one subject long enough and closely enough he will find at night that he can not sleep, but must lie awake hour after hour watching the swift current of his own thoughts. He will be surprised and delighted at the brilliancy of his own mind, and will wonder that he did not know before what mental power he possessed.

If any one should inquire what are the limits of this increasing velocity and strength of mental action, I reply that there are no limits whatever to the possible increase, except such as are imposed by the limits of endurance of the physical machine, the body and its brain. Judgment and discretion must set limits to the pursuit of the one subject and enforce proper diversion, or else brain fever, insanity, or some form of mental or physical prostration would result.

I have spoken at another point in this article of the importance of *prayer* as one of *the four elements* in the process of developing a sermon. The famous revivalist, President Finney, says, "If I had but two hours in which to prepare a sermon, I would spend one of the two in prayer." Most preachers would think that to be too large a share of the time of preparation; I have been inclined to think so myself; but

the *marvelous power* of his sermons on all hearts ought to give great weight to his opinion on such a point.

I have as yet said nothing about *reading*, except to name it as one of the four elements of the process. I have chosen to dwell most on those things which are most likely to be neglected. Real, downright *thinking* is something which most people are inclined to *shirk*. There are doubtless many people who are too lazy to work with their hands; but after watching the matter as a teacher for many years, I am satisfied that there are at least two who are mentally lazy for every one who is physically lazy, two who shirk brain work for every one who shirks hand work. Reading up for a sermon is valuable; but then it is easily done, and it may be greatly overdone. "Cramming" on any subject enfeebles the power of thought. But then many of the best sermons are made by taking a topic and reading widely in all the Bible on that. And yet the love of such sermons should not lead us to neglect another kind of sermon in which a close thinker simply bores an artesian well in the ground of a single sentence and brings up the living waters.

I have in form spoken only of sermons; but everyone can see that nearly all this applies just as well to all lectures, addresses and

speeches of every kind. It will apply just as helpfully even to the school child's essay.

There are many things in the world of which a given quantity is of equal value, whether that quantity be in one piece or many. Two small pieces of bread may benefit a hungry man just as much as one larger one. Twenty nickels are worth as much at the grocery as one silver dollar.

But there are other kinds of things in which equal quantity does not make equal value if it be in too large a number of pieces. A chasm ten feet wide is well spanned by one board twelve feet long, but not by twelve boards a foot long. A man who wears number ten boots is not provided for by giving him two pairs of number five.

I wish to show the importance of studying subjects in *long, unbroken stretches of mental effort.* I speak of this as the condition of securing and utilizing mental momentum. Every careful observer must have seen that very few students of any grade know anything about such long, unbroken work. In poorly regulated backwoods schools there is incessant disorder of every kind to draw attention in every direction; the idle scholars stick pins into the studious ones on the sly, pull hair, whisper, trade jackknives, and make faces or

make love, according to each one's fancy; the teacher not only hears lessons and answers questions in loud tones, but reproves, rebukes, exhorts and threatens all the time, and varies the general style of disorder by frequent whipping and feruling and an occasional fight with the big boys. It is plain that in such schools the scholar does not pursue one course of thought for any appreciable length of time.

But if we turn to the best graded public schools, the situation as regards *continuity of thought* is not very much better. For each subject of study is soon displaced by another, recitations of classes are going on in the same room all the time; and the movements of other scholars constantly attract and distract the attention. Under such circumstances the wonder is that any ideas take deep hold of the mind. But some may assert that these scholars are at such an age that they should not bend their attention any longer upon one subject than they do—that it would be too confining. I do not accept that view; yet I will not argue it, but will look at the habits of study among older scholars. Students in colleges and in other schools of similar rank quite generally get their lessons in their own rooms; but each of those rooms is occupied usually by two students and often by more than two; this gives a chance for

a vast amount of conversation, chatter, singing, joking, laughing and playing. And then they are apt to have a great number of visitors at all hours of the day, some of them welcome and some unwelcome, but all alike breaking up the hours of study into petty fractions of time. It is not probable that one student in a hundred has any conception of the reckless waste of time and force which is involved in such habits. And this unrealized waste is of two kinds; first, the actual minutes used in matters foreign to the work, of which the sum total is vastly greater than can be realized, except by one who notes the timepiece and keeps the record; and second, the waste of mental force by constantly arresting the rising tide of mental action and then commencing over again.

Great numbers of older students, ministers, lawyers and professional writers waste their time and mental force in similar ways; and in other cases it is wasted for them by the thoughtlessness of others. Very few people, few even of professional men, have ever grasped firmly the truth that in the matter of time for most kinds of mental work two halves do not make one whole, and that, in grappling with a problem, five minutes at a time, twelve times repeated, does not make even a half hour. Let us look at the matter in the light of analogy;

suppose the lightning express from New York to Chicago were required to make a full stop every quarter of a mile! The engineer might tear his engine and the train to pieces in frantic effort to stop and start quick and run fast, but the result would be a wretched failure, because he destroys his momentum the instant it is created. Such a train would need no cow-catcher to prevent trouble by running over cows. This is but a fair picture of the *study-habits* of the great majority of scholars in our schools; and many ministers and writers will find it a faithful and profitable looking-glass. This applies to almost all kinds of mental work. But take the case of solving a difficult problem in arithmetic or algebra. This is a peculiar kind of work, which needs to be treated in its own peculiar way. Memorizing a passage is like hoeing a row of corn, in that it is little by little, one inch gained after another, but solving a hard problem in algebra is often like lifting a great weight, which must come all at once or not at all. Hence students constantly report that they can work this or that example, but can not find how to work the other. How few students realize that mental momentum will help to carry them over such difficulties! The point which I am here seeking to impress is that small fractions of time, however well

used, and no matter how many there are of them, do not generally enable us to solve difficult problems.

"Vinet's Homiletics" in speaking of the value of meditation as a means of developing a subject for writing or speaking, says, "*Meditation is a sort of mental incubation.*" I think that statement worthy to be memorized by every thoughtful mind. Incubation is the *brooding* process by which the mother bird hatches her eggs. The hen sits upon her eggs twenty-one monotonous days, during which there is no evidence of progress; but at the end of that time out of the lifeless egg the wonder of life appears. Vinet would teach us that the mind can produce similar wonders by its brooding over a problem or a subject. And this is strictly true, as a thousand cases around us prove. Every student should mark that fact well and learn its practical lesson.

But what would be the effect if some inexperienced pullet or some reckless hen should manage her hatching business as most students manage their mental brooding over hard examples and problems? She would spend half her time in visiting her neighbors and gossiping with other fowls. She would be on the next five minutes and off three, on ten and off fifteen, and so on all day long; and neither twenty-one

nor any other number of such days would bring life out of those eggs.

But are these analogies just? Do they guide us to conclusions which are justified by experience and observation? It is safe to say that not a single careful observer will deny it. The well-known writer, Edward Everett Hale, records his views of the matter in the following striking form. Speaking of needless or impertinent calls he says, "They say they will only detain me a few minutes. When a man smashes my lookingglass, it's no amends to hand me the pieces."

I have heard of a college student who kept up all the regular lessons of his class by studying three hours per day. He claimed that three hours were sufficient if the time was properly applied. But when the time came he went to his solitary room, locked the door, threw off his coat, cravat and collar, and just buried himself in his lessons, utterly ignoring any and every summons at his door, and all disturbances of every kind. I do not suppose that such a measure of time would be sufficient for most college students, and I suppose all students are able to study much more time per day than he did; but I have no doubt that three hours of solid thinking and study, like his,

without a break, would avail more than six hours of the common kind.

I remember an experience of my own school days which I think well illustrates both the method and value of mental momentum, and also its special application to the solving of the most difficult problems, those which puzzle, baffle and defy us. Our class was finishing Loomis' algebra. We had come to the two long lists of examples and problems which close that book. I adopted the resolution that I would work every one of them without help of any kind. One of the problems had become famous in the school, or infamous, as many students would have said, for its difficulty. It was notorious that very few of the scholars ever solved without help "No. 60," the famous "Goose question." Long before we reached it there was a great deal of looking forward and wondering, among our classmates and others, whether any of us could solve that. Most of the class were so impressed by the terrifying reputation of "No. 60" that I do not think they ever grappled with it firmly, so as to know whether they could have mastered it or not. I do not know all the mental and heart experiences of the more courageous or obstinate ones, but for myself my pride had been aroused by the challenges and defiances which I had heard

from those of other classes who had finished the book before us, and my will had been strengthened by the fact that thus far I had kept my resolution unbroken to work them all independently. So when I reached the "Goose question" I prepared myself for a struggle. I chose an unbroken afternoon, and took my algebra and slate to a solitary spot away in the fields. I sat down with the example before me and for three hours I bent every power of mind and will upon it without once looking up. At the end of that time the college bell called me to other duties. My experience had been most discouraging. I had not solved the problem. It was not even partly done. I had not so much as made a "statement," so as to have an equation. I had not made an atom of progress in any direction so far as I could see. In other examples I had always seen some way to begin and to go forward, even if that way at last proved to be incorrect or too difficult, and had to be abandoned for a better one; but in this case I could see no path or passageway at all, either good or bad. It seemed to me that I had been sitting for three hours gazing at the solid face of a wall of rock, and absurdly expecting to see a pathway through it. I had never done harder work in my life, and it seemed to have been utterly wasted. But the facts were exact-

ly the reverse of all this seeming. I had really accomplished the work I had attempted. I had virtually solved the problem, although I did not yet in the least suspect it. My mind had been slowly gathering the momentum which was to sweep the barriers away; or to use the figure of Vinet, the mental brooding was already complete, and the life was ready to appear. In a few minutes after I left the field, and without any more study, the true method of solution suddenly occurred to me, and with a few rapid figures I had the "Goose question" all complete. But the success at last was no chance-work, no happy stroke of luck; it was the direct and natural result of three hours of intense mental struggle. The experience I had with that example taught me to brood over difficult questions and subjects hour after hour with steady confidence, whether I could see any progress or not. And the final results have always justified the confidence.

Sir Isaac Newton is famous for his wonderful discoveries, both in mathematics and in natural sciences. It is doubtful whether any other name stands higher in the entire world of scientists. He is especially famous for the solution of great problems. It is instructive to note his habits of study. It is related of him that at one time in his later life he shut himself

up in his study, giving orders to his attendants that he should not be disturbed in any way till he called them. They left him alone until, after many hours, they became alarmed by his silence, and knocked at his door. This brought no answer; and at last, after repeated calls, fearing he was dead or dying, they burst open the door, and found him lying on the floor among his papers alive and well, but so lost in some profound calculations in science that he had heard no call and did not know that he was much exhausted for lack of food. He mildly reproved them for interrupting him by saying that they had caused the loss of that which might perhaps never be regained. It is even asserted of him that at one time his foot was seriously burned at a slow fire before he awaked from his studies so as to be aware that anything was wrong. If any thoughtless person should fail to see the important lesson which is contained in these facts, by looking only at the extravagance of such utter abandon to deep meditation, such a person may safely be congratulated that, unlike Newton, he is in no danger of thinking so deeply as to suffer any burning of the foot, nor is he liable to any overstraining of the head, nor is he likely to imitate Sir Isaac in solving problems or making discoveries.

I have spoken of deep and long-continued meditation, "mental incubation," or brooding, as especially applicable to the work of solving problems; but it applies equally to the work of *developing a subject* for sermon, speech, essay or lecture. No one who has not practiced it and watched its progress and results can imagine the delight of the thinker as he observes the certainty of its action and sees it bring striking results out of the most unpromising subjects.

In creating this momentum it is a great value to read some noble author; some grand, inspiring passage, either in prose or poetry. Twenty or thirty minutes so spent, even though the topic is very different, is a good preparation for thinking and writing.

In these facts and principles which we have been tracing we may discern a rich reward or premium which Nature bestows upon the diligent mental worker; it sounds like a paradox, but it is strictly true that in such mental work he that works hardest works least; he has the easiest time; for when once the tide of mental force has set in he works without effort and with keen delight. Here is the reward of the diligent. On the other hand the one who gives only half his strength to his tasks constantly despises himself and has heavy work all the time. And thus lazy folks work the hardest;

or as the old proverb says, "Lazy folks always take the most pains."

But of all the curious and interesting applications of this principle, perhaps none is more striking than this, viz., mental momentum often enables a weaker intellect to be as powerful for the time as one that is naturally stronger. And by this I do not merely mean that it can accomplish as much by working harder and longer. I mean that in this exalted state which I have described, the intellect which is weaker by nature often has actually as strong a mental grasp as the other. Of course it will be seen at once that this is strictly according to the analogy we are tracing; for in the case of matter the fundamental principle is, that the momentum of a moving body is always equal to the product of its weight and its velocity. From this it follows that a body of less weight can equal in force or momentum one of greater weight by simply increasing its velocity. If one pile-driver has a weight of a thousand pounds and another of only five hundred the second will strike as powerful a blow as the first if it be simply raised a little higher.

Something exactly parallel to this is found in the world of mind. Here also, as well as in matter, momentum is the product of weight and velocity, or, in other words,

of mental power and mental tension. Each person's mental force at a given moment is the product of his native and acquired capacity multiplied by the degree of intensity or exaltation of its present action. We have all observed that in debates and other trials of mental strength it will often result that one man has unexpectedly surpassed the others and even as we say surpassed himself. We are apt to conclude that he has a more powerful intellect than the others, and more powerful than we had previously supposed; but the greater probability is that he has simply availed himself of the help of the mighty force which is contained in mental momentum. Here lies a lesson for everyone who has eyes to see.

VIII

My Memories of Garfield

VIII

MY MEMORIES OF GARFIELD

These *Memories of Garfield* constitute but little more than half of what the writer planned and had material for. Pressure of work and at last ill health kept him from completing them. He often said that he owed a greater debt to Garfield than to all his other teachers together.

A. R. A.

Our books and papers are full of anecdotes of famous men. Which of them are genuine and which spurious? And of those which are correct in the surface matters of fact, which are so told as to convey the real impression of the living man, neither better nor worse? Henry Ward Beecher has publicly declared that many of the common anecdotes about him are mere inventions. And those who knew personally the famous revivalist, Pres. Finney, of Oberlin, are often struck with the fact that the popular stories of him, though generally based on some actual occurrence, are so dressed up as to make a mere burlesque of his grand words and ways.

As an example of real facts, so told as to convey a false impression, take the stories of Garfield as a canal driver. I shall have occasion to show in another paper that the common representation, that he was up to that time a coarse,

ignorant bully, who looked upon the tow-path as his natural level, *is absurdly false.*

The writers of the campaign biographies of all candidates for the Presidency are so accustomed to eulogize and glorify their heroes; and indeed nearly all biographers do so enlarge common things by the use of superlatives, of grandiloquent phrases, and of the magnifying glass of the imagination, that the thoughtful mind naturally inquires how large the man really was before the biographer inflated him for exhibition.

Dickens tells us that when he first visited this country (in 1842) nearly every man to whom he was introduced was privately described to him as "one of the most *remarkable* men in our country, sir." Dickens says he came to expect this in connection with every introduction.

Those who read these "memories," if they did not themselves know the man, or if they were not familiar with any special fact which I may mention, may perhaps often question as I have done in similar cases, Is this a faithful record? Are we getting a true picture of the man, or is he magnified, glorified and idealized? Having a strong sympathy with such inquirers, I would like to give them such assurances as

shall lead them to read with at least such enjoyment as comes from perfect confidence.

I intend before closing this series of papers to present "*A Critical Estimate of General Garfield*," including his gifts, acquirements and character. And whatever merits or demerits that chapter may have it will at least convince every reader that while I admired and loved him greatly, believed in him profoundly, and felt the deepest gratitude for what he did for me, I was not so blinded by admiration as not to see his defects as well as his excellencies, and that it is my *intention* to give his life and character their just dues and no more.

As to opportunities to observe, besides the fact that I watched him closely for thirty years, it was my great privilege and good fortune, which I consider one of the greatest of my life, to be one of that great company of young men and women, now scattered throughout the United States, and indeed throughout the world, who studied at Hiram in the decade between 1851 and 1861, the decade which exactly includes Garfield's active connection with the school, first as student and then as teacher. Those entire ten years I spent either *in* Hiram or so close to it as to feel constantly the strong pulse of life that was beating there—so close to it as to breathe constantly the inspiration of all

it had that was good and great. I was just at the age to be most powerfully impressed by such a mind and character as his. I was fourteen and he was twenty when I first began to meet him, and a year later he became my teacher. During those ten years I had rare opportunities, reciting to him and teaching as assistant, to see and know exactly what he was in every respect.

As I recall the scenes of those wonderful years, wonderful to me then, and none the less so now when I judge them critically from the distance of more than a quarter of a century, I am reminded of Whittier's tribute to Robert Burns, whose songs had captivated his boyhood so long before, and become so largely the inspiration of his own poetry:

"Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

"The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

* * * * * * *

"I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing."

As some who read these papers may not

be familiar with the towns of "The Western Reserve," I shall attempt to make clear the relative position of those places which are the most prominently connected with Garfield's life in Ohio, by the use of a method which I borrow from Victor Hugo:

The Garfield Capital A.

On the map of Ohio, from Cleveland east and southeast let the reader imagine a gigantic capital A—the top of the letter at Hiram, the right foot at Cleveland, and the left at Mentor. The base of the letter is thus on the south shore of Lake Erie, and the letter itself points to the southeast. The cross-bar starts a little north of Solon station on the Erie R. R. and runs northeast to Chester and a little beyond. The right bar of the A is a little more and the left bar a little less than thirty miles long. From foot to foot of the letter is a little more than twenty miles and the length of the cross-bar about twelve. There are no roads which exactly follow these lines.

On this letter A can be arranged and kept clear in the mind all of Garfield's home life except that which was spent in Washington. Along the line of the cross-bar are all the scenes of his childhood, and most of those of his youth and earliest manhood. A little north of the

point where the cross-bar joins the right side of the letter is the spot where he was born, the home of his boyhood, in Orange, three and one-half miles north of Solon. From this point down the right side of the A to the foot at Cleveland, he went at sixteen to be a sailor on the lake, or, as it turned out, to be a driver on the canal. Along the cross-bar ten miles to the northeast he went to Chester, his first schooling away from home. Two miles south of his home, at the junction of the cross-bar with the right side of the letter is the Ledge, where at eighteen he taught his first school. Close by is Bentleyville, where he attended meeting, and the little stream in which at eighteen he was baptized. Hiram, at the top of the A, is the school where he prepared for college, and took half his college course, and where he afterwards did his grand work of teaching. Mentor, at the left foot, was his later home, the Mecca for the throngs of pilgrims in his Presidential campaign, and is the permanent home of his family. Cleveland, at the right foot, was the place of his funeral, and is the place of his tomb and of the Garfield monument. All along the right bar of the letter are the churches to which he preached most frequently, and in several cases regularly, Hiram, Mantua, Aurora, Solon, Bedford, Newburgh, Cleveland.

My Memories of Garfield

II

MILLIONS of people have admired the wonderful career of President Garfield and have been profoundly impressed by the breadth and strength of his character. If it were possible to do so, it must be both interesting and profitable to learn how the foundations of that grand life structure were laid. And it is possible, for he has in many ways, though quietly and without parade, left traces here and there of his methods of work from earliest boyhood. "The child is father of the man," says the proverb, or, in other words, a man is what he was, as a child, consciously or unconsciously preparing himself to be. Was this true of Garfield? One would think not, if he judged by the common notions of what he was when he worked on the canal. But a few pictures which I have gathered almost entirely from himself show what the boy and the young man was like; and show most clearly that in his case, as in all others, the child was father of the man.

All who ever knew him as a man have observed in him the qualities of a natural leader, the prompt and positive decision, the readiness to bear responsibility, the cool, steady courage.

Other things being equal, these qualities are

more likely to be developed in the oldest child of a family, because in most cases the oldest has the vigorous and sometimes rugged schooling of actually carrying heavy responsibilities in childish years.

James was the youngest of the family, but he had while very young the kind of schooling I have named. I have heard him state that his mother had for a long time the care of a child which suffered frequently from severe and sudden attacks of sickness. These attacks often came on in the night. Partly because the father of the family was dead and perhaps partly because of the absence from home of older children, James, while yet quite young, was often the chief or only helper of his mother. He said that he had often been waked at night from sound sleep by the sudden alarm, and that he believed that such experience, long continued, had done much to develop in him habits of self-control, self-reliance, courage and firmness.

I have spoken of false notions about his life on the canal. His rise from poverty and obscurity to the highest position was so rapid and brilliant that it has dazzled the popular imagination, and has led to a tendency to exaggerate the rapidity of his progress. Since he began life in poverty, and since he did at

one time drive on the canal, it seems to suit the popular fancy to believe that up to his sixteenth year he was an ignorant young savage whose natural element was the life on the canal with its mule driving and fist fighting. If this were so, of course it would make the transformation more wonderful, and his rise more rapid. The chief objection to this view is that it is utterly false. It is one of Josh Billings "facts that aint so." But it may be added that it does great injustice to his Christian mother, for in reality his education, intellectual and moral, had not been at all neglected. The truth is that much more has been made of the little accident of his working for a few weeks on the canal than it deserves. I have called it "an accident," and that is exactly the relation it bears to the progress of his life. Yet it gives a fine picture of his character at sixteen. Some of the facts I get from the canal captain's letter in Balch's "Life of Garfield." It is easy to see in them every trait of his later character. We see here in miniature the scholar, the teacher, the soldier, the general, the lawyer, the statesman.

In the first place neither his mother nor himself ever intended that he should go on the canal. He started from home intending to be a sailor on the lake and then on the ocean,

expecting some time to be captain of a sea-going vessel. But when he offered himself for a sailor he was hooted at for being a "land lubber" and "greenhorn." This was mortifying as a mere matter of coarse insult; but it was much worse than that, for it threatened to spoil two plans on which his heart was set. He had left home determined to be a sailor and also to earn money immediately. But it now occurred to him that if he was too awkward and untrained to ship as a sailor, the canal, right there before him, might be a training school in which he could partially fit himself for the lake. This thought was the more natural to him because his father, as contractor, had helped to build that very canal. Another important fact was that the canal boat that lay there, *The Evening Star*, was commanded and half owned by Captain Amos Letcher, an old, familiar friend and near relative of young Garfield. Their familiarity is shown by the fact that Garfield went aboard *The Evening Star* and clapped the captain on the shoulder with the salutation, "Hello, Ame! What are you doing here?"

He had hoped that on the canal he could get one of the best places; but there was no vacancy except in the lowest place, to drive the team on the tow path. So he at once took charge of his team, "Kit" and "Nance," on

the trip from Cleveland to Pittsburgh; for he meant to make this the first round of the ladder by which he would climb to be a captain on the ocean. Two qualities which he showed in later years are plainly visible here. The boy that would not go home without gaining his two points of earning some money and taking some lessons for making a sailor shows pluck and perseverance. That boy is the father of that general who, in spite of terrific obstacles, forced the relief-boat up the flooded current of the Big Sandy and saved his little army.

But the boy shows another mark of his later character; there are few things that hinder more young men from rising than an unwillingness to begin with small things. He was willing to begin at the bottom and *build up by doing work of a high order in a low place.* He showed that same disposition in every step of his life.

That his education had not been neglected is evident from what Captain Letcher says. He states that he himself had already taught school three terms, and that he tested his new hand the first day, while they were idle in one of the locks, to see how much the boy knew. In spite of his own conceit, as a teacher, he found the boy knew more about such subjects

than he did, and he "told him he had too good a head to be a common canal hand."

These things remind us of the scholar and teacher of later times. Another circumstance of curious interest when we remember that he became a great lawyer and law-maker. The captain says that almost the first day Garfield drove for him their boat met another at one of the locks. The meeting was so timed that it was not quite clear which reached the lock first. The crews of both boats were ready at once for a fight over the right-of-way. Captain Letcher admits that he had already yielded to the bull-dog fighting spirit of his men. But the new hand came to him and said: "Does that lock belong to us, captain?" The answer was: "I suppose according to law, it does not; but we'll have it all the same." "*No; we will not*," said Garfield. "Why not?" said the captain. "Why?" (with a look of indignation I shall never forget), "Why, because it don't *belong* to us." The captain had sense enough to side with the young champion of peace, order and legal rights, and called the men back; and so the other boat went first. Of course the crew, the young bruisers, called Garfield a coward because he would not fight for his boat, "right or wrong." So they picked at him until he concluded that the only way to

have peace was to fight for it. When they found that he *could* fight and was not afraid they all came to like him. It was a part of his nature to make friends wherever he went. He worked on the canal only that one trip, from Cleveland to Pittsburgh and back.

The little affair of the lock, where he boldly took ground against the crew of his own boat, and even against the captain, simply because "*by law*" it didn't "*belong*" to them, shows that the great lawyer who argued important cases before the United States Supreme Court, and the statesman who staked his entire career on the then unpopular proposition that the nation must keep faith with the public creditor by paying the bonds in gold, *because they had sold them with that express or implied promise*, grew in a natural way from a boy who studied questions of legal rights, formed opinions for himself, and had the courage of his convictions, even when those convictions were unpopular.

In view of all these facts it is safe to say that the popular notion that Garfield in his early life was a young rough who passed his youth in fighting on the tow path is a curious *myth* grown up around a modern historical character.

My Memories of Garfield

III

Among the questions as to how and by what influence Garfield's character was molded, none are more interesting than this, how did his early poverty affect his character and his career? It is hardly possible to doubt that if his native gifts of every kind, including his noble ambition and his great energy, had been assisted from childhood by such ample means and opportunities of culture as were enjoyed by Sumner, Longfellow and Lowell, he would have made some valuable attainments which he never reached. But there are many reasons why we can never regret that he started from the bottom of the social ladder. If he had been born to wealth and culture the chances would have been very great that, like the vast majority of those so born, he might have been led to spend his life in the luxuries of cultured ease, his mighty powers never roused to their highest exercise. And even if that evil had been avoided, and if he had accomplished, by the aid of a favorable start, greater things than he ever attained, still his country and the world would have lost the precious legacy he has left us,—the mighty inspiration for the millions of his rapid race from obscurest poverty to the foremost statesmanship of our nation.

But still again if he had been born to wealth and culture, or even to liberal competence, one important feature of his career would have been impossible; for it was an essential part of that career that he touched the hearts of all classes, and bound them to himself in a peculiar sense of fellowship, brotherhood and sympathy. There is a tradition, true or false, that in ages past, when Egypt was in the height of her glory, it was an established custom in that land that no king should be crowned until he had first been prepared for his high office by a period of training in which he should thoroughly taste every common form of suffering, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, weariness,—all the pains which largely prevail among the poor. And the object of this was that he might sympathize with his people, might really understand the lives of those whom he ruled.

It was a part of Garfield's power to move and mold the hearts of the millions because he had as a child lived on plainest fare in a humble log cabin; had earned some of his first money as a boy by chopping a hundred cords of wood for a neighbor; had, in the expressive phrase of the west, "roughed it" on the Ohio canal; had cooked his own food at the Chester Seminary, living for months on an expense for board of less than fifty cents a week; had as a carpenter

built or helped to build houses and barns and churches; had taught the country school in winter to earn money on which to go to school in the spring; had paid his way when he first went to Hiram by ringing the bell and building the fires for the school; had gone through Williams College on money earned by himself before and after he finished the college course; in short, had known by hard experience the struggles and privations, the sorrows and the joys, the mortifications and the triumphs which make up the lives of the people.

We must not close this subject of how his character was built without inquiring how his grand successes and triumphs were obtained; whether he rose to his great eminence by the leaps of lucky venture and the flights of native genius, or on the other hand by the patient climbing of hard work.

One of the most false, mischievous and demoralizing notions, common among young people, is that the men who do great things in the world do them in an easy, off-hand way, without half trying, that they do them simply as "strokes of genius." Garfield's career gives no encouragement to any such folly. It is undeniable that he had great native powers, both of body and mind, but it is equally certain

that he studied with tremendous energy and the most heroic endurance.

Here are some hints of his methods of study as stated by himself. His first Latin reading was Cæsar. He had just come to Hiram for his first term in his twentieth year. He had had six weeks only of preparatory Latin training. He found it very puzzling to pick out the meaning of a sentence in Cæsar. He was especially confused by the fact that nearly every Latin word had from six to a dozen different definitions. He found out that he must not take the first meaning of every Latin word, but must pick out the meanings to match together in some such zig-zag order as this: let the Latin words for convenience be called A, B, C, D, etc.; the English translation consisted, for example, of the third meaning of A, the first of B, the tenth of C, the second of D, the seventh of E, and so on. But how was any one to know which to choose of the many meanings for each word? It seemed all guesswork, to be tested at last by seeing whether the parts fitted each other. He grappled with the difficulties in a way of his own. He wrote out the whole Latin sentence on a broad page so as to have all the Latin words in a straight line. Then from the vocabulary he took all the meanings of the first Latin word and wrote them in a column

under the first word. He did the same for each word in the sentence. He then set himself to the Herculean task of trying every possible combination of these definitions, starting with the first meanings of all the words except the last, he tried those with all the meanings of the last word. Then he took the same round with the meanings of the next to the last word, and then with the one before that, and so on. When at last he found a combination that "made sense" he considered the riddle solved. I do not speak of this as a good method. Of course it is not. I offer it simply as a part of the proof that the man who dazzled the nation by his brilliant achievements gained his successes *by patient, plodding toil.*

That fall when he was reading Cæsar he occupied a room with three or four other students. As this did not give him sufficient quiet for his idea of best study he adopted the practice of spending his evenings alone in one of the recitation rooms of the college, Miss Booth's room. There he would spread his books before him on the table and plunge into study with such abandon as few students know anything about. I have heard him say that it usually took him four hours to read out his Cæsar lesson; that during those four hours it was his rule never even once to look up from his books; and that

when the lesson was done and he straightened up to look around he seldom knew at first in what building he was. He had to pause and look at the surroundings and find himself, as we often do after a night's sleep in a strange town.

Such facts as these would almost lead us to believe that, as some one has said, "Great talent is simply a genius for hard work." It is a well attested fact that he carried these same habits of long continued, patient and severe study with him through life. It was by such work as this that he gained his laurels at Williams College and his triumphs as teacher at Hiram. His seventeen years as member of Congress were crowded with just such laborious and heroic study, and it was thus that his committee work and his speeches were made so tremendously effective. And, strange as it may seem, it is literally true that his rapid rise in the army, his great success as Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, and even his brilliant victory over Humphrey Marshall, which decided the fate of Kentucky in the whole war,—all these were largely due to his habits of study. If this be doubted, let it be remembered that the fate of great battles, and therefore of empires, has often turned on knowledge of the geography of the battlefield and its region.

Victor Hugo says that the fate of Waterloo, and with it the fate of Napoleon and of Europe, turned on the fact that Napoleon, when he ordered the Guard, that wonderful body of cavalry, to make that last fatal charge, did not know that right across their path lay that terrible sunken road, the cross-bar of that famous "letter A."

Just ten years after Garfield finished that study of Cæsar in the lonely college room at Hiram, the same man was in Louisville, Ky., waiting for his orders from General Buel. He spent the night of December 19, 1861, in an equally lonely room at the hotel in study equally severe and exhaustive. He was not now dealing with Gaul, Cæsar, Ariovistus, the Helvetians and the Allobriges, but with Kentucky, Buel, Thomas, Zollikoffer and Humphrey Marshall. He spent the night in mastering the geography of Kentucky and in maturing a plan of campaign based on that mastery. The success of the national arms in Kentucky and in all that western half of the entire field of the war was powerfully affected by his rare knowledge of the country. And that knowledge was gained by the same kind of long-continued mental grapple that conquered the difficulties of Cæsar at Hiram.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

So sings Longfellow. Who has better illustrated it than Garfield?

IV

It is not often that we can remember at a distance of thirty or forty years the scene and the circumstances of our first seeing a given person unless our interest in him had been aroused in advance. I have a very distinct remembrance of the time, now more than thirty-five years past, when I first heard the name *Garfield* and first saw the man. It was in the college chapel at Hiram. One of the societies, probably the now forgotten *Eclectic Literary Society*, was holding a "Public Lyceum" on an evening in the fall, I believe, of 1851. I had come from the farm home to catch the inspiration of the occasion. There were orations, essays and declamations, and a debate by four speakers. Among the debaters was a young fellow I had never heard of before whose name was *Garfield*. I can see him now as he took the stand to make his speech. He was not introduced to the audience in any impressive way. He was not as yet particularly prominent

in the school, having been there I think but a single term. There was no prophet there to read the future and sharpen our attention to the youth and to his speech by telling us that this was Major General Garfield of the coming Civil War—"Garfield of Ohio," a leading orator in Congress—James A. Garfield, President of the United States; so we listened to his speech in an impartial and critical spirit. On our way home our carriage load of six compared notes as to the excellence of different performances. My own opinion was prompt and positive: "I think that *that Garfield* beat them all. His speech was the most solid and clear." But whether my boyish opinion was correct or not, it was evident that he had not "carried the day" overwhelmingly, for our company disagreed as to the comparative merits of his speech.

The next of these views which memory has preserved is a scene on Commencement Day at Hiram. I think that was one of the years when the exercises were held in the orchard in the northeast corner of the college campus It was customary in Hiram then to have an original colloquy for such occasions. And in this case they had dramatized the Bible story of *Queen Esther*. It was written, I have understood, by Miss Booth, Mr. Garfield and Corydon E. Fuller. Garfield was *Ahasuerus*, and Lucre-

tia Randolph, now Mrs. Garfield, was *Queen Esther.* I remember very vividly the scene in which the queen, at the risk of her life, presents herself uncalled to ask audience of the king on his throne, in order to save the lives of her doomed people. Garfield's large size and great dignity suited well with the flowing eastern robes; and he bore the part of *King Ahasuerus* to perfection. He probably never looked half so grand and magnificent as Major General, or as President of the United States, as he did when he graciously extended the golden scepter to *Queen Esther* as she kneeled before the throne.

In the fall of that same year, 1852, when he was nearly twenty-one, he began to teach a few classes at Hiram. He soon became immensely popular with his pupils. One of his classes was a class in arithmetic, numbering about a hundred, and meeting in the "lower chapel." He was not as yet my teacher in anything, but I visited that class to watch his work and his methods. The time must be nearly thirty-five years ago, but the scene and the central figure, as I see them in memory, seem like those of yesterday. The class was of only medium advancement, fresh from the country schools. He had them all ablaze with enthusiasm and eagerness. And it was evident at a glance that they

had taken the contagion from him. Before a large class like that he never sat nor even stood. Whenever I recall the scene, I am reminded of "John Brown's soul" in the famous war song, for his powerful figure is always "marching on." The whole form is eloquent with action and every feature of the face is alive with expression. He maintains an incessant and rapid fire of questions, calling every scholar by name, taking the class at random, sending a single shot to the right, another to the left, one to the front and one to the rear, and then sweeping the whole room with a broadside of a half-dozen questions to "the class." It is impossible for any one to be inattentive in the class, for it is perfectly well understood that the sharpshooter is on the watch for such a one, and will certainly pick him off with the very next question, to the great delight and amusement of the class. As he paces actively to and fro in front of the class, he punctuates his questions with gestures, using as much action of that kind as a public speaker. These gestures are almost all with the left hand, and it is evident that he makes them, not of set purpose, but unconsciously, just as the boy whistled in school—he did not whistle; "it whistled itself."

His power over such a large class was very abso-

lute, even at that early date. An example of that power and of his self-possession occurred in that same arithmetic class. The class was made up of ladies and gentlemen in nearly equal numbers. One day he was making one of the rapid inspiring reviews in which he delighted, and in which he had every scholar on the alert to be first and promptest to catch the flying questions. Suddenly, without observing the fact, he asked a question whose words were capable of a double meaning; in the sense which he intended, the question was plain and proper arithmetic; but in another sense the words would contain an indelicate and highly improper allusion. All uncultured persons have a tendency to laugh at anything like a blunder, and puns and plays upon words are amusing to everybody. The young men of the class were of the younger and less cultured portion of the school, and many of them broke out into an audible laugh, or at least a suppressed titter. If he had lost control of the class, even for a moment, the situation would have been in the last possible degree embarrassing to all who were present. Just before him on the desk lay a large book. Quick as lightning he lifted the book by one end like a hammer and brought it down on the heavy desk with a blow that startled every person in the room. The laughter

was annihilated as quick as if a platoon of soldiers had fired at the class. For an instant he stood at his fullest height, his eyes, indignant and imperious, searching every quarter of the room for any offender who dared to trifle with the proprieties of such a gathering. Then, without a word of comment, he flung out the next question of his review—and in an instant the whole class was in full career of rapid questions and answers just as if nothing had occurred. Such an annoyance was probably never disposed of quicker in any class that ever met. But it is probable that those present never forgot the lesson which he taught them without using even a single word.

He taught at Hiram two years, from the summer of '52 to that of '54, and then was gone two years to complete his college course at Williams, Mass. I was his pupil in only one class before he went to college, a class in *Greene's Analysis of English Grammar.* That class met in the room so long known as "Garfield's Room," the one on the second floor of the north wing in the old college building. It is proverbial that almost all scholars consider grammar the one dull, dry study. But he certainly made analysis very attractive for us all. He used the blackboard incessantly; indeed, in all my mental pictures of that term's work,

every eye in the class is always intent upon the board. If any classification was to be impressed upon our memories, or any list of items of any kind, he always relied upon the eye more than upon the ear. If a sentence was to be analyzed, he preferred to have it upon the board, so that all eyes could be upon the same thing and a single touch of the pointer could save many words and much delay. Indeed, he relied so greatly upon the board, that in later years when he was actively engaged in preaching, he used to say that the time would come when a blackboard would be considered a necessary part of every pulpit.

Before closing these "earliest memories" of him, I wish to speak of Garfield's personal appearance and bearing in those days. I have seen in print a statement by an old Hiram student, which seems to me to give an entirely wrong impression of the matter. I wish to correct that statement, at least so far as to bear the testimony of my observation to the contrary.

Here is his description of Mr. Garfield's appearance and style: "He was full of animal spirits, and he used to run out on the green almost every day and play cricket with us. He was a tall, strong man, but dreadfully awkward. Every now and then he would get a hit

on the nose, and he muffed his ball and lost his hat as a regular thing. He was left-handed, too, and that made him seem all the more clumsy. But he was most powerful and very quick."

Now I have great respect for the gentleman who wrote the above, and entire confidence in his veracity. But I was never more astonished in my life than when I saw his statement; for I think he has given a radically incorrect picture of the man. And to make my astonishment the greater, he professes to be describing him not in the time of which I have been speaking, when he was a mere assistant teacher, but at a time five or eight years later, when he was at the head of the Eclectic Institute (Hiram College), a school then of three hundred ladies and gentlemen—at a time when he should have gained much in appearance and bearing. As I myself had extraordinary opportunities for seeing him during those years in every possible form of work or recreation, and as my picture of Garfield differs fundamentally from the above, I can only account for my friend's statement in the following way: I accept without hesitation every individual fact of which he says he was an eyewitness; but I must conclude that he has thoughtlessly *generalized*, as people constantly do, from one or two incidents; and, second, I

must conclude that my friend's *antecedents* have affected his judgment in such cases; he belongs to a large tribe of physically small men, or (if they are not in every case small), at least light and slender men; and so, as I suspect, every man who is large and broad seems to him "awkward" and "clumsy."

Every person who takes his idea of Garfield from his description, never having seen the man, will think of him as a strange, uncouth, overgrown, country clown, who was always making a mess of everything he touched, always stumbling and blundering into the wrong place and making himself an object of pity or the butt of ridicule. He makes him appear very like the giants in "Jack, the Giant Killer" (except that he was good natured and did not eat people), for the giants, though huge and powerful, were always being caught in the pits and traps prepared for them by smaller men.

Now the true picture of the man differs almost infinitely from all this. But in the first place it is true that he was not a faultless model in bearing and style. Neither his early training nor his greatest ambition tended to that result. Even in his latest years, and when he had reached the highest station, his manners could not be considered courtly, elegant, nor even, in

the emphatic sense, polished. They were on the other hand plain, simple, kind, hearty, free and familiar. In the matter of dress he never was stylish or elegant, but had rather the plain and every-day look of the business man.

But on the other hand he was a man of fine and admirable figure and carriage. His height was just about six feet; his weight in early manhood about two hundred, and in later life a little more. He was remarkably well proportioned, and had a firm and close knit frame. His hands and feet were small for his size and shapely. His chest was broad and deep, his head uncommonly large and exceedingly well set and well carried. Two days after his nomination for the presidency I saw him on the platform at the Hiram Reunion. I sat within a few feet of him during the delivery of his address, and, believing fully that he would be the next President of the United States, I took a deliberate and critical survey of him with the question in mind, what sort of a president he would seem to be. And my conclusion was that it would be difficult to picture a more perfect body of the ample and massive type. In face and feature he certainly was not a handsome man in the school-girl sense of that term; perhaps the majority of strangers would not vote that his face was handsome at all; but

those who had seen it a thousand times and had watched its play of thought and feeling—its calm, its storm and its sunshine—all such thought it exceedingly attractive, even if not, strictly speaking, handsome.

As to the statement that he was "clumsy" and "dreadfully awkward," the facts would seem to me to be exactly the reverse. He had as perfect control of his body as any man I ever saw. In all the years in which I saw him every day and almost every hour of the day and in an infinite variety of occupations, so far as I can by any effort recall, I never saw him fall or lose his balance, never saw him slip or trip or stumble even in the least, never saw him make any kind of blunder that should put him at a disadvantage; on the contrary, his step was always elastic and sure, and light for one of his weight, and his hands and fingers were deft, so that he regularly and easily accomplished whatever he tried to do.

Many special facts might be given to illustrate my general statement: He wrote a very pleasing and graceful hand; this can still be seen in the many fac-similes connected with his portraits and his published works; but in early manhood his hand was still better before it had been injured by crowding work and consequent haste.

In his early student life at Hiram he rang the college bell; the bell was large, heavy and deep-toned. It was not uncommon with the different janitors to turn the bell clear over after a few pulls at the rope had set it to swinging heavily; and the deep, rapid tones which proclaimed that the wheel was going over and over were recognized by everybody in town; it was often told in Hiram that when Garfield rang the bell he used often to enter the lower hall where the bell rope hung and jump so high to catch the rope and come down upon it so heavily that the great bell went clear over at the very first stroke. This when done at five o'clock of a winter morning was a very lively salute to all the sleeping town. It was said there that no other man had ever performed that feat in Hiram.

In those times of his early student life at Hiram it is said that he often gave another proof of his extraordinary activity and quickness; it is very common for boys and young men to try to jump from the floor and rap the feet together twice before alighting; to do it so that two distinct raps can be heard is a pretty severe test of the activity of a boy. It was the common report in the days when he rang the bell that he often jumped from the floor and rapped his feet together three times before

alighting. I never saw another who could do that.

And finally it may be truly said, in a sweeping way, that he made a success of everything he touched and appeared to advantage everywhere. I saw him in company with all ages and classes, in every kind of social group and in every form of occupation, and I never once saw him defeated or put to the blush. He was always master of himself and master of the situation. He took on no airs of superiority or dictatorship, but his students and other people always looked up to him with extraordinary deference and profound love and admiration. Wherever he went and whatever he undertook he seemed always and everywhere a natural born leader, a prince and chieftain among men.

V

HIS REMARKABLE WORK AT HIRAM

GARFIELD first came to Hiram as a student in his twentieth year, in August, 1851. He became a student-teacher there in his twenty-first year. In his twenty-third, he entered Williams College as a Junior; in his twenty-fifth, he graduated and returned to Hiram as a regular teacher; in his twenty-sixth, he became the head of the institution; and in his thirtieth

year, he enlisted in the army and left Hiram, never to act as one of its teachers again. He taught in Hiram therefore only seven years in all, and was at the head of the school only four years. But during that time he accomplished a work which it is difficult to describe as it deserves without seeming to exaggerate. It is now more than twenty-six years since I left Hiram to finish my college course elsewhere, after having been under his personal instruction for about five years. I have had many opportunities of comparing his work with that of other educators. I had many other able instructors in Hiram; and after I left Hiram I had a still larger number of teachers, strong men in their several college professorships. I have had opportunity of observing closely and critically the work of several colleges which in outside show—number of students, extent of buildings, list of professors and general display of wealth—would eclipse Hiram and make it look very insignificant indeed. But I have never had any other instructor that was worthy to be compared with him; and after all these twenty-six years of observation I still look upon the Hiram of those days as the greatest educational institution I ever knew. If with my present knowledge of colleges I could go back thirty years and begin over again, I would

prefer Hiram under his management to any other college in America.

He himself greatly honored and admired his college president, Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams, and felt that he had received remarkable benefit from personal contact with him. He expressed in the following striking way his sense of the worth of the inspirations he received from his great teacher. (He was speaking of the effect of the noblest minds upon the students under their influence): He said that if he could have his choice for an opportunity of education between a college amply supplied with fine buildings and a complete outfit of the costliest apparatus, but manned with merely an ordinary class of average college professors, and on the other hand simply a log in the woods with President Hopkins sitting on one end as teacher and himself on the other as student, he would choose the log and President Hopkins. I have no hesitation in saying the same of him which he says of the Doctor, and thus expressing my own sense of the value of the work he did in Hiram.

I have never ceased to look back with astonishment and admiration at the way in which he left his impress upon every student who remained long under his instruction. It constantly presents itself to my mind as *a*

gigantic example in multiplication. A child just mastering the beginnings of arthmetic writes down a long line of figures consisting of ones, twos and threes; then he multiplies the entire line by two or by three; in his product all the figures are twice or three times as great as those in the original number. In those days of which I am writing I saw Garfield place before himself, not long lines of digits, but living ranks of flesh and blood, young men and women, and by the wondrous magic of his touch he doubled, trebled or quadrupled each one in respect to that sum total which includes mental strength and practical power. If it be asked where these men and women are, I reply they are to be found all over the State of Ohio, and even scattered over the United States; there are teachers, preachers, lawyers and writers whose value to the community is twice and in some cases three or four times as great as it ever would have been if they had not been trained by him. I have often wished that he could have devoted his whole life to the work of education. If he had done so he would certainly have been the head of one of the largest institutions in our country, with many hundreds, probably thousands, of students around him. And his value to the United States in such a field of labor, where he could have

molded the young men and women of the land, would have been almost beyond computation.

Such assertions concerning his power as an educator suggest the question, wherein lay the superiority of his work? What were the elements of its greatness? And I consider this a most important question; for while much of his power was the effect of his personal qualities, and could not be gained by most of us, yet on the other hand if the story of his work be faithfully written and properly studied, many a teacher and many a parent can learn thereby to do a nobler work by far than he otherwise would.

In the famous story of Samson, the giant of the land of Israel—giant in strength if not in stature—the one question which was urged over and over again by Delilah, the secret agent of his enemies, was, "Tell me wherein thy great strength lieth?" I have turned a thousand times to the memory-painted figure of my great teacher and asked the same question, tell me wherein thy great strength lay? And it would be of permanent benefit to the entire body of educators in our nation, and to the successive generations of students under their charge, if those educators would study the life and work of President Garfield as a teacher,

and asked him that same question, Tell us wherein thy great strength lay?

In seeking for the answer to this question, it is safe to say that his power did not lie in any special skill as a drill-master, or in any special ability to make the student memorize and retain the contents of any book. If I were to rank on that basis all the teachers I ever had, his name would not be at the head of the list, nor even in the second or third place. (I am not disparaging that kind of ability, for it is valuable in many ways; I am simply stating the facts). Nor again, did he excel in that exceedingly valuable power which some teachers possess of making all students feel that they *must* get their lessons—that whatever else happens it will not *do* to face *that* teacher without being able to recite. Such skill as that is a *power* in schools; but Garfield did not possess it, or else he chose to rely on something else, for he certainly did not use it. In fact if he erred at all in the matter of severity, either as a teacher with his students or as a public officer with his subordinates (as I have sometimes thought he did), it was in the direction of mildness. He hated to put the thumb-screws on anybody, even on rascals whom he knew deserved it.

What, then, was the source and nature of his

extraordinary ability to lead his students onward in such rapid career of progress? I reply that he did not do this by bringing to bear upon them any kind of force from without, either to push, to lift or to pull; but rather he had the skill to put a ferment into the mind of each one and thus to continually generate power from within. The true nature and method of his work among students can be comprehensively expressed in one word, and that word is INSPIRATION! Other teachers excelled him in various points, some in one way and some in another; I have known those who had manners of more polished elegance or more noble dignity, those who were more rigidly accurate, and those who were more fertile and brilliant in invention of methods; but he, more than any other teacher I ever had, more than any other man I ever saw, and so much more as to dwarf all others by comparison, had the power to breathe into whole ranks of students a new spirit—new longings, new hopes, new enthusiasm and new courage and therefore new strength. Or to express his work in a different way, it may be said that he greatly increased for life the *momentum* of all his scholars. It is an old familiar fact that a moving body has momentum, according to the product of its weight and its velocity. If we increase either its weight or its velocity, we

multiply its momentum; and if we increase both weight and velocity, we greatly multiply the momentum. Garfield gave his students large additions of mental weight by added knowledge and added mental discipline; but he did much more than this; he gave them far greater velocity or energy of movement for the rest of their lives; and the product of this increased weight and increased velocity was of necessity a grandly increased momentum.

But of course this explanation of his power and his work is, in one sense of the word, no explanation at all; or in other words, this explanation needs to be explained. For the question at once arises, What gave him this ability to inspire his students, and what was it that enabled him to so increase their velocity and their momentum? The only possible answer to this question is that he was born with a remarkable capacity for just such work, and that his native gifts had been richly cultured. We can, however, analyze this power in him to rouse and inspire, at least so far as to determine and describe its chief elements. This we shall attempt to do, for only by doing so can we hope to imitate in any degree whatever his splendid example.

My Memories of Garfield

VI

GREATNESS OF INTELLECT

I HAVE no doubt that almost all those who knew him will think first of his intellectual strength and vigor. Beyond all doubt there is mental stimulus in all forms of contact with great minds. We are quickened to greater mental activity by simply reading the great thoughts of great men. And the effect upon us is much greater if we meet them familiarly and watch the workings of their minds. To those of the young whose hearts are open and receptive, and whose intellectual life is expanding, the constant presence of a great mind which seeks to rouse and lead them, is almost an education in itself.

It was inspiring to listen to Garfield's grand addresses, which came so often, and upon all sorts of topics. And perhaps it impressed us still more to watch the ceaseless activity of his mind, which made every little conversation with him a genuine contribution to our education.

I have thus placed *greatness of intellect* first in this analysis, chiefly because I believed it would be suggested first by others. But I do not by any means believe that it was the largest element. The man who thinks he has explained Garfield's unbounded influence with his

students when he has named his superior intellect—such a man does not understand the subject at all, and has studied his career to very little practical benefit for himself or others.

GREATNESS OF HEART AND SOUL

The truth is that Garfield was built on a large plan every way. He was large physically—tall, broad and deep-chested. He had a large head—it measured 24 inches in circumference. He had large physical strength and great muscular activity. And, in perfect keeping with all these, he had a great heart and a great soul. He had an almost infinite capacity for friendships. He had the power to give a warm and honest love to a greater number and greater diversity of persons than any one else I ever saw. He seemed to be capable of touching sympathetically almost every type of human being. It is a literal fact, incredible as it may seem, that his warm personal friendships ranged from scholars, poets, scientists, statesmen, financiers, theologians and philanthropists of Europe and America down, not only to the poor and ignorant, but so to include the sot, the horse-thief, and the penitentiary convict. If any one says that friendships with such unworthy people are impossible for a pure and honest man, I reply, that depends entirely on the *nature* of

the friendship and of the association. Christ taught us, both by precept and example, to make friends with the most unworthy in efforts to lead them to a better life.

When Garfield was serving a term in the Ohio Senate he used to visit an old schoolmate who was serving a term in the Ohio Penitentiary. The convict presented him with a token of his love, a cane that he had curiously carved and which I have often seen.

One of Garfield's most devoted friends, whom he really prized, and who was of great value to him, was a man he had known when he was on the Ohio Canal—the scout of the Sandy Valley —Harry Brown. Brown was, even in the time of the war, a drunkard, and, a dozen years later, died a perfect sot. Garfield expressed the opinion in a letter to Edmund Kirke that he sometimes stole horses, at least in the army. But he was ready to die for Garfield, who kept him in his service, and tried in vain to save him from utter ruin. In that letter, admitting that the army thought him "not only a rascal but a rebel," the General says of him: "He was a rare combination of good and bad qualities, with strong traits—a ruined man, and yet underneath the ruins a great deal of generous, self-sacrificing noble-heartedness which made one deplore his fall and yet like him. . . .

My remembrance of him on the canal, together with a feeling that he loved me, made me trust him implicity."

Whether he was loyal to the government or not he was absolutely loyal to Garfield, and was never perfectly happy unless he was risking his life for *Gineral Jim*, which he did every time the Gineral "guv the word." In one great crisis of the campaign on the Big Sandy, Garfield's triumphs, as he himself said to Kirke, depended utterly upon the heroism and devotion of Harry Brown,—on his willingness to die with "Jim Garfield."

Garfield did not forget his devotion nor forsake him in his degradation, but followed him with kind words, substantial assistance and entreaties for a better life, until he died in the hospital at Buffalo, muttering in his delirium about the "Ohio Canal," the "Sandy Valley," and "Jim Garfield."

It is probable that Garfield came to have more warm personal friends than any other man that ever lived on this continent; and most of us have learned that friendship will buy friendship, and love will buy love; and nothing else will. If there is occasionally an apparent exception to this rule, there are no more than there are to the laws of trade. A perfect army of people of almost every possible class claimed

Garfield as a personal friend. And these friendships he bought and paid for "in kind." His intellectual gifts won for him admiration, but it cost more than that to buy the royal jewels of faithful friendship and devoted love.

It was this wonderful heart power—this greatness of heart and soul—this capacity for widest sympathy, and for countless friendships, deep and strong—it was this which more than anything else gave him such boundless influence with his students.

But it is very necessary to look at some of its special forms and manifestations.

APPRECIATIVENESS

There are men who can not appreciate heartily the excellence of others. They have small souls. It gives them pain to hear other people praised. I knew one man in public life who, I was told, resented every word of praise about any other man in his calling. If any one told him of the merits even of his own brother it always irritated him.

There are others who love to talk of themselves incessantly, and who seem never to realize the existence of other people, except as a kind of audience sent into the world to listen to their performances. The wits have described such a person as "like an egg—so full of him-

self that he has no room for anything else."

There are others who are not thus absolutely wrapped up in self. They can see and warmly admire great abilities in others provided these abilities are in the special line in which they themselves excel. But if any person is weak where they are strong, no matter though he may have very rare powers in another direction, enabling him to do a large work in the world, he is of no account in their eyes. Some one has wittily described such persons as looking at the drama of life "*through a very narrow slit;* they see only a few of the players, and only a small part of the play."

It is right here that we come upon some of the most striking evidences of Garfield's greatness. I think he excelled all other persons that I ever knew in appreciativeness. It was not unpleasant to him to hear of the merits of others. He was himself quick to see them, to recognize their full extent, and to speak their praise. We never had any fear that we should offend or annoy him by being enthusiastic in praise of some one else. But another point of still greater significance was that his appreciation seemed to have no limits to its range. He could see and admire the skill, the grace or the power of others in every possible direction, whether he had any gift in that direction or

not. He appreciated the fine work and the promise of any of his scholars with a quick and spontaneous admiration. If this had been expressed usually in compliments to the scholar himself, it might be possible to imagine that it was insincere, or at least that it was simply his habit to say all the pleasant things he could to each one. But the things which I remember were more often not spoken to the individual himself at all. But he said more to me in praise of other students *than all the other teachers I ever had, taken together.* And his habit of mind was just the same with regard to other classes of people. Wherever he went he was always finding somebody who excelled in something, and excited his warm admiration. It was a part of his power over men that he was in heart so thoroughly "*at leisure from himself*" that he could really appreciate others.

ENTHUSIASM

But among all the qualities which enabled Garfield to inspire his students and rouse them to noble efforts, and expand all their powers for the struggle of life, probably none stands higher than his enthusiasm. If he had been of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, all his strength of intellect would have been utterly insufficient. His grand work at Hiram would never have

been done; and his later career would have been equally impossible. But he was gifted with a grand power of enthusiasm. In the presence of any great crisis, in the midst of any great struggle, or when contemplating any sublime object in nature or any grand thought or act, his feeling rose quick and strong like the flaming of a great fire, or the rushing of a mighty tide. He once told me that at the sight of any object of that kind, he felt strange thrills go through him, along his spinal column.

This quality of enthusiasm, united with the appreciativeness of which I have spoken, made him a splendid listener. On all great occasions Garfield was an entire audience in himself. I remember a speech made by C. C. Foote while Garfield was still a student-teacher. It was an evening debate of four speakers. Garfield and Foote were on the same side. Foote made the last speech of all; and it was a grand effort. He completely eclipsed Garfield and all the rest. Garfield watched him with eager admiration during the whole speech; and when Foote, who was a small man, came down in the midst of ringing applause, Garfield sprang up and clasped him in his arms as if he were a hero returned from the battle. If he had been a slow, heavy man, the act would have been

awkward; but with him it was quick, impulsive and natural—and therefore graceful.

He carried this same style through all his work in school and through all his service in the army. And it had a vast influence on what he accomplished in both places. When Garfield's brigade had won the grand victory of Middle Creek, with tremendous odds against them, two officers thanked those soldiers. One was Garfield and the other was Buell, under whom he served. It is curious to observe the style of the two officers. General Buell's thanks are cold, formal and distant. Garfield's are warm, impetuous and enthusiastic. General Buell does not speak himself, but directs his Chief of Staff to speak for him. But even the Chief of Staff does not speak *to* Colonel Garfield and his soldiers; he simply talks *about* them. "The General commanding takes occasion to thank Colonel Garfield and his troops. * * * *They* have overcome formidable difficulties. * * * By command of General Buell. James B. Fry, A. A. G., Chief of Staff."

Garfield's thanks are expressed in the first person. And he speaks *to* his soldiers. And his words would set their hearts *on fire* with enthusiasm:—"Soldiers of the Eighteenth Brigade—I am proud of you all! * * * I

greet you as brave men. * * * Officers and soldiers, your duty has been nobly done. For this I thank you. James A. Garfield, Colonel commanding Eighteenth Brigade."

It is idle to try to explain the difference by saying that one was an old regular of high rank and the other a young volunteer Colonel. The simple fact is, one was Buell and the other was GARFIELD! And that's all there is *of* it.

When he had driven the enemy from all Eastern Kentucky, President Lincoln asked a prominent officer, "Why did Garfield, in two weeks, do what would have taken one of you regular folks two months to accomplish?" "Because he was not educated at West Point," said the West Pointer, laughing. "No," said Mr. Lincoln; "that wasn't the reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living." But the true reason was neither the one nor the other. It was because (as General Rosecranz said a year later) "*he has the instincts and the energy of a great commander.*" And no part of these gifts was more important than his capacity for *high, heroic enthusiasm*. And this enthusiasm in him kindled a like flame in his soldiers, just as it had in his students at Hiram.

My Memories of Garfield

VII

COURTESY

GARFIELD was "a born gentleman." He had the *instincts* of a gentleman. Or if those statements be not true—and I never saw or heard of him until he was twenty years old—then he had wonderfully trained himself to thoughtful courtesy toward everybody, by a wise and noble choice and a fixed purpose.

I do not wish it to be understood that he was a man of polished and elegant manners; for he probably never became such even to the day of his death. Perhaps he did not inherit, as some do, a tendency to elegance; certainly his early life was very unfavorable for it; and it is probable that he never had any special ambition in that direction. It is certain that when judged by critical rules he was not, even at twenty-five or thirty, any more than fairly well-bred. If it be said that these last statements seem to conflict with those made at the beginning of this talk about courtesy, I reply that politeness is of two kinds; one is a matter of policy, and the other a matter of principle; one is on the surface, and the other lies deep; one is of the head, and the other of the heart; one is a matter of rules and memory, and the other a matter

of kind purpose and wish for the happiness of others; one is based on the regulations of polite society, and the other on our Savior's Golden Rule; in short, one of these kinds of politeness is perfectly consistent with the meanest selfishness and the bitterest cruelty; the other is a fundamental part of a true Christian character. No doubt the perfect boor is produced by the lack of both these elements; and no doubt perfect politeness requires the union of the two. But if either is lacking, let it be the thin coat of varnish which the rules of society put on the surface. Give us in preference the rough or uncouth exterior, with the essential politeness of the heart. Garfield in early manhood had, in fair degree, the manners of a well-bred gentleman; and yet I have seen many persons who surpassed him in this respect. But in that deeper politeness which comes from the heart, I have seldom if ever seen his equal. For this reason, among many others, it was a delight to be a member of class and to recite with Garfield as teacher. As I recall the different teachers to whom, as a young man, I recited, I think of them all with respect and hold their names in honor; but I see serious defects in the bearing of many of them toward their students. One of them often used his powers of ridicule to turn the laugh of the class against any student

whose ideas he disliked. And this discourteous style had the more power to sting because every large class has toadies in it who like to laugh on the professor's side, whether he is right or wrong. Another teacher was always in nervous haste when a scholar asked a question, and, before the question was half stated, would break in, saying, "Yes, yes, yes; I understand," when in fact he did not get the point at all; and of course his explanation in reply was only a vexation. Another used to snub his scholars, perhaps unintentionally, by the bluntness of his disagreement. When one of them, with a sort of timid confidence, had suggested inquiringly that the point might be so and so, "might it not?" from his higher seat and higher dignity, he would let fall on him a tremendous "No—o," which seemed to weigh about half a ton, and which left the luckless inquirer hopelessly flattened down on his seat.

As a matter of course all these styles were a discount from the general excellence of those teachers; they were annoying and irritating to students, and they were therefore essentially impolite. These cases remind me of a very small child I once knew who began to attend a country school. His name was Norman, or "Little Norm," as we all called him, because he was such a little mite, and such a funny,

squeaky little fellow. After a time he refused to go any more, and gave as the reason, "Because the schoolmom was sassy to me." We all laughed heartily at the idea of the teacher being "sassy" to "Little Norm;" but after all the child was right in principle, whether he judged correctly in the application or not; the teacher was just as much bound to be polite to him as he to the teacher, and even more so, since the teacher must be an example. And this is a truth which many teachers fail to realize.

Garfield was in a remarkable degree courteous to all of his scholars. He had nothing of those styles which I have described. And he gave even the timid ones great courage to answer questions by the way he treated their answers. His rule evidently was—in trying to teach the truth on any point—to make the scholar's answer go as far as it could by any *possibility* be made to go, and then add if necessary (and that in the quietest way) whatever would make the answer complete. In perhaps nine cases out of ten a scholar's answer is neither absolutely correct in every particular nor totally wrong at all points. It is therefore almost always possible for the teacher to seize upon and magnify either the true or the false element. It is possible for a teacher to have a perfect passion for picking

out the defects in a pupil's answer and ignoring the good points. I have known a teacher to mark an answer *zero* on a written examination while admitting that it contained nine parts of the truth and only one part of error! This is mischievous trifling with a scholar's ambition and hopefulness, which are the mainspring of his progress. Garfield had almost a passion for finding and honoring the truth element in every answer. I remember many cases in which it seemed to me (and I knew what the book said) that the answer was wholly and hopelessly wrong; but he, with microscopic penetration, would find and endorse an element of truth in it before he said a word of correction. Of course as a faithful teacher he must bring forward the entire truth and impress it. But he seemed to recoil instinctively from exposing a scholar to the mortification of failure, except in the very rarest cases where a careless scholar needed a rebuke; and so he would single out what was true in the answer, and with remarkable ingenuity he would fit an addition to it which would make the answer wholly true. The result was that the correct answer was fixed in the mind of that scholar and of the whole class, and at the same time the scholar had the appearance of having made a success instead of a mortifying failure. And the larger result was

reached that his pupils delighted to recite to him, and had the highest possible courage as to attempting anything he asked of them.

I never was able to determine whether this method was with him chiefly a matter of judgment or of impulse, whether he chose it as the most effective method, or on the other hand instinctively reached out the hand to help his pupils and save them from the hurt of the fall —the mortification of a failure. It sometimes seemed to me that he carried this method to a very great extreme, or that his sensitive courtesy ran away with his judgment—whichever the case may have been—so that at times I thought he made a scholar believe he had answered tolerably well when he was utterly wrong. But the old proverb says, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—in other words, everything is to be judged by its *results*, and not by theories put forth in advance. The wisdom of the race is in that proverb. And it is certain that Garfield's method brought out magnificent results; all his students were devoted to him with a wonderful enthusiasm; they delighted in the studies in which he led them; they made noble progress and attainments under his teaching; and this rare courtesy with which he treated them was a most powerful factor in the wonderful work he accomplished with them.

There is another direction in which his courtesy manifested itself which is worthy of special mention. The man who presides over a large school, containing several hundred ladies and gentlemen, must, of course, for the welfare of all concerned, be possessed of considerable authority. It is interesting to observe how different men bear themselves in such positions. Some are lacking in quiet dignity and power to control, and are soon engaged in unpleasant and undignified troubles and contests with their students. Others have the air of wishing to parade their authority and to impress their students with a sense of their power. I have seen manners in such a position that reminded me of the crack of the whip over a team of horses.

Garfield's bearing in such a position was something to be admired. I never knew him to have any struggles with his students or even with any group of them. His authority was uniformly recognized and respected. And this was so all the more because he never paraded his authority. When addressing the school he always had the air of a gentleman addressing an audience of ladies and gentlemen. And in enforcing the proper rules of order in the institution, and in granting permission for a departure from the regular order, he always had

the air, not of one who feels his authority and wishes others to feel it, but of one who but faintly remembers his authority and wishes others to forget it. His bearing in all these things reminds me, as I recall it, of the poet Longfellow's remarks about politeness. He says: "The consciousness of being assured of one's position is the great promotor of good manners; and this explains the utter absence of pretension in English people of rank,—there is for them no need of assertion. They can afford to be polite." I think this and his native courtesy of feeling constituted the secret of Garfield's freedom from the *airs* of authority. He had such a sense of ability to control that it did not even occur to him to make any exhibition of his power. It is, as a rule, small men that like to shake the fist of authority at people.

But Garfield's courtesy was deep-seated—it was in his heart. What a man says in public and what he says in private are often very different things. A rising politician in Ohio, in the time of the war, committed political suicide by writing a private letter, which became public, in which he spoke of the soldiers as "the poor devils!" When on the stump he would have called them "our noble army, our brave boys in blue!" There is a fine index of character in what a teacher says of his scholars

in private. I have heard able teachers talk in private of many of their scholars with such contempt as would, if known, have cost them the good-will of the entire school. I met Garfield every week for years in the privacy of "The Faculty meeting," when only half-a-dozen were present, and in hundreds of talks more personal than these; and I never heard him speak of even one student, even the least gifted, with ridicule or contempt. He always talked of them all in much the same tone as he used in speaking of his own children, and of his brother and sisters. Here is part of the secret of his power. He had a heart.

IX

Hiram Ideals of Life and Character

IX

HIRAM IDEALS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER

No one can return, after years of absence, to the school or college where he once studied, at least in the time of its ordinary activity and regular work, without a strong impression, perhaps even a sad one, that he has lost his place; that the waves of the deluge have swept away all his generation, and that a new tribe has taken possession of the earth. But this is Re-union Day; and Re-union Day, it would seem, should be old students' day, when those who at other times might flit silent and lone like uneasy ghosts across these grounds, may congregate in such numbers as to seem for the day to reconquer and repossess the land.

Are you then an old Hiram student? Do you belong to this army? Advance, give the countersign. But first, pause; there are old *students*, and then there are *old* students. To what era do you belong? In what geologic age did you flourish? You were here, you say, when the corner-stone was laid of the Ladies' Hall! But that was only yesterday. I fear you are a new comer. Do you remember when the seats in

the college chapel were first turned to face the west? Do you remember when Prof. Demmon came here to fill the chair now held by Prof. Barber? If you are an *old* student you were here when there was no Hiram College, but rather the old Eclectic Institute. Perhaps you can remember when President Everest, now of Eureka College, was at the head of this institution? It may be you were here when Prof. Rhodes had his great classes in elocution. It is possible that you were here to help plant these trees on the college grounds; if so, we shall admit that you are one of the old students. Do you remember a time when the Delphic, the Hesperian, and the Olive Branch were yet unborn, when little mushroom societies sprang up and died almost every term? (In those days arose the Junto, the Progressionist, the Attic, the Society of Seven, the Washingtonian, the Philomathean, the Eclectic, and many others). Do you recollect the time when there was a primary department, a school for children, in the south wing of the college? Were you here when Wal. Ford used to call the roll of students in chapel in the morning? Do you remember when N. C. Meeker, the victim of the late Indian massacre, kept a store just west of the church? Were you here when Senator Garfield was employed to ring the college bell? Do you recollect when

the last two or three presidents of the college first came here fresh from the farm with hay-seed still in their hair? Can you remember when there was a regular boarding-house in the college basement? Were you a student here when Miss Booth had not yet become a teacher here, but was still teaching district school over in Mantua? Were you in school here when W. B. Hazen, now General in the United States Army, was a schoolboy here from Garrettsville? You were here in those days, were you? Well, then, we will not require you to go through college, but will confer upon you at once the degree of O. H. S.,—Old Hiram Student—and for this one day your degree ranks higher than that of those who took the sheepskins yesterday.

When you and I were notified of the approach of this reunion, and began to make our plans to attend it, we were naturally led to think of the friends we should meet here; to call up the once familiar faces, and to speculate as to which of them would be here, and which would not. And we thought of some who have drifted so far away from this place into distant states that we scarcely expected to meet them in this reunion; and we thought of some, too, who have drifted out into that unknown sea whence there is no returning. And so we have been

spending these late weeks in the companionship, as it were, of old schoolmates, living over again the half-forgotten days, reciting again the old lessons, holding anew the old contests, and walking with old friends over the old familiar paths.

Almost every foot of ground around Hiram Hill, for miles away, is historic; memories, which link together old companions haunt each nook and corner, each field and hillside.

South of the college is the old football ground, scene of mighty battles. In the northwest corner of the college campus, baseball flourished for many a year. In the corner northeast of the college, under the old apple trees, several commencements have been held, and one reunion or more; and the air down there is thick with mental pictures of the scenes and the speakers of those occasions. Over northwest of the village, in the field, then half woods, is the tree, perhaps only a stump now, under which we sat down alone to grapple with the "Goose Question," and wrestled until we gained the victory. I do not know whether Hiram students, in their march on the road to knowledge, still meet that column of geese marching to oppose their progress, but I can testify that in my day the approach of those geese caused great searchings of heart, and it

was not every student by any means who at recitation was found to be "sound on the goose question."

In that same northwest field is the spot where once Amzi Atwater, who had gone out to recite his commencement speech, met a black bear, which had lately parted company with some caravan. The bear was passing through from the southwest, and was just in time to be present at the rehearsal; but as the boy and the bear were not acquainted with each other, he did not interview the beast, and does not know to this day how his speech took with the stranger. The attendance of the bear at his rehearsal must have been very encouraging to the speaker; he had of course expected to be something of a lion on commencement day, but not that his first roar would call all the wild beasts together.

Over west of the college, and just south of Tiffany Hall, is the spot where Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for President of the United States. It was twenty years ago! And who would have thought it had been so long! The great Chicago Republican Convention of 1860 was about to hold its three-day session. The leading candidates were Seward and Chase, Lincoln being mentioned only occasionally as a far-off possibility. Some of Mrs. Hart's board-

ers (among them Harry Glasier, H. D. Carlton and Amzi Atwater) were fond of pitching quoits as a rest from books. To give zest to the game, the boys enlisted as champions of the several would-be nominees of the Chicago Convention. This was done for several days; and there, on the play-ground, they declared Lincoln to be nominated, while at Chicago the fight was still raging between Seward and Chase! Moral: Boys are a class of folks that deserve close watching.

In the street in front of President Hinsdale's (which was then Mr. Garfield's house) is the ground where we played wicket ball; Mr. Garfield was one of our best players. Then there was D. R. Northway, the best batter on the ground, and Hi. Chamberlain, and Mose Richards, and that young giant from Virginia, Hoff. He was a good fellow; the boys called him "Old Virginia Never Tire." Has anybody heard from him since the war? (Response by Mr. Garfield: "I have; he is now a lawyer in Missouri.")

Down south of Uncle Zeb's, across the street and across the ravine, is the place where four of us went once to rehearse a discussion prepared for commencement; but, alas, in saying it, I recall that two of the four are long since dead. They died during the war—Will Smith and Gus

Williams. They were two of the pleasantest fellows we ever had here in Hiram. How at every turn the faces start up along these paths of those that are with us here no more! . . . I was speaking of a place where we once went to rehearse. But where did we not go to rehearse? If the trees about Hiram were phonographs, you could shake orations and debates out of any tree within two miles of this hill. And who knows but Edison or some other son of a Yankee will yet get the hang of making the trees repeat what they have heard? If that time ever comes, then as farmers have some trees that bear greenings, and others pippins, so the folks about Hiram will have some trees for prose and some for poetry; one tree that recites "Hiawatha," and another "Horatius at the Bridge;" one tree that bears salutatories, and another valedictories.

Down in Esq. Udall's sugar camp is the place where we went twenty-four years ago last spring for a leap year sugar party! It was a merry time. So many fair, bright faces! So much gay and hopeful young life! Where are they all now?

It is pleasant, and yet it is sad too, to wander thus in memory over all these hills and fields where forms invisible to outward eye start up to meet us at every footstep. Perhaps you would

pardon me if I should dwell still longer upon these scenes and memories. But as I look back at our student life here in Hiram, at the busy, swarming hive of which we were a part twenty years ago to-day, I am led to think of the question what Hiram was in those days; what spirit ruled here, what Hiram taught us, and what it did for us. It was here beyond question that many of us took the shaping of our lives. It was here that we consciously received the ideals of life and character which will continue to mold our thoughts and our actions as long as we live.

And here let us pause a moment to dwell upon the thought thus suggested, viz.:

THE POWER OF AN IDEAL

And by this expression I mean the power to shape our lives for good or for evil, which is exercised by that conception of character and of life which we have come to admire, and at whose shrine we silently but perpetually worship.

It is said that this is a materialistic age; an age that believes almost solely in the outward and the tangible, in that which can be handled and weighed. Whether this be a just description of our age or not is of little consequence in this connection, for an age is just as likely to be wrong as right; but whatever our age may

believe or disbelieve, ideas, intangible ideas, mental conceptions, are the mightiest forces, even to effect physical changes, of which this earth has any knowledge. A few years ago the only great forces for physical change of which we had knowledge were animal power, wind power and water power; but the mind of Watts conceived a steam engine, and that of Stephenson a locomotive; the two ideas were harnessed together, and the loads they draw make all other forces seem petty and insignificant.

But if ideas are mighty in the physical world, how omnipotent are they in the world of life and character! An idea will make or unmake a nation. A little more than two hundred and fifty years ago an idea came to this country in the Mayflower. That idea was liberty, law-abiding liberty. That idea has created the nation which fills this land to-day. It has shaped our thought and formed our national character.

Nearly seven years ago an unscrupulous adventurer was made Premier of England. For many years before that the nation had been withdrawing itself from the struggles of continental politics.

The new Premier brought with him an idea which he had long cherished in secret. He whispered a single word in the ear of majesty,

and in the ear of the court circle. He passed that word as a watchword down the long line of his followers. It was wafted across the oceans to England's colonies on every continent. That idea, that word was "Imperialism!" Out of that idea he distilled a draught which England drank eagerly, and she became intoxicated as with wine. England, sober England, England with almost a thousand years of constitutional history, started on a wild career of ambition in pursuit of national aggrandizement and military glory.

In this career she plunged recklessly into wars with inferior powers, challenged combat with the mightiest, and meanwhile forgot to guard jealously her sacred constitution and great traditions. That adventurer who spoke the fatal word, who dazzled England with the glitter of "Imperialism," that adventurer has fallen! A grand old knight has met him in the lists in full career, unhorsed him, hurled him to the ground, probably never to rise again.

But if when the war fever was at its frenzied height, when England and Russia stood glaring at each other so near the gates of Constantinople, if at that moment Disraeli had been reckless enough, or, rather, if it had suited his selfish plan to bring on the struggle; yes, even if some slightest accident had brought on the

collision, that war would never have closed without great changes in English history, and changes, too, in all probability, in the map of the world. And what made this mighty movement which carried England so far from her ancient courses? Simply a word! Just merely an idea, viz.: "Imperialism!"

If, then, nations can be so molded and remolded by shaping power of an idea, what must be its possibilities with an individual, and a mere youth, perhaps a child! A nation is long-lived, and has deep-rooted traditions and habits; and then it is a proverb that "large bodies move slowly." If, then, a nation never ceases to be plastic, surely a child, a student, is wax ready for the stamp, the impress of some life ideal.

The physical form of a child is easily molded. It takes readily any shape, graceful or deformed, erect or stooping, and retains that shape for life. The "Flathead" Indian mother, being laudibly ambitious to see her son have a good, well-developed, fashionable head, gives him a box on the head which he never gets over as long as he lives. Possibly he may, like some of our "Young America," get too smart to be "tied to his mother's apron string," but he'll certainly never get over the "bent" she gave him.

The fashionable Chinese mother looks at her baby's feet, which Dame Nature does not know any better than to make straight, and wishing her daughter to stand on just as good a footing as "other folks' girls," she presses the little soft foot into the form of a fist, and binds it there, and a fist it will be as long as she lives. We don't fancy the style. She couldn't keep up in the race with our girls. She'll never be able to "toe the mark." But she'll show her mother's mark as long as she lives.

In like manner our fashionable and ambitious American mother, and her equally fashionable and ambitious daughter, used to adopt (of course I speak only of the past) as the true ideal of a lady's form the shape of an hour glass, or if you please, the shape of a wasp or a hornet. With this ideal in view, they compressed the child's waist while it was yet small and while the body was yet tender and flexible. Of course they succeeded (provided always that they did not kill her too quick), for they began in season, and the body easily takes and always retains any desired shape.

We see a pleasanter result of earlier shaping in the figure and bearing of military officers. They take the boy when he is in the same plastic condition of body, put him under military drill, and compel him to assume and maintain

the ideal attitude and bearing of a military man. And they, too, succeed. The ideal bearing and movement which it was their ambition to secure becomes a part of the man. He can not lay it aside if he would. Disguise him as a farmer, or even as a tramp, and the attitude and step would still be seen.

Since then the youthful body is capable of being molded into any shape of beauty or deformity, and does when older hold that shape, almost incapable of change, we might by analogy expect something similar of the mind. We might expect that it, too, in its plastic youth might receive the impress of an ideal, and be so indelibly stamped by it that neither time nor eternity should efface that stamp. And as a matter of fact and observation is it not true that the youthful mind and character are as plastic as the youthful body? And again, is it not true that a stamp once well impressed upon mind and character is as little likely to be effaced as a corresponding impression upon the body?

It is an interesting question then,

WHERE DO WE GET OUR IDEALS?

Where do we get those conceptions of life and of character which we consciously or uncon-

sciously imitate, and which do so much to make or mar our lives?

Doubtless we get our first ideals very near home. The little boy is much impressed with his father's superior size, strength, knowledge and skill. Very naturally his father becomes for the time his ideal of greatness and power; and his conscious or unconscious imitation of his father is often highly amusing. He is not critical, by the way, as to what he imitates in his father's ways. He not only borrows his father's tones and expressions, but if he gets a chance he smokes the stubs of his father's cigars or takes an occasional suck at his father's pipe.

As the boy grows older, his horizon broadens. He sees other men and other ways. He sees his father surpassed, perhaps, in many things by other men.

The maturing of his ideas is doubtless a process, to some extent, of averaging and generalizing. Unless he has a tendency to be odd or contrary, or is really strikingly independent in the best sense, he will probably grow up towards being a man with the vague, loose, general ideal which is embodied in the phrases, "Most folks," "other folks," and "they." He wants to do "as other folks do;" "he don't wish to be an odd one," for "what will they

say?" "Most folks do so and so," and therefore he does so too without much thinking.

It is a question of immense practical importance to everyone at this period of life, this period when life and character are ready to take permanent shape, what influences surround him, what ideals are placed before him, what persons of strong and striking character, either good or bad, are near him. And in a more practical shape these questions are, Who are his companions? What books does he read? And above all else, What school does he attend, and who are his teachers? For it can not be doubted by any close observer that school influences are influences of extraordinary power. And when I say "school influences," I mean especially the influences which gather about a school like Hiram, whose scholars in the first place are just at the critical age, at the turning point of life, and in the second place are removed suddenly from home and old associations, and placed in the midst of entirely new associations of a most striking and powerful character.

Probably few persons ever realize, and so far as I know no person has ever adequately described, the molding power of such school influences, the influence of such a school. It seems commonly to be thought a sufficiently strong metaphor if we say in general of all the young that the

mind of a child is a young twig, and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." But this does not do justice to the case by any means. It assumes that by far the best shaping time of all is the very youngest, the period of infancy and mere childhood. Now while it is true that in mere childhood the character is wonderfully impressible, it is also true that one impression is easily effaced by another. In short, the characteristic of the child-nature is that it is, comparatively speaking, impressible, but not tenacious; and as the child grows to maturity it steadily loses impressibility and gains tenacity year by year. If, now, any period could be found when the character should be at the same moment both impressible and tenacious, and that in the highest degree, that period would be the grandest shaping time of all.

And strange as it may seem such a period can be found. That favored time is the time which a scholar spends in such a school as you and I were in on this hill twenty odd years ago. And how can I justify this lofty claim in behalf of such a school and such schooling? We know that the sand on the sea-shore receives an impression easily and parts with it as easily; iron, on the other hand, when cold, resists all impression, but retains rigidly any impression which it has once received; but again iron may

be softened by heat so as to receive freely an impression, which when cold it will defiantly retain. But iron can be heated and remolded as often as you please. Now is there another metal which is capable of being softened and molded just once, and only once, and which then retains forever, in defiance of all forces, the form thus given it? If so, that is the type I want; that will furnish the analogy for the influence of the noblest schools in shaping and molding character.

For at the age of which I am speaking, the young have lost much of the impressibility of childhood, and are fast gaining the tenacity of mature age. About this time, if they are as fortunate as we were, they are suddenly taken out of old associations and placed in the midst of new. This of itself gives a chance for new choices and new courses. But this is not all; the new associations are so strange and different that we seem almost to be entering upon a new life in a new world. Just at this time, too, our books and studies begin to open up to us the secrets of science, the strange realms above, beneath, around and within us, of whose existence we had scarcely dreamed. Science lifts the veil and gives us glimpses of worlds as strange, as new, and as wonderful as fairyland. Our teachers open to us the infinite wealth of

the world of books, and give us a taste of the nectar and ambrosia on which the gods of Olympus fed. They anoint our eyes with an eye salve by which we see great things in the possible future. And all this time they are studying us to know what possibilities are in us. They are watching the effect of this wine which rouses and exhilarates, to see whether it wakes within us any latent power, whether there is in us any of that stuff of which noble men and women are made.

At such a time as this, and when heated in such a mighty furnace as this, the metal of the human soul becomes in a wonderful degree malleable and plastic, ready to be molded into new forms. But, mark it well, you fathers and mothers, mark it well, you teachers and trainers, that character must be molded now, once and for all. It will never be plastic again as long as life shall last. It had already become firm and tenacious; it has been rendered malleable for the moment, and for the moment only. *Mold it now!*

I have said that at such a time as this it is a question of immense practical importance who are our companions and our teachers; and this for the reason that they to a very great extent furnish us our ideals of life and character; or rather we may say that they to a great extent

do themselves become our ideals of life and character.

And then, too, at such an age, we are not yet critical; and so we are very likely to take some person as an ideal just as he stands before us in the book or in actual life. And in so doing we take him with all his faults. It almost never happens that any person is admirable in all his traits. Indeed, we frequently see one whose general character is much to be admired, who has, nevertheless, some glaring defects—some features which constitute a real deformity. Yet so uncritical are a man's admirers, often, especially if they are young, that they overlook his defects or make virtues of them, which they consciously or unconsciously imitate. It is a great step in the right direction if, when we choose our ideals, we have learned to be more critical, learned, in short, to construct for ourselves our ideals instead of taking some ready-made from life or from books. No man, living or dead, is worthy to be taken entire as a model; but many a man may by some noble trait furnish us a suggestion and thus help us to construct the true ideal character.

I come now to a question which must be of interest to all old students of Hiram, and that is:

Hiram Ideals of Life and Character

WHAT IDEALS DID HIRAM GIVE US?

And when I say "Hiram" I mean the Hiram in which you and I were students more than twenty years ago. What ideals of life and character were held up before us in those days when our characters were taking shape?

In seeking to answer this question, I am glad to say that we were not led to worship some particular hero, either of the present or the past, thus making him our ideal and seeking to found our characters upon him as a model.

On the contrary, we were led to love and admire grand and heroic traits of character, and to combine them in our thoughts so as to construct for ourselves the true ideal of a worthy character.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the noble conceptions of character which from time to time Hiram held up before her sons and daughters to win their admiration. I shall only seize upon a few of those, the ones which most impress *me*, and which beyond all doubt had a mighty influence for good with many generations of students.

The first which I will mention of those ideals which we learned to admire is that of *a man standing squarely on his own feet, and not held up or bolstered up by somebody else.*

Hiram Ideals of Life and Character

There are two classes of men whom we meet everywhere and in all situations in life. One of them has some force of his own; the other has to be held up and carried by his father. One of them intends to do something himself; the other can always tell you of great things that his grandfather did. One of them knows how to earn his own money; the other knows how to spend what his father earned. One of them begins poor and slowly works his way up; the other begins rich and rapidly runs down. One of them sets up a little business and slowly builds it up till he becomes perhaps a merchant prince; the other is set up in business on a large scale by his father and soon runs through with both the business and the capital. One of them begins life in obscurity and rises by his own merits to an honorable prominence; the other is introduced to an admiring public or even to the world by his renowned father, and is kept by him from sinking into utter obscurity. One of them, in all his plans and undertakings for life, expects to work his own way and carve out his own success; the other never accomplishes anything, nor even undertakes anything except as somebody's patronage carries him all the way.

Hiram taught her sons and daughters to admire the one and to pity and despise the other.

She taught us not only to have an honorable pride in winning such laurels as we could, but she taught us to cherish an equally honorable pride in refusing to wear any laurels which we had not ourselves won. I think it is safe to say that Hiram fixed this thought in the hearts of her children.

A second ideal which Hiram taught us to admire was that of *a man who is in reality just what he professes to be; a man who wishes to be known to be just what he is.*

"To be rather than to seem," this was the motto. This second principle is in very close sympathy with the first. The man who stands upon his own feet, instead of being carried by others, the man who has an honest pride in winning success and reputation for himself, and who feels it to be a species of degradation to wear borrowed honors as being somebody's *son*, such a man is likely also to feel it as a degradation to wear honors which he is supposed to deserve, but which he knows he does not.

That this lesson is one of far-reaching importance can not be doubted, for the evil against which it guards is nothing less than hypocrisy itself; and hypocrisy is the deepest and most incurable rot that ever attacks a man's moral constitution. But it might be thought by those not closely observant of life and character, that

hypocrisy is very rare, and therefore the evil needs no attention, the poison calls for no antidote. But the facts are just the reverse of this. The truth is that hypocrisy, in its various degrees, is one of the most common vices in the world, and the temptations to it are as subtle, pervasive and universal as the air we breathe.

In the first place, the desire for approval, praise and admiration is absolutely universal; it is found in every human being the world over. And in the second place, this desire is without limit. It is utterly incapable of being fully satisfied. The enjoyment of praise and admiration in any given degree, no matter how great, seems only to create a stronger appetite and demand for more.

Now if this desire, so perfectly natural and universal, is held under firm control by strong moral principle, conscientiousness, integrity, and an honesty so thorough that it scorns all shams, then the desire for approval becomes a power for good, an incentive to rouse us to noblest exertion. But we all learn in our smallest childhood how much easier it is to seem than to be; how little exertion is required very often to appear well, at least for the time, and how much effort is necessary in order to really be that which wins praise. Then come the tug and strain of temptation. Self-love asks for

the sweet draught of applause and admiration. Indolence objects to being aroused to any corresponding effort of self-denial; hypocrisy offers to solve the difficulty by setting up appearances, which are very cheap, instead of realities, which are very expensive; honesty protests that such a course is a sham and a disgrace. But which shall win the day? Happy is he in time of such a contest who has learned to cherish a noble scorn, a genuine hatred, of all shams.

How much do you and I owe to our Hiram teachers for this great lesson?

Another ideal which was always before us in the days of which I write, and which beyond all doubt made its imprint upon our characters, was that of *a minute-man—a man who is always ready, a man who has all his faculties under such discipline and control that they obey his will, and furnish to order the best product of which they are capable.*

When you and I were students here, we were taught to have a genuine pride in being always ready, *semper paratus*, as the good old Latin proverb is. And this "always ready" has a wonderful number of applications. It means never tardy, always there on time; it means that you always come prepared, that you have the exercise for which you were appointed, that

you have the report which you promised to write for the committee, that you have brought the documents on which the business depends; it means that you always come well prepared, that your declamation is committed so you do not blunder and flounder, that in your essay you have done yourself justice, that your committee report is written and in order, not oral and scrappy; it means that you are ready to undertake, to step in, to go forward, to take responsibility; it means that when you are wanted, you can be counted on, if the thing itself is right; it means that you are a ready, off-hand speaker, that you can rise without a moment's warning, gather your thoughts together while you talk, speak to the point, strike the nail on the head, drive it home and clinch it. And this being "always ready" is a habit that can be acquired, an art that can be learned. The reason why one man is always ready and can be counted on, and another always comes too late or unprepared, is that one of them has trained himself or has been trained to be on time and ready and the other has allowed himself or has been allowed to be sleepy and slow.

Some of the papers told a good story lately to illustrate Russian and Turkish military discipline. Two officers, one of each nation, being stationed near each other during a truce,

were boasting of the drill of their respective armies. The Russian declared that so perfect was the discipline in the Russian army that if he sent a soldier on an ordinary duty he could tell at each instant what progress the soldier had made. To prove this he called an orderly and directed him to make a small purchase at a neighboring shop. The orderly saluted and the officer said, "He has turned the first corner; now he has reached the shop; now he has made the purchase; now he is half-way back; now he is at the door." At that instant his step was heard in the passage; he entered, delivered his purchase, saluted and retired. The Turkish officer, with the utmost coolness, declared that that was very well, but his orderly would do just the same. So he summoned Mustapha and gave him a similar commission. Mustapha disappeared. Looking at his watch, the Turk marked the time, saying: "Now he is halfway there; now he has made the purchase; now he turns the corner; now he is at the door;" and sure enough his step was heard in the passage. "Mustapha," said the Turk, "have you fulfilled my orders?" "Most worshipful master," answered Mustapha, "I have not yet found my shoes!" Now the reason why the Russian soldier was ready and on time was that he had been trained to be ready; and the rea-

son why Mustapha couldn't find his shoes was that he had been allowed to go in that slip-shod, shambling way.

Hiram students twenty years ago had in a wonderful degree the ideal of the man always ready, *semper paratus*. The whole school was like a well-drilled army, ready at the word "forward!" It is impossible to calculate the worth of that discipline.

The last of all the ideals given us at Hiram which I shall name to-day, was that of *the man who wins by works, not by genius, nor by luck, and therefore always wins.*

There is a class of men in the world of whom Dickens has given us the type in his immortal character of Micawber. They are not destitute of natural ability. They are capable of forming large plans and cherishing great expectations. But they are worshipers of the Goddess Luck. They are "waiting for something to turn up." And they are expecting something every day. They are always expecting something; and their hopefulness is unfailing. Disappointment never damps their ardor nor changes their plan. Luck failed them yesterday. Luck has brought them nothing to-day. "But something will turn up to-morrow." Such men never do anything. They are simply waiting for something to *happen*. These wor-

shipers of luck, these Micawbers, were not all of them born Micawbers. Many of them were made such by some extraordinary misfortune of that kind which people call a stroke of good luck—a windfall. One of them once made fifty thousand in real estate in a few days, and lost it all in a good deal less time; another "struck ile," and was for a few days one of the nabobs; a third made ten thousand in one day in Wall street, and of course lost it all the next day, and has since lost as much more as he could borrow. And all these men have been completely ruined by the one piece of good luck. They think, and plan and dream of nothing but that stroke of luck and how to make another. They have been so dazzled and bewildered by finding that one nugget of gold that they just wander round and round the spot in hopes of finding the mate to it. The world is full of Micawbers "waiting for something to turn up."

It would be unsafe to say that there are not Micawbers among the old students of Hiram; but it is not unsafe to say that Hiram never furnished one as the natural product of her soil. Her climate has never been favorable to such growths. In opposition to all the plans and ways of all the Micawbers, Hiram has always believed in work, in straightforward, unyielding

work, as the key which opens every lock, as the "Open Sesame," for every door.

There is another class of men, very numerous in the world, which Hiram has never sought to encourage. I mean now the geniuses, the semi-geniuses, the imitation geniuses, and the would-be geniuses. The characteristic of this class is that they do nothing by any set, definite or regular effort; but they do great things (or at least they intend to, such is the theory), "when the inspiration comes," when they are in the mood for it, when they have a "happy thought," or a "favored hour." I believe most profoundly in these inspirations—these moods and these favored hours; but the inspiration is to be found by faithful seeking; the mood is to be secured by patient application; and the favored hour is, like the favored hour of the mother bird, when long brooding is rewarded by the stir and sound of life. These would-be geniuses, of course, have no mental drill. To seek anything like discipline would be to abandon the theory. The immediate, practical effect of adopting the genius notion is to release all the mental powers from the control of the will. They become at once like an army with no discipline. Now Carlyle says: "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." But the would-be genius is, by his theory, invited and encouraged

to be lazy. And then it will be found, practically, that the more we wait for moods the less the moods will come; and on the other hand the more we labor without the inspiration the more surely will the inspiration be given.

Hiram has always held before her children the ideal of the man who wins success by heroic work, and not by genius nor by luck. I am not able, in all cases, to say from which one of our teachers the lessons came. I do not, in every case, remember what teacher most emphasized or first emphasized in our hearing a given lesson. I know that for some lessons we are chiefly indebted to him whom we may well call the father of this institution, its first president, A. S. Hayden.

I know that we are indebted for many lessons of instruction to that teacher of rare power, that woman of rare breadth of mind, Miss Almeda A. Booth. And I know, too, that to many other teachers whom I can not name, our debt is great.

One lesson, one ideal, the last which I have named, that of the man who wins by work, and therefore always wins, that one lesson at least I am able to trace directly to Mr. Garfield. I shall never forget one powerful address which he gave to a large body of young men preparing for the ministry. I preserve for you one grand

sentence: "Gentlemen," said he, "I can express my creed of life in one word: I believe in work! I BELIEVE IN WORK!" In Dickens' "Great Expectations," Joe Gargery, the big, burly blacksmith, meekly submits to be bulldozed by his small but terrific wife, of whom, nevertheless, he is very proud. So he tells Pip at one time, as you remember, "She is a fine figure of a woman, Pip, a fine—figure—of—a—woman;" . . . but "when she—gets—on—the—ram—page, Pip, candour compels fur to admit that she—is—a—Buster!!" Dickens says that Joe spoke that last word "as if it began with at least twelve capital B's." If you wish to know the full force of that sentence about the creed of *work*, as Mr. Garfield uttered it, and as his own life habits have enforced it, write it with at least twelve capital W's! To say that we thank him for the lesson, that we thank him for all his lessons, that we love him because we owe to him the best half of all we are, is saying less than the truth and less than our hearts have always said.

Dear old schoolmates of the days long since passed! I have thus sought to gather up a handful only of the pearls, pearls of greatest price, which were poured out before us here in such glittering abundance in those golden days. The world may have found us rich or poor in mental

and moral worth, but be that as it may, it is certain that our teachers, out of full treasure houses, brought forth treasures to enrich us without measure; yes, without money and without price.

X

The Heir of all the Ages

X

THE HEIR OF ALL THE AGES;

Or, Our Inheritance and Our Debt

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matt. 10:8.
"I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise."—Romans 1:14.

Our Savior was sending out the twelve Apostles on their first mission—that to the Jews alone; for their work for all nations was not yet ready. They went out loaded with the vast riches of healing for all physical diseases and with the infinitely vaster riches of healing for the sickness of hearts and souls—for they were preparing men to receive our blessed Lord himself. Christ teaches them that their treasures are not their own, whether to hoard, to waste or to sell; "Freely ye have received, freely give." When Christ had died and the gospel was complete and Paul was made the great Apostle to the Gentiles, he realized that he was but a steward of the priceless treasures of the gospel and that he was in debt to the Greeks and to the Barbarians everywhere—to the wise and to the unwise until he should have paid over to them the wondrous gifts God had sent —until he should have preached to them the

blessed gospel of eternal salvation. Drawing from these lessons of the Scriptures I announce as my topic for to-day "*Our Inheritance and Our Debt*," or as Tennyson has nobly phrased it, my topic is "*The Heir of all the Ages.*" The great poet wishes to teach us that every one of us has been born heir to vast estates—that all the ages of the past were engaged in accumulating and hoarding, and that they have bequeathed their immense wealth to you and me. It will be the aim of this address to take that great truth and so expand and illustrate it that it shall cease to be to us a far-off abstraction, a pretty fancy of a poet's idle dreaming, and shall become a living truth in our hearts, moving us to deep gratitude and also to heroic action.

But what are these riches, in what do they consist? For to most of us the claim that we are rich seems a jest—a mere juggling with words. We answer that our riches can be summed up in just one word—*civilization*, or rather in two, *Christian civilization.* Let us then, as the first division of this subject, affirm *we are all rich in treasures left to us by men now dead.*

That we do, in countless ways, enjoy the results of the labors of other men and other times and that they cost us little or nothing we

sometimes faintly realize. Look at that miracle of convenience, the common match. We carry around in our vest pocket a dozen conflagrations and take one of them out at pleasure to enjoy it in every possible situation. I distinctly remember that in my earliest childhood there were no matches. Flint and tinder box or coals from the fire-place were the painfully slow and clumsy ways of starting a fire. How much does this miracle cost? Each match costs somewhere from one-hundreth to one-thousandth part of a cent. You and I have neither invented nor manufactured nor in any way earned this great convenience. Our grandfathers would, if they could, have bought such a comfort for their families at a high price. Let us build a monument to the man who invented the match. But then it was not one man, but many who, by study, experiment and labor, finally gave this invention to the world.

Before the discovery of vaccination smallpox was a terrible scourge. At one time—I think it was the 13th century—it threatened to depopulate the globe. What have you or I done to work out our salvation from that once dreaded plague? By what labors have we earned the privilege that by a petty scratch on the arm and the payment of a paltry half dollar we may go forth clad in armor which can

defy the assaults of this horrible disease? Has not the inventor of vaccination left even to the poorest of us a legacy which, before his time, kings could not have bought with all their riches? In these days the poorest man can carry in his pocket a watch so accurate that, with watch and time-card in hand, he can announce just when ten thousand trains are starting from a thousand cities. With this trinket, scarcely bigger than his thumb, the coal-begrimed miner in the bowels of the earth can trace accurately the position of the sun in the heavens at noon or the stars in their circuit at night. Who gave that poor miner the privilege of buying for a trifling sum such a mysterious agent as that which, in the depths of the mine, can keep step with the march of the heavenly bodies? More than four hundred years ago a cunning workman in Nuremburg contrived the watch, and he left the wonderful treasure as a legacy to all who must measure the flight of time. We go into the great city and for less than a cent per mile we and our heavy hand-baggage are caught up by the rapid electric car, and in perfect comfort are whirled to our destination. Our grandfathers never dreamed of such transportation as that. We have done nothing to earn such advantages over them. They have come to us simply

because inventors and capitalists have leagued together to make us heirs of their possessions.

Some time since a girl was born in France with a sad deformity. Her tongue was so large and long that she could not close her mouth. This caused not only great inconvenience, but dreadful danger, for she took cold in the sensitive tongue thus exposed and by its swelling was threatened with suffocation. A remedy seemed impossible. If the surgeon's knife should cut off and cut down the excessive size she would bleed to death. Possibly a kind of ragged cutting could be devised which would lessen the bleeding, but could she endure the horrors of such an operation? Modern science triumphed over the difficulty.

French surgeons put her into perfect sleep by an anæsthetic, and then cut and trimmed the tongue by means of an instrument whose cutting part was not a blade, but a loop of fine linked gold chain. This roughed the edges of the severed blood vessels and checked the bleeding. The girl, who was then eighteen years of age, awoke from a comfortable sleep to find that for the first time in her life she could close her mouth. It is not quite fifty years since anæsthesia was discovered. We may not need its help in such strange operations as the above, but do need it in many ways, and surely its

worth to the suffering is almost beyond price. Here, also, we are enriched by our fellowmen. Their bequest has cost us nothing. It is really and truly a free gift.

It is probable that most of us do at times have some vague notion that we reap benefits from the labors of other men of a former age—that it is a good thing for us that we were not the first residents on this planet—that it was comfortable to find the earth somewhat put to rights by the rest of the human family before we migrated hither from the great unknown. No doubt we do at times pause to count up our great modern improvements and think of their value. Americans will agree that it was lucky for us that Columbus discovered America and thus gave us more room. We do sometimes stop to think what we would have been without Luther or without the heroes of the American Revolution. We are quite apt to boast of our railroads, our lightning express trains, our telegraphs, our telephones, our ocean steamers—the greyhounds of the sea—our electric motor cars, our balloons that are, and our flying machines that are to be, our oil wells and gas wells, our books and papers, our steam printing presses, and our mammoth dailies, our ocean cables, and our news from the ends of the earth at an earlier hour, by clock, than the

facts themselves happened, and, in short, of the wonders of invention in all this wonderful modern age.

But I see in this kind of talk very little of grateful recognition of the debt which we owe to the heroic souls who have wrought for us in the past. It sounds to me more like a boastful proclaiming that we, in this age, are so vastly superior, more brilliant and more energetic than the sleepy generations of former times. Indeed the majority of men in this age are utterly blind to the vastness of the inheritance which former centuries and ages have bequeathed to us. It is my deliberate opinion that many of our people think that if a lot of cute Yankees had been placed naked and speechless upon this naked planet they would have had civilization about where it is in the space of a single century. They do not realize that it is the slow progress of the ages that has made possible the swift brilliancy of the nineteenth century. In our self-conceit we wonder what the world was at until these last few decades, and what on earth men will find to do as to progress when we are gone, beyond a few trifling modifications here and there. Let us look at the facts of the past and cure ourselves of such monstrous conceit. It has occurred ten thousand times on the frontier in America that a young married pair, full

of courage and energy has commenced life, as we say, with nothing but their hands.

They build in the woods a little cabin of one room made of rough logs. They have, as furnishing, one rude bed, a few benches, a home-made table and a few odds and ends in addition. But when they have toiled and saved for a generation the log cabin in the woods has changed to a beautiful home on a beautiful farm, and when the children they have reared there are married, they furnish them generously from the stores they have so laboriously accumulated, and the young married pairs of that generation begin their housekeeping with an outfit which is a wonderful gain over the small beginnings of their parents. And perhaps in the third generation there will be found millionaires among the grandchildren of that pair who toiled and saved in the log cabin in the woods. Both generations have worked early and late and have saved in every way and have left all their careful savings to their children and grandchildren so that they may have a better start than their parents had. Something just like this has been the history of the whole human race. When the Adams family—Adam and his wife Eve—passed out of the garden of Eden and entered upon their new course of life they must have begun, in a very literal sense, with

nothing but their hands. Have you ever tried to think what you would have done if you had been in Adam's place when he left the garden of Eden? If we should make such an effort of the imagination we should probably find ourselves making some such assumption of things that did not exist as that colored preacher did who, describing creation to his backwoods audience, once related how the Lord made men of clay and leaned them up against the *fence* to dry. Whenever we try to picture for ourselves the very earliest life of the human family we at once begin to assume to start with, as necessary conditions of progress, things which could only have been developed or invented in the slow progress of long periods.

Perhaps we can not better attain a realization of our great debt to the past—the far distant past—than by carefully analyzing the source of our modern blessing of *cheap books*. We purchase a copy of the New Testament for a nickel and the entire Bible for a quarter. And in the case of other books, those for which there is a large demand are often sold almost as cheap. I have bought neatly bound volumes of Walter Scott's works at twenty-five cents each. How is it possible that books can be made and sold at such a price? The answer is given, books are made cheap by steam printing presses and

the wonders of modern machinery. But how did it ever come about that we, in this age, were so favored as to have steam printing presses and this wonderful modern machinery? The true answer is that ten thousand inventors during more than twice ten centuries have been inventing for our use the steam engine and its accessory contrivances.

Indeed, the steam engine is like the sea captain who when asked where he was born replied, "O, at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and all along the shore!" for it was born all along the centuries for at least two thousand years. So that is a mere school boy's idea and statement that the steam engine was invented by James Watt in 1769, as if that wonder of the modern world was the invention of a single individual in a single year. The truth is that while Watt made wonderful improvements on it —probably greater than those of any other person—yet the thing itself can be traced back through a long line of inventors and a long line of changes and improvements at least to Hero, one hundred and thirty years before Christ.

If the world had waited for the year 1769 and James Watt to come and make the invention, and had not already prepared a bungling engine for him to improve, we might never have had any steam engine to this day. If it is said that

this old atmospheric Newcommen engine did not use steam as its motive power at all, the answer is twofold; first, it did use steam as an agent to create a vacuum by its condensation so that the expansive power of air might become a motive power, and second, ten years before Watt's great invention Mr. Robison—afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh—had directed his attention to steam as a motive force, saying that it could be made to propel wheeled carriages. And indeed from the time of Hero men had been making various efforts to use steam as a propelling force. In 1543, more than two hundred years before Watt's time, Blasco de Gary, a Spaniard, showed at Barcelona a steamboat of his own invention.

In 1629, nearly a century later, Branca, an Italian, invented a steam windmill. In 1647 Nat Nye had invented a steam gun. In 1655 the Marquis of Worcester had published a description of a steam pump, which was built and worked. In 1698 Captain Savery took out a patent for applying steam power to various kinds of machines. His steam engines had great improvements over former ones. They were used to drain the mines of Cornwall and Devonshire for some years.

Between 1690 and 1700 Papin, a famous

Frenchman, invented the piston (never thought of before) and also the entirely new plan of separating the boiler and the cylinder, which had been up to that date rudely combined in one. About 1705, three inventors, Newcommen, Cawley and Savery, unitedly invented the "atmospheric" engine. This last was thirty-one years before Watt was born. It was, for its time, a great success and held its own for nearly seventy years. It was upon this engine that Watt experimented and made his brilliant discoveries and improvements. Other inventors have made great improvements since then. I have dwelt thus long upon this particular piece of machinery in order that we may the better realize that the steam engine is not, as we often childishly imagine, an invention, a lucky stroke made by one man in one day in this brilliant, modern age. It is an evolution. The steam engine of to-day is the product of a slow and gradual evolution, extending over a vast period. It is the product of thousands of experiments by hundreds of observers and inventors during many hundreds of years in innumerable places, scattered over Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, England, Scotland and America.

We have thus been endeavoring to find to whom we are indebted for our blessing of cheap

books. We have already discovered that our benefactor's name is legion, for he is many. He is Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, English, Scotch and American. When in the warmth of our gratitude we rush forth to build a monument to our benefactor we must carve upon it inscriptions in nearly all the living languages of earth and some in languages now called dead.

But this feeble hint at the complex origin of our modern machinery—painfully inadequate as it certainly is—touches only one side of the question of cheap books. The great modern demand for books is just as essential a condition of their cheapness as the machinery by which they can be so rapidly multiplied. Who caused this demand? It is the product of the general prevalence of education. And this general education has been produced by millions of men and women who have labored in ten thousand fields during many hundreds of years to drive out brutal ignorance and bring the sweet light of knowledge into the darkened souls of men. Every preacher who has taught his people faithfully and made them readers and students of God's word, every college professor who has inspired his students with a noble aim to climb the heights of learning, every young man or woman teaching in the

public schools whose enthusiasm has awakened young minds to longings never dreamed of before, every ardent Sunday-school teacher, every writer whose beautiful books or poems or whose brilliant articles have transmitted to other hearts the fires of learning, every benevolent man whose thousands or millions have been generously given to found and equip colleges and universities, every scientist or inventor whose researches and discoveries have electrified men, every traveler who has explored the wonders of new regions or the strange customs of far-off lands and has delighted his hearers with the thrilling interest of his descriptions, every father and mother who have denied themselves all luxuries that they might give their children a better education than they themselves had ever had—all these and other noble classes, so many that I can not even mention them, these, these millions of men and women are our benefactors in this vital matter. They have created the demand for books.

But while we bring to them our tribute of gratitude we must not forget that there are men whose gifts to the cause of education are so vast as to beggar all these which we have mentioned, so vast as to make the princely gifts of Rockefeller, Johns Hopkins and Leland Stanford seem in the comparison petty and insignificant.

The Heir of all the Ages

The modern art of printing—printing with moveable type—was invented more than four hundred and fifty years ago. This has been confidently pronounced the greatest invention ever made by man. I am not wholly convinced that this is true. But when I look at all the boasted inventions of this nineteenth century, this century of amazing progress, I seriously believe that that one mighty discovery outweighs, in value, all of ours combined. Who, then, was the princely benefactor, to whose bounty we owe this priceless treasure, sent down through five hundred years to enrich the modern world? It may, perhaps, not be possible to decide whether the Dutch are correct in claiming this honor for Coster or the Germans in ascribing it to Guttenberg, or whether it should be credited to them both equally. . . . It is not difficult to see what must have been the main cause of that invention. It is a natural law of human society that demand produces supply. Printing could never have been invented among such a people as the Hottentots, the Patagonians or the Digger Indians, for the same reason that book agents never worry them and consume their valuable time. Printing could only have been invented among a reading people. . . . There must, then, have been before printing could have appeared,

an earlier widespread education. . . . Probably we ought to allow at least two thousand years for its slower progress and full development. . . . Ptolemy Philadelphus was leading up toward the invention of printing when he founded the famous Alexandrian Library. Charlemagne was leading up to it when he gathered the learned to adorn his court. Alfred the Great was preparing for it when he brought into his kingdom four books to lay the foundation of learning in the British Isles.

. . . To philosophical thought a printed book is a very simple affair. It is the written book which is the wonder of wonders. Or let us rather say a written letter is the great mystery. . . . That a people who never saw or heard of visible marks to represent ideas or thoughts which are in the mind should be able to invent and agree upon visible forms on paper for shapeless thoughts, is like saying that a man can so conjure with empty air that it shall become loaves of bread. . . . But in spite of the apparent impossibility, the wonderful invention was actually made and came into practical use. . . . The history of the slow and gradual evolution of the alphabet—for it was an evolution rather than a sudden discovery—can be distinctly traced so that we

can know by what laborious progress of the centuries this literary miracle was produced.

We, as Americans, of course drew our alphabet and our entire language from the mother country—the English. They had borrowed their alphabet entire from the Romans. The Romans seem to have founded theirs upon the Greek somewhat modified. The Greeks derived theirs from the Phenicians. The ancient Egyptians never had an alphabet in the proper sense of the word—that is, a set of characters, not words nor syllables, but simply elementary sounds. But they had invented or developed a system of things from which an alphabet could be derived. Let us hastily sketch the origin and growth of this wonderful production—a production of surpassing interest to us since it is the germ which, by a steady process of evolution, has at last produced the entire written and printed form of every book, paper and document in all our ordinary libraries.

The ancient Egyptian system of writing is called hieroglyphics. It began to be written many centuries before Abraham was born. Its origin is utterly lost in the mists and darkness of the prehistoric times. But it is not difficult to trace in the inscriptions on the monuments which are preserved, successive stages of development. I think I may safely say that at

least nine stages can be discerned by proper analysis. Of course the early stages are the more simple and natural, and the later more abstract and artificial.

1. The first (first in time beyond all doubt) were simple pictures of visible objects—a man or an ox—the picture to be understood in its natural or literal sense; the writer of the communication had something to tell about the man or ox.

2. Actions also, many of them, can easily be pictured. Hence the picture of a man fishing would convey the combined ideas of the man and the act.

3. After a time they began to use abbreviations, as we use "*buss*" for *omnibus* and write "U. S. A." for *United States of America*, so they wrote ox by merely picturing his head and horns.

4. Then came a great advance in the art. Up to this time everything had been literal, simple and natural—the thing pictured was the thing meant. But they had felt the need of expressing in their writing many things which had no outward form, namely, emotions. Hence some Egyptian genius—some Franklin or Edison—rose to the height of inventing symbolic pictures. He pictured a woman beating a tambourine. By this he did not mean a woman

nor a tambourine nor even music. He meant joy. It became an established symbolic picture or hieroglyphic. He may have chosen a woman for the picture instead of a man because it was chiefly women who furnished such music on occasions of joy, or possibly because women feel all the emotions with special intensity.

5. But other classes of symbolic pictures were needed. They must express in writing various qualities—cunning, wisdom, kindness. Therefore by some happy stroke of genius they seized on typical objects and pictured them whenever they wished, in writing, to name that quality. Thus, when they wished to mention cunning or craftiness, they simply pictured a jackal. If they wished to name wisdom they sketched a human eye. All this time there was not in their writing anything resembling a written word, a syllable or a letter.

6. Sooner or later there came in their writing what may, perhaps, be called a generic use of a picture form to represent many kinds of objects of a kindred character. Thus the picture of a man sitting would be read a man, a father, a brother, a governor, a priest or laborer, according to certain hints which they contrived to add. A skin did not mean a skin, but any kind of beast or any object made of leather. So, also, actions were represented in a similar

general way. An arm holding a stick signified any action whatever in which the arms are employed.

7. But of course all this kind of picture writing had two sad defects—it was slow, heavy and laborious, and again the meaning conveyed must have been very uncertain. The pictures gave only vague hints of things. But Egyptian genius found remedies. The pictures gradually changed from fullest form to merest sketchy outline; and still growing more and more short-cut, hasty and imperfect, they came at length to be so unlike the original picture that no one could tell what the original form was. But fortunately this change came so slowly that the original meaning of the scrawl —what creature or idea it stood for—was always remembered. Here, then, in these shapeless forms, came the beginning of genuine writing—that is, of arbitrary marks well agreed upon, and, therefore, well understood, to represent to the eye spoken words and the ideas which those spoken words stand for.

8. This change, of course, greatly increased the speed of writing and lessened the labor. But there followed another change of equal importance, to give to their writing much more of definite meaning and precision of expression. This was the invention of purely arbitrary

forms or characters to represent spoken words. This change was the natural result of the previous one. For as many of the earlier hieroglyphics had mainly lost their forms, they seemed like arbitrary characters standing for spoken words. This of course naturally suggested the addition of other arbitrary characters to stand for other spoken words. These are called the *phonetic hieroglyphics*, because they did not attempt to picture the object, but stood for the word as spoken, like our written word, ox or horse, which does not in the least look like an ox or a horse. Of course these were added to the written language slowly and gradually, and for many centuries there were no more than a hundred and thirty of them. At first they all stood for little words of one syllable, like "ab," a *lamb;* or "ra," the *sun.*

But a 9th stage came after a time. These word-signs for monosyllables were taken as fixed forms for syllables and were combined into words of two or even three syllables, just as we combine the forms *lamb* and *like*, forming *lamblike*, or *sun* and *shine* making *sunshine.*

10. But in the progress of time one more stage of this great march was made. Having now become well accustomed to representing sounds by arbitrary characters or marks, they adopted some hieroglyphics, which were letters

in the true sense of the word; that is, arbitrary characters or marks which stood not for a visible object or an idea, but for a single elementary sound. They had thus made wonderful progress in this great preparation for literature and education. But their system of writing was very complex, cumbrous and unscientific. Many of the things which had been so useful and so essential in the earlier time had now become useless lumber, which they needed to throw away. The edifice was nearly completed and the staging needed to be torn down so that the building itself could stand forth in its true beauty and grandeur.

But they lacked the courage to make the change. Conservatism was too strong. The old writing was too sacred in their eyes and it held too many sacred treasures of records and literature. Indeed, its very name was *sacred sculpture*—"*hieroglyphies.*" But it is possible that they lacked still more the genius to interpret their own work and see its necessary and logical outcome.

The 11th step. This was not made by the Egyptians, but by another most famous nation of that ancient time, the *Phenicians.* Some Phenician prototype of Alfred the Great of England or of Peter the Great of Russia, saw and appreciated this marvelous system of the

land of the Nile and copied from it for his own people, the famous navigators and merchants of their time; for Phenicia was the mistress of the seas. But he or they, as the case may be, had the discernment to see where the Egyptians had failed. He saw the difference between the costly pearl and the rubbish that surrounded it. He borrowed nothing but the grand idea—the plan and the genuine letters. But as these were only a partial stock even of consonants, he proceeded to make a measurably complete analysis of consonant sounds, added new letters to provide for all the sounds, and thus produced a genuine alphabet of sixteen letters. For the Phenicians, like the Jews of a later time, left out the vowels from their list of letters and only used the vowel sounds in a traditional way.

Here, then, was the first alphabet the world ever saw—the first attempt to analyze the sounds of human speech and represent them comprehensively by a system of letters so as to write all the words of the language. The parts played in this great transaction by Egypt and Phenicia remind us forcibly of the part taken by England and America in perfecting our political institutions. Egypt had developed a wonderful product, which was almost civilization itself, since it was the conservator

of all the treasures of civilization. But she seemed unable to bring that product to perfection, loaded as she was by the very things which had enabled her to produce it.

Phenicia saw the value of the great invention and secured it for herself, happily discerning at the same time how to separate and throw away the accumulated rubbish of the ages. Centuries later a similar movement was made in government. England had, in more than a thousand years, slowly developed political institutions, by far the noblest the world had ever seen—institutions whose value no words can express. But like Egypt of old, she, too, was loaded down with the refuse matter of dead centuries. When English colonists settled at Jamestown in 1607, and at Plymouth in 1620, they brought with them the political institutions which had cost England a thousand years of toil and struggle and bloodshed, and which were cheap even at that price. But when the thirteen colonies established their government they discerned with a clearness which we can never sufficiently admire which of those institutions were old and worn out and which were full of abiding vigor and power to bless. It is amazing how much they found courage to throw away, and it is not strange that Gladstone should say of the work which they thus

perfected: "The Constitution of the United States is the greatest product of the human intellect ever thrown off at a single heat."

But now the 12th and last step in the production of the alphabet. This was made, not by Egypt nor Phenicia, but by the Greeks. About 1550 B. C., Cadmus is said to have settled in Greece and to have brought with him the alphabet—that alphabet which was first to be improved and was then to receive into its keeping all the vast treasures of all the literatures of all Europe and finally of America. We know little of Cadmus or of the handful of men that came with him. His coming seems to have made no stir or excitement. When Xerxes, with his army, too vast to be counted, crossed those same straits into that same Greece, his coming startled all surrounding nations. And when Alexander the Great, from the same classic land, with his conquering army, crossed those straits in the opposite direction, his movements shook the civilized world. And these expeditions of Xerxes and Alexander are always considered sublime passages in history. But to the right-thinking mind the unnoticed coming of the unattended Cadmus, bringing to Europe the precious alphabet, which should enable history to be written, and which should preserve all knowledge once gained and there-

fore preserve civilization itself, is a sublimer sight than the majestic Xerxes, or even the world-conquering and seed-sowing Alexander.

I know of but one man in all history whose movement from land to land, bringing to them gifts and treasures, is more sublime than that of Cadmus with his alphabet. And that man is Paul, coming from the same shores as Cadmus, crossing the same straits into the same continent, bringing to the same nations of Europe the infinite riches of our holy Christian religion; which riches he was about to commit to the keeping of that very alphabet which Cadmus brought. For it was Greece—Greece, the birthplace and Holy Land of all European literature—which, receiving from Cadmus the Phenician alphabet of sixteen letters, constructed from it the Greek alphabet, which, in substance, is the alphabet of all Europe and America—yes, let us rather say it is the alphabet of civilization itself. Of the sixteen letters of the Phenician alphabet none stood for vowel sounds. The Greeks analyzed vocal sounds more perfectly, increased the number of the consonants and gave the vowel sounds their equal rights of independent representation so that they should always be written as surely as the consonants, instead of having them, as before, mere dots and dashes, sometimes written

and sometimes not, hanging loosely about the consonants, and ready, at any time, to be shaken off and lost. Thus at last the great work of ages, the alphabet, was perfected—the alphabet which, by its myriads of permutations, gives us written language, the visible and permanent form for every possible human thought—the alphabet, which alone makes civilization possible by preserving from age to age that quantum of knowledge which each generation gains. It had required three great nations—the Egyptians, the Phenicians and the Greeks—to produce that alphabet. How long a work was it? Probably between two and three thousand years. We know next to nothing of the long, slow beginnings in the far-off ages in that land of the Nile, simply because they had no alphabet, and therefore history, in any true sense, was as yet impossible.

I have thus sought to trace backward into the dim and darkened ages of the past in order that I might show, in some faint degree, what an inconceivably vast price the human race has paid that it might bring and lay down at our feet, as a free gift, the books we read to-day. In view of these facts, is there not something strangely wise and deep in that saying of a great man, as he thought of the treasures which

these caskets hold for us, "Almost as soon kill a man as kill a book"?

Spoken language must have been before written language could be. Whence, then, came spoken language? Not by miracle from the Creator, as some have imagined. That is contrary to all analogies of God's dealing with men. But rather he gave man vocal organs and powers to invent the beginnings of speech. And this means at least another thousand years of slow and infantile creeping towards the development of historical civilization.

I trust this reflection upon our "Inheritance and Our Debt" will move us—to repeat a phrase used at the outset—"to deep gratitude and also to heroic action."

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

XI

Sermon Outlines

XI

SERMON OUTLINES

THE TWO RELIGIONS IN THE BIBLE

Gal. 1:13, 14

Int. It may be a surprise to some to hear of two religions in the Bible.

I. The Bible teaches two systems of religions, distinct yet related.

1. There are two *books*—the Old Testament and the New Testament.
2. There are two *covenants*. Gal. 4:24.
3. There are two temples. Compare Deut. 12:13, 14 and John 4:21.
4. There are two nations (religions). Matt. 21:43; two Israels. 1 Cor. 10:18; Gal. 6:16.
5. The Jewish religion implies another, the Christian.

II. Not uncommon to *confound* the two.

III. Great evil results from this error.

1. Makes Bible *seem* to state many inconsistencies.
2. Loads the conscience with intolerable burden of Jewish Law.
   a. This leads to sore and guilty consciences.
   b. Leads to clumsy efforts to *bind* and *loose* the O. T.

c. Causes loose behavior toward all God's laws.

IV. It is not uncommon to *antagonize* the two as: O. T., all hate, revenge, cruelty; N. T., all love and mercy.

V. There are great evils from this error.

VI. Very important to note *two things:*

1. All the *Principles* of the two are *Identical.*
   a. Character of God—Authority, Holiness, Justice, Mercy, Love.
   b. Character wanted in man—Obedience, Holiness, Justice, Mercy, Love.
   c. Forgiveness and Punishment in both.
   d. Golden Rule hinted at in O. T. Ex. 23:9.
2. The *Ordinances* and *Specific Commands* are *Entirely Distinct.*

VII. The one religion is the *Preparatory* and *Pattern* for the other.

VIII. Right understanding of this matter is the very *Key* to the whole Bible.

IX. Where do we find *our* duties, promises, privileges?

THE WORLD'S GREAT QUESTION

John 6:68

Int. I heard a little child ask: "Who's going to stay with us?"

Sermon Outlines

I. Peter's childlike attitude of mind.
   1. He frankly confesses the *universal need* of superhuman knowledge, guidance, sympathy, strength.
   2. He so *feels* it that he *assumes* it as well known.
   3. He said it in the strongest way by not *saying* but *assuming* it. The little child's speech: "Who's going to stay with us?"

II. Denton's brave, self-sufficient attitude. In three lectures he discussed: "*Know Thyself;*" "*Be Thyself;*" "*Save Thyself.*"
   1. There is a sense in which these words are *wise.*
   2. He wished by them to flout the central ideas of the Bible, viz.: a. Job 22:21; b. Gal. 2:20; c. Jesus the Savior of all.

III. Which of the two utters the voice of *past ages?*
   1. The cry of brute-worshiping Egypt?
   2. The cry of Necromantic Babylon?
   3. The cry of all Polytheistic nations?

IV. Which of the two voices the world's heart *to-day?*
   1. World eager for true religion, Germany! Even France!
   2. Pagans eagerly seeking their gods.
   3. Growth of spiritualism proof of *heart-hunger.*

V. Test Denton's *Triplet* on classes of human beings, the *infant; child of ten; the bereaved mother; the aged; the dying;* the *strong man* in burdens and puzzles of life. Remark: To become a man is to become an *orphan.*

Conclusion. Tell me the old, old story: That we have a Creator all-wise, all-powerful; That He is our Father; That He has many mansions; That he has given us a Savior, Teacher, Helper, Guide. The World's great question is answered, "JESUS."

JESUS IS THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, IS THE NEW TESTAMENT CREED

Int. 1. *Jesus.*—Who was "Jesus"? Compare, Who was Luther?

2. *The Christ.*—What is "the Christ"? Compare, What is the Czar?

3. *The Son of God.*—It gives His rank.

I. The practical effect of a *living* belief of this.

Remark: In Bible *to believe* means to believe *practically.*

1. Leads us to take Jesus as our divine *Teacher*—What then?

2. Leads us to take Jesus as our divine *Savior*—What then?

3. Leads us to take Jesus as our divine *King*—What then?

II. How did Jesus himself value this truth?
   1. He died for this truth—Mark 14:61, 62.
   2. He solemnly blesses Peter for knowledge of it—Matt. 16:16, 17.
   3. He declares this belief to give eternal life—John 11:25-27.

III. John the Baptizer's whole mission was to teach this truth. Read that powerful passage, John 1:19-34.

IV. How did the Apostles value this truth? John 20:30, 31; 1 John 4:15; 5:1; Acts 2:36; Acts 9:20-22; Acts 17:2, 3.

V. How does God value it?
   1. Sent angels to tell it, Luke 2:10, 11.
   2. Proclaimed it from Heaven, Matt. 3:17; 17:5.
   3. Every tongue is to confess it, Phil. 2:10, 11.

VI. This is the *Rock* on which the church is built, Matt. 16:18.

VII. This is "The Good Confession," 1 Tim. 6:12, 13.

VIII. This is the *Working Creed* of the early church.

Conclusion. Recall the practical effects (No. I.) and agree with me that this *ought to be* and *will be again* the "*Working Creed*" *of the church.*

Sermon Outlines

WILL YOU ENLIST?

Matt. 12:30; 2 Tim. 2:3

I. There is a war in the world.
   1. Evil forces *attack* mankind.
   2. Good forces *defend* them.

II. The War is *dreadfully real*—Suffering, Cruelty, Bloodshed. Study the *secrets* of our great cities.

III. Many *Forts* and *Garrisons* of the enemy.
   1. Gambling Dens.
   2. Brothels.
   3. Saloons.
   4. Dens and schools of thieves.

IV. Every true Church and Sunday-school a *Garrison of God.*

V. The *flag* over the enemy is the *death's-head and cross bones.*
   The *flag* over God's forces is the *Cross.*

VI. *Each army* is eagerly enlisting, and training an Army of Recruits.
   1. They watch the hotels, the cars, the streets.
   2. There's a mighty struggle as to who shall have the youth and the children. "Who bids for the little children?"

VII. There are men and women whose life work is to *Ruin.*

1. Men who get rich by rotting the bodies, minds and souls of victims.
2. Women whose trade is to entice and enslave victims.

VIII. There are men and women whose life work is to *Save*.

1. Christ came to *Seek* and to *Save*—"Went about doing good."
2. Hosts imitate Him—Missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, Godly parents.
3. Study the work of Y. M. C. A. in our wars and in the laying of the Great Pacific R. R. Over against those dreadful dens of iniquity they *fought for souls of men*.

IX. Every one should enlist on side of Mankind and God.

1. Christ, the great Leader, lays His authority upon every soul.
2. There is great need of recruits.
3. The Battle will draw in *you and yours*. Which side?
4. Absolute necessity of the *Fort*, the *Garrison of God*, the *Church*.

X. Will *you* enlist *for life?*

CONVERSION AS BECOMING CHILDLIKE

Matt. 18:1-10

Int. The *Child character* is a favorite *Ideal* with Christ.

I. We are not to become like children in all respects.

1. It is *not desirable* to be children in all things. 1 Cor. 14:20.

Remark. Difference between child*ish* and child*like*. 1 Cor. 13:11.

2. It is *impossible* to "become as children" in all respects.

E. G. In physical nature or mental.

3. We know that children are *all* imperfect, some selfish; some obstinate; some tigerish, etc.

II. In some respects we are apt to grow worse as we grow older.

1. We become *fixed* in bad habits as well as in good.

2. People often grow proud of their worst traits, ashamed of their best.

III. What is the *Essential* child character?

1. A child is *tender-hearted* and *tender of conscience*.

Rem. Heart and conscience often harden with years, as baby hands.

2. A child is simple and natural, not a "whited sepulcher."
3. A child is not too proud to confess and begin new, has no pride of (evil) consistency. Compare convict with child.
4. A child does not cherish *ill will.*
5. A child is free to confess his ignorance. Hear his endless *questions.*
6. A child is wonderfully capable of *change*, of *growth.*

IV. The noblest men *cherish* the child ideal.
E. G. Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Francis Bacon, John Quincy Adams, John Marshall, Longfellow, Dickens, Garfield.

V. True *conversion* is *turning back* to the child ideal.
1. This is Christ's chosen way of picturing conversion.
2. Now apply the *essential child traits* as named above in III.

VI. How it would bless the world if we would *all* adopt this ideal!

Conclusion. This is *possible* and it is our *privilege to turn* and be childlike again.

THE CHURCH AS A SCHOOL

Matt. 28:19, 20; Col. 1:28

I. An institution may become perverted as to its *fundamental idea.*

1. A true government is organized protection to life, liberty, etc.
2. Turkey is organized robbery and outrage.

II. Thus perverted an institution may become useless or even a curse.

III. The fundamental idea of the church often grossly perverted.
1. "Booking Office" to go to heaven.
2. Society for pious good times.
3. Song-singing place.
4. Aristocratic social club.

IV. Analyze the idea of *School*.—There are *five elements*.
1. Teacher. 2. Pupils. 3. Books. 4. Lessons. 5. Place to meet.

V. A Church is *fundamentally a school*.
1. It has all the *five elements* of a school: enlarge.
2. Christ preferred to call His followers *Pupils*, *Disciples*.
3. Christ (1st text) *Founds* His school. Those two words "*teach!*"
4. Paul (2nd text) Discribes his *preacher* work—*teacher* work.

VI. To make progress we must *attend regularly*. Irregularity is *fatal*.

VII. How does the church differ from all other school?
1. It is the School of *Christ*.

2. A School not chiefly of knowledge or science, but of character.
3. A School of *Conversion:* Christ taught, required, secured it.
4. Our Book is *fathomless*, *vast*, like ocean or heavens.
5. Therefore no end to course of training! Death is but *Promotion*.
6. Our Teacher is our *Perfect Model*.
7. Our chief work is to *study*, to *absorb* the *plans*, the *spirit*, the *life* of the Teacher.

Conclusion. 1. Beautiful character of Lord's Day—Day when the School assembles.

2. Come, learn the lessons, and go practicing them all the days of the week.

SOUL DRESSING AND SOUL PHOTOGRAPHY

2 Cor. 3:18; 2 Cor. 4:6

Int. The story of Ex. 34:28-35.

I. The Problem of the Ages, How to secure Moral Beauty.

II. The *common* method may be called *Soul Dressing*—clothing the soul in robes of beauty.

III. In process of literal dressing there are *three elements*.

1. *Self-examination*—to note defects.

2. *Putting off*—soiled or inferior garments.
3. *Putting on*—the clean, the perfect garments.

IV. In process of Soul Dressing same three elements.
1. *Self-examination*, constant, critical.
2. *Putting off* of defects.
3. *Putting on* of graces.

V. *Devotion* to the Soul Dressing has some *evil results* though desire to be good may be very sincere.
1. Always one of these two.
   a. We think we succeed, feel pleased, grow Pharisees. Luke 18:9-12.
   b. We think we fail, feel bad, grow discouraged.
2. Morbid *self-consciousness* is *certain*, *self*, *self*, *self*.

VI. N. B. We need self-examination. The evil is in its *excess*.

VII. Paul's method for Moral Beauty, true goodness, is *Soul Photography*.
1. Study texts above. The glory he saw *transfigured him*.
2. What is necessary to photography?
   a. An isolated visible object.
   b. A sensitive plate.
   c. A process to fix the picture.

VIII. How can we gain Moral Beauty by a process of *Soul Photography?*

1. There must be an *exhibition* of Moral Beauty. It is found in Christ.
2. There must be a moral *sensitive plate* to take imprint. It is a *Human Heart* devoted to Christ.
3. There must be a *fixing to the picture.* It is in the *length* and *love-intensity* of the gaze.

IX. Is this method in harmony with our human nature?

1. *All Nature* is a universal photographer, ever making pictures.
2. *Society* is a camera obscura, incessantly taking likenesses.
3. We grow like the one we are *with* most, *love* most, *long* most to be like.

X. How shall we *practically* apply this method?

1. Set ourselves for life to a devoted following of this Christ.
2. Long for His likeness.
3. Give ourselves to a real study of His Wondrous Character.
4. Fix a loving gaze on Him in the great scenes of His life.

Conclusion. Failure of Atheism, Deism, Spiritualism, Legalism, Judaism, to produce Moral Beauty.

Sermon Outlines

SECRET PRAYER

Matt. 6:6

Int. 1. *True Disciples of Christ* plead for "*Complete Restoration* of Primitive Christianity."

2. A *spurious Discipleism* is *blind* to half the New Testament teaching on *prayer* and the *Holy Spirit.*

I. Just what is Prayer?

1. Desire addressed to God.

2. In a broader sense, communion with God.

Remark. *Words* do not constitute prayer, though perhaps essential.

II. Christ *emphasizes* Secret Prayer—teaches this as *the* praying.

1. Enter thy closet; 2. Shut the door; 3. Pray to Father in secret.

III. He himself practiced secret prayer in particular.

1. Mark 1:35, "Rising great while before day—solitary place."

2. Luke 6:12, "Mountain—all night in prayer."

3. Matt. 26:36-44, Gethsemane—at night.

IV. Why should He teach us to pray so secretly?

1. In public or social prayer we may be overwhelmed by the *human.*

2. In secret prayer we really commune with God. "God should be most where man is least."

V. He who does not pray in secret does not pray at all.

Unless *accustomed* to look *up*, thought will look *out*.

VI. Secret prayer is greatly neglected.

1. Some of old Matt. 6:5.
2. Many who pray by forms chiefly—beads, bowings, etc.
3. Are there some here who *never* do as Christ teaches in this?

VII. Here is one greatest cause of religious weakness, leanness, poverty.

1. God can *impress* us in secret prayer as in no other way.
2. In other places a thousand things prevent our *realizing* Him.

Remark. Hard to get warm by a fire out of doors on bitter day.

VIII. When, How often should we have secret prayer?

1. We need a fixed *habit* of regular prayer, lest it be crowded out.
2. But even more we need a *habit* of *special* prayer. In every responsibility, every sorrow, every temptation, "Oh, then to the Rock let me fly!"

IX. Prayer is in one sense an *art* to be learned, and yet *no art.*

1. Some will feel unskilled and awkward as I if asked to sing.
2. We need to "get acquainted" with our Father, and be childlike. Matt. 18:3.

Conclusion. Will some learn this lesson of Christ's to-day?

THE DOUBLE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

I. The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Christian heart is *magnified* in the New Testament.

1. It gives the needed strength. Believe this! Eph. 3:11-20.
2. It is Our Father's *great gift* which Christ teaches us to ask for. Luke 11:13.
3. We must have the Spirit and be led by the Spirit to be His. Rom. 8:9-14.

II. The true doctrine as to the Spirit lies between two extremes.

1. Wildness, Superstition, Mystification.
2. Barrenness, Negation. To reject the Spirit is to *mutilate* Christianity.

III. The Work of the Spirit is *twofold.*

1. The Ordinary—for *all times*, *all places*, and *all rightly seeking It.*
2. The Extraordinary—for *special* times, places and persons.

IV. The Characteristics of the two kinds of work.

1. The Extraordinary.
   a. An *outward* thing. Ju. 14:6; 1 Cor. 14:22; 1 Sam. 19:20.
   b. Was *miracle* working.
   c. Was *sporadic, partial.* 1 Cor. 12:8-10; 28-36.
   d. Was *temporary.* 1 Cor. 13:8.
   e. *Visible* or *audible.* Acts 2:3, 4, 8.
   f. At times in the bad. Matt 7: 22, 23.
   g. The *small part.* 1 Cor. 14:19.
   h. Is now unknown.
   i. Is now *coveted.*

2. The Ordinary.
   a. An *inward* thing. Eph. 3:16; Gal. 5:22, 23.
   b. Not miracle working.
   c. Was *universal.* Rom. 8:9.
   d. Was *permanent.* 1 Cor. 13: 8-13; Gal. 5:22.
   e. Comparatively *hidden.*
   f. Never in the bad. Rom. 8:14.
   g. The *great thing.* 1 Cor. 13: 1-13.
   h. Is for us to-day. Rom. 8:9.
   i. Is often slighted.

Conclusion. 1. Are you coveting the outward, impossible, inferior?

2. Are you *seeking* and *having* the Spirit and its *Fruits?*

"DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT"

Ecc. 9:10

Int. Sensuality and Spirituality tested by relative results of: 1. *Dabbling;* 2. *Plunging in.*

I. Man a strange union of Animal and Angel.

1. In every man is a full animal—made of flesh and blood, living, growing, dying.

2. In every man is the possibility of an angel, a likeness of God. Gen. 1:27.

II. A man can devote life to either of his natures.
   1. The lower not *evil*, but intended to *serve*.
   2. The higher is to be *Master*.
   3. A horse may serve his master or run away with him.

III. Animal pleasures *just tasted* promise *raptures*. Eating, drinking wine, all pleasures of appetite at first suggest infinite possibilities.

IV. *Plunging in* produces glut, disgust.
   1. Eating—Delight, Fullness, Surfeit, Nausea, Disgust.
   2. Drinking—Rapture, Excitement, Stupor, Sickness, Shame.

V. Spiritual things *just surfaced* give bondage, weariness.

VI. *Devotion* to the Spiritual gives joy, delight, rapture. *Surfeit* in Spiritual things is absolutely impossible.

VII. Here then is a *startling contrast* between physical and spiritual joys.

VIII. We see that bodily pleasure is not the *end*, the *design*. We were not intended for the sensual way of life.

For, 1. The pleasure fails. 2. The body itself is killed.

IX. We see that in being Christian we should *plunge in*. "Do it with your might."

XII

Biographical

XII

BIOGRAPHICAL

JOHN MILTON ATWATER was born at Mantua, Ohio, June 3, 1837. He was the third child of Darwin and Harriet Clapp Atwater. He entered the Eclectic Institute at Hiram in 1851, and each year for ten years following was connected with the school as student or tutor. He entered Oberlin College in '61, and was graduated from there in '63. In the same year he was married to Miss Harriet Smith, who died in 1887. After graduation he spent two years in the theological course at Oberlin. Then returning to Hiram, he became principal of the Eclectic Institute during its last year, and upon its becoming Hiram College he was its first professor of Latin and Greek. From '68 to '70 he was president. The following year was spent in Alliance College as professor of Latin and Greek. He had begun preaching in 1859, and had continued it during all his school work. From '71 to '87 he gave himself exclusively to the ministry, except that in the fall of '80 he took President B. A. Hinsdale's place at Hiram, while he was engaged in the Garfield campaign. At the opening of the Garfield University in

1887, he was made head of its normal department and professor of Didactics. Financial failure closed that school, and he went to Eureka College. He was married to Miss Anna Robison in June of '92. As he was about to enter upon his second year at Eureka he was called to Oskaloosa College as its president. In '97 he accepted a call to Central Christian College, Missouri. Just as he was on the entrance of that work his health suddenly failed. He never took up regular work again, but did much preaching in various places while seeking to regain his strength. He died January 17, 1900, at Cleveland, Ohio, among the friends of the Franklin Circle Church, where he had been pastor from '79 to '84.

Of Mr. Atwater's four children, Frank died in early childhood; Ernest, a missionary in China, fell in the Boxer uprising of 1900; Fred died in May 1901; Mabel is the wife of Dr. C. B. Taylor, of Nassau, Iowa.

A MEMORIAL SKETCH

BY FREDERICK TREUDLEY

When a life goes out which has been as conscientious, strenuous, effective, noble, sincere, "easily to be entreated" and symmetrical as was the life of him under consideration, it is proper that a more extended notice be given to it than has already appeared, and so I solicit a little space wherein to pay the tribute of ardent affection to one who, like his Master, ever went about doing good.

My acquaintance with John Atwater began when I entered his father's family at a very tender age, and he was just upon the threshold of life. For more than forty years I have known him intimately, in a public and private way, as a teacher, a preacher, a father, a husband, a son, a brother, a young man of promise and high hopes, in the strength of manhood, pressing "toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," a friend of man and of God, amidst sorrow, in hours of spiritual triumph, in a thousand ways and under many conditions. I have been able to know his inner mind and life, his aspirations, what he thought good, the objects he would

pursue, the aims he would cherish, his counsel to youth. And now that it has all been closed and the volume of his life written, I say with great reverence that a sweeter life has rarely been bound up in flesh or a nobler one ever "fallen on sleep" to be gathered to its fathers. And I think now, as I thought when I stood over his coffin and gazed long and earnestly upon the face that had never turned to mine before except in love and fellowship, or indeed to any human face that I know of with other than the same feeling of universal love, that if such a life is not a victory and if the death of such a man is not as good as life, then we are indeed inextricably involved in sorrow and perplexity. And though the day of his burial was "cold and dark and dreary," and the rain fell and the grave in the beautiful Bedford Cemetery seemed forbidding as the winds and rains swept by, yet one could not but feel that here was only the mortal part, that it was going to join its kindred elements, but that elsewhere was he whom we loved and for whom we yearned.

I wish to speak of Mr. Atwater briefly under three different heads, viz.: 1. Some personal traits; 2. As a teacher and related to youth; 3. As a preacher.

SOME PERSONAL TRAITS.

At the funeral services I was impressed with one remark made by Brother Moffett, the substance of which I repeat. Speaking of his goodness of life, Brother Moffett said: "I never saw or heard of, nor did I ever know of any one else ever having seen or heard of John Atwater saying or doing, at any time or place, anything that was not worthy of the upright life." This is my testimony: that forty years of intercourse such as I was permitted to enjoy failed to reveal a single deed or expression inconsistent with the most excellent life. I will not say there were no imperfections, but that is the most I can say. As a boy among boys, or a young man at work, in play, active, energetic, he was always the same and ever maintained a high plane of personal life. He was pre-eminently pure in speech and conduct, guarded himself against everything base, and always held himself to that course. I recall not a single expression of questionable color, not an insinuation of evil, all was good, stainless, calm. His soul was like his face, clean and pure.

There ran through his life a vein of humor which naturally bubbled over at every turn. What a story-teller he was, and how I recall among my red-letter days those when he used

to come home and would take the little boy on his knee, patiently, kindly, and tell with infinite spirit and skill some long tale which he had read. And thus I remember the Ettrick Shepherd's Bridal of Polmood, told with a skill which even improved the original. He was full of spirit, intellectually inclined, delighted in reading aloud, which art he was able to practice with great effect. He was accustomed to read aloud to his family, and I recall among other books his reading of Mercedes of Castile, and his interest in it. He was fondly attached to Dickens and wrote a lecture on "The Christ in Dickens," and I recall, when once in conversation I was bearing my testimony to the personal helpfulness of the character, Mark Tapley, his hand shot forth like an arrow to take mine in approval of my sense of appreciation of what he, too, thought was so good a creation. As a young man he was always looking up in the world; knew the good and pursued it, and led many in the same ways.

Religiously and morally speaking he was one of those who "dwell in light." To few has it been given to receive in greater fullness the blessing once bestowed upon the people of Israel:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

One who knew him well has said: "There was absolutely no darkness or pessimism or bitterness in his soul. He had no faith in the final triumph of evil. No matter how discouraging things looked in the world, his spirit clung to that 'one fixed stake' that 'God is good' and that He rules the world. The beauties of nature, the joy of living, the love of God were themes of which he never tired. How often have I heard him quote entire, Longfellow's *Day of Sunshine* and Whittier's *My Psalm!* To no one did their sentiment mean more. No one could say with more truth than he:

" 'And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.'

"Surely he was one of those who 'dwell in light.' He did throw the windows of his soul 'wide open to the sun.' "

He was firm in his beliefs, and sometimes, perhaps, harder to persuade than the occasion seemed to justify. And yet no man was more widely tolerant than he—tolerant alike with the errors of strength and with the limitations of

weakness. He proved this trait of character by his constant willingness to reason patiently, at almost any length, upon any proposition of moment. While no man enjoyed more than he the rugged argument, and while it was a pleasure to witness the keen play of his faculties and the revelation of his wealthy resources as he became engaged in the defense of any proposition which he espoused, yet he sought truth for its own sake and never trifled for a moment with the faith and deeper instincts of any soul.

And it was just because he was both tolerant and earnest that he was able to win a love so fervent and confidence so profound. Human life, however weak, whether in the form of youth, or of neglected age, or pressed by poverty, appealed to him; and the warmth of his greetings to all alike showed very clearly how he looked below the outer to the inner to find somewhere the yet unextinguished revelation of the Maker. The words he often quoted were very true of himself:

> "He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
> The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
> God knew the heart; devotion's pearl
> Might sanctify the shell."

Thinking of his intellectual life, and particularly that part of it manifested in his private reading, I would not say that he was as wide a

reader as some are, nor that his reading embraced a range of sufficient extent for the highest development, but if not it was because he led a very busy life, a life devoted to both college and pulpit, whose weeks numbered seven days of labor, and his time and strength were most liberally given to those whom he served. To a friend he wrote some years ago: "I live in one incessant, pelting hailstorm of demands upon my time."

I consider him as one who spared himself as little as any one I ever knew, that he might serve another. I never knew him to consider himself, his own comfort or personal affairs. He was an exceedingly unworldly man, caring little for money only in so far as it might minister to his highest needs, never for a moment thinking of it for its own sake, and fortunately, like his good father, who used to say to me: "My son, I have always prayed that God would give me neither poverty nor riches." He was saved from the troubles and temptations of either excess. His living faith seemed to save him from much anxiety on that point, and while he doubtless consulted prudence in due degree, he realized that his calling could not consider worldly advantage, and so he chose to limit himself in worldly things that he might abound in heavenly.

AS A TEACHER AND RELATED TO YOUTH.

As a guide to youth and an instructor he was singularly at his best. First, he had that peculiar power which belongs to great teachers, to forecast the future of his pupils, and to look upon them, not as callow youth whose weakness is subject to whim, caprice, folly, but as beings who are about to endure hardness and to perform work. Young people "in posse" are, on the whole, possibly more pleasing spectacles than young people "in esse," and the former insight was peculiarly his. The work of instruction was therefore adapted to his nature, and to what he accomplished students of his at Hiram, Alliance, Eureka, Ada, Garfield and Oskaloosa will bear ample witness.

It was a leading feature of Mr. Atwater's teaching that he made hard things easy of comprehension. To solve the most intricate problem, to disentangle the most involved question was a favorite practice in his class. While he undoubtedly placed excess of emphasis upon some minor points in teaching, he yet was one of the few great teachers with whom I have been associated, and his reputation would have been far wider had circumstances been different. He was one of those teachers whom the after life commends and no tribute higher than

this can be paid. He taught with great energy, effectiveness and solicitude.

He appreciated children and their cares. Once he said to me that he regarded Mr. Garfield as one of the best and wisest and most considerate of fathers whom he had ever seen with children. He was a man of great influence over youth, for he was possessed of much tact and wisdom, and felt an abiding personal interest in all students. His counsel or reproof was always given from the standpoint of the soul's native worth rather than of temporary advantage. I remember his saying to me: "Plan liberal things for yourself;" and his offering the following advice which I have often had occasion to repeat. It was concerning the propriety of taking special courses or short cuts in education, especially when there was doubt as to whether a young man could finish his plans. His counsel was to take regular work in a steady way on the ground that if so taken the student was practically as well off, and if time and taste developed the opportunity to go on still further, he would be in condition to profit by the same.

AS A PREACHER.

As a preacher Mr. Atwater was not of the evangelistic type. Primarily he appealed to

the intellect, but was so clear and forcible in his expositions of Scripture as to reach the emotions through the beauty of truth.

He was a devout man. He reverenced the Bible and knew it, too, as few men know it. He knew it as his father before him knew it, of whose substantive and verbal knowledge I can say that one could scarcely begin a quotation which he could not complete, or propose a question he had not fully considered.

Mr. Atwater's chief defect as a preacher arose out of his virtue as a teacher. He desired to make his instruction so plain and comprehensive, and was so desirous to leave no ground for dissent from his conclusions, as to cause him sometimes to trust too little to the understanding of his audience.

He was a man well balanced in his judgments. Talking with him one day concerning questions pertaining to future punishment, I recall his saying to me in substance: "I do not dwell so much upon this phase of religious discussion because I prefer to set forth the goodness of God and the life and works of our blessed Savior, but I do not fail to urge these words of the prophet: 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him; and to the wicked, it shall be ill with him.' "

He often chose texts of Scripture involving

some obscurity and made it a prime object of the sermon to clear away the difficulty and throw light upon the doubtful passage. There are people now living in the many congregations to which he ministered who remember sermons delivered thirty years ago. They can even now recall the text, the illustrations and the pleasure they felt at seeing a dark subject made bright and luminous. I have said that he was one of those who "dwell in the light." This was true in his making of sermons. They were pre-eminently calculated to win the assent and confirm the will of men and women.

He was fearless in his public utterances. But above all things he was solicitous for the welfare of his people, for he saw the humanity within. He was so human in his own being. And after all, here lies the basis of all influence, but where there is combined with it clearness of insight, wide knowledge, great experience, you have the man of power.

Mr. Atwater was a preacher of a noble type, whose methods and the secret of whose life might well be studied by all who seek to enter upon the same work. He was spiritual, to whom the things invisible became visible through faith.

In the early days his mind had become invaded by doubts, but over these he had tri-

umphed, and I recall the peculiar fervor with which he stated publicly his experiences with those doubts and how he could then break them as he could break in his hand a brittle straw.

How true it is that in the virtues of a good life doubts are dissolved and that "they who will to do His will shall know of the doctrine."

I doubt not my own feeling, aroused to warmth by so much good received at his hands, may lead to a certain sort of enthusiasm not tending to a perfectly judicious view. If so it is not an unpardonable fault. The writer's view is a kaleidescopic one. He called this man his spiritual father and was regarded by him as a spiritual son. He first went to college through his urging. He came into the church under his tactful, loving ministrations. He was the first guest who ever hallowed my home with his presence. And for him I shall look among the first, next after his father, if so be I, too, shall be permitted to "pass through the gates into the city."

And what more may be said or done? Nothing more than to drop a tear of remembrance and in quietness and peace abide the years as they come, and get ready for departure. His friends may now view with peculiar satisfaction the quiet close of his earthly career. When his health gave way and it became plain, even

to himself, that the days of his greater activity were numbered, he dropped his arduous tasks, and with mind undimmed and with spirit fresh and buoyant, and with the most perfect cheerfulness took up some lighter work, the occasional sermon or article for the press, read again with his loved companion his favorite authors, dwelt again upon the great doctrines of the Christian faith, restated in sermon his confident expectation of a future life, and thus "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust approached his grave." Full-handed he passed on to his reward. He bore with him brands as "plucked out of the fire," sheaves gathered in the harvest of life.

How appropriate to him are the words which Matthew Arnold wrote in memory of his father, the great head-master of Rugby:

> "But thou wouldst not *alone*
> Be saved, my father! *alone*
> Conquer and come to thy goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.
> We were weary, and we
> Fearful, and we in our march
> Fain to drop down and die.
> Still thou turnedst, and still
> Beckondst the trembler, and
> Still gavest the weary thy hand.
> If, in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried

Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing; to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

His long and arduous labors reduced his vitality to where his life hung in the balance as a flame feebly flickers from the wick—a breath and it was gone. A brief sickness and the weary soul, grateful for release, passed away. But then the sunshine, the life beyond, the thousands who had gone before made happy by his healing touch, the coming of others whom he can now meet at the outward swinging doors, the blessed Master, and the good Father of us all. For him the face of death became the face of love, and for us heaven is dearer because he is there.